McClure's Magazine.

Vol. XIV. FEBRUARY, 1900. No. 4.

VIEW FROM NAZARETH LOOKING WESTWARD TOWARD CARMEL AND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

Mt. Carmel. *Haifa.* *Acre.*

THE LIFE OF THE MASTER.

By the Reverend John Watson, D.D.,

Author of "The Mind of the Master," "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," etc.

PART II.—JOHN THE BAPTIST.—THE BAPTISM AND TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

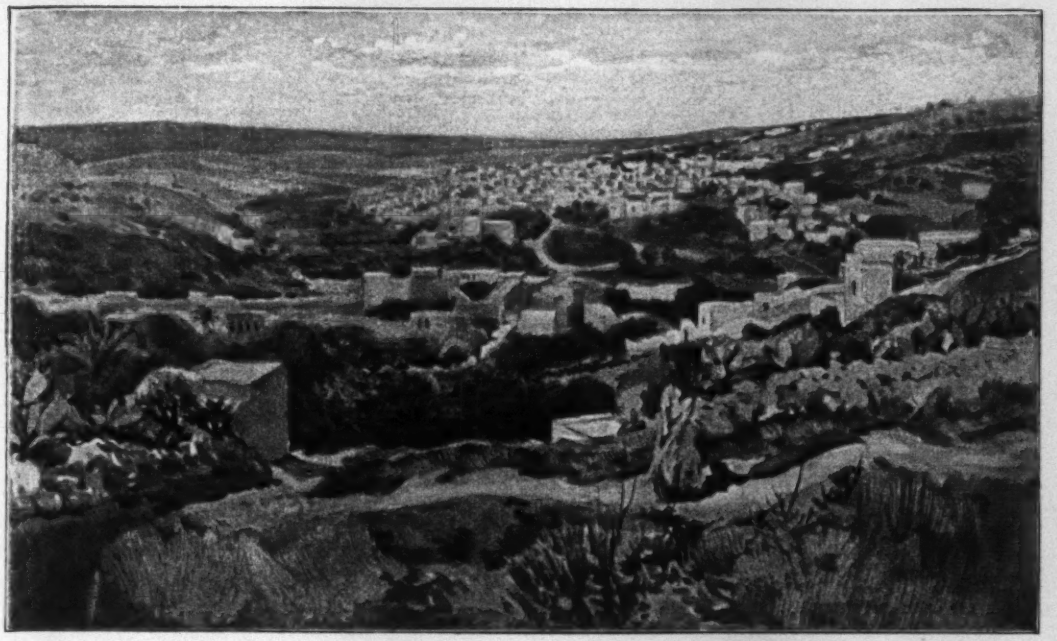
IT were true to say that Jesus appeared without expectation, since none knew whence He would come; it were also true to say that He came with expectation, since a nation waited for Him. None could have guessed His birth—the child of a village maiden, or His position—a workman of Nazareth; but every pious Jew was persuaded He would appear, and had seen His signs. For eight centuries heralds had been going

THE TEMPTATION (opposite page).—It was not my purpose to present the traditional Temptation, nor to follow literally the story of the visits of the Spirit of Evil as a visible being. Jesus is in the wilderness. He is nearing the end of His forty days' fast, and, wan and worn out, He is absorbed in His meditations, heeding neither the descent of night, nor the beasts that snarl at Him, but dare not approach. The bare, red hills are losing the last of the day at their tips; but Jesus is just winning His battle, and, perhaps, to-morrow He will go down from the desert solitude, to reveal to His first disciples that which will bind their souls irrevocably to the Messiah.—Artist's Note.

Copyright, 1900, by the S. S. McClure Co. All rights reserved.

PAINTED BY C. K. LINSON.

THE CALLING OF FOUR DISCIPLES.



NAZARETH FROM THE EAST.

Nazareth lies on the edge of a broad hollow, climbing the high hill to the northwest. Since the time of Christ it has had a varied history. It has felt the hand in turn of the Mohammedans, the Crusaders, the Mohammedans again, and again the Crusaders, and then yet again the Mohammedans, with whom it now remains, being in possession of the Turks. In 1620 came the Franciscan monks, and to-day the faith of Islam is acknowledged by less than one-quarter of the population, and not a Jew is to be seen there. For all this apparent change and movement, Nazareth has remained the obscure, retired place of the Gospels. It is not easy to reach, and does not offer much worth struggling for when reached. It is capable of fine gardens, in the bottom of the basin, where are real shade, green grass, fig and olive groves—delicious refuge from the heat of the day. Elsewhere are glare and unrest. From the outside, the town looks attracti ve in its white dress with edging of green, but within it is dirty, unsanitary, primitive. But Jesus could have had a most happy childhood here. No matter what the town was, He had the hills, the great sky over His head, and His world spread out before Him until both world and sky merged into one impalpable distance. Nearly all of Palestine, with its familiar history, would be under His eye. The life of Greece and Rome was within sight, and from His vantage point what could He not see to incite His mind to activity along the lines of all human thought of that day? He, a highlander, went to the low country to live as a man; but what memories He must always have carried with Him of those dreamy heights of His childhood.

The lower picture represents A WOMAN OF NAZARETH. The Nazareth women have the usual native grace of carriage from their habit of carrying burdens on their heads. They are good-natured, amiable, all that is kindly; but I could never call them lovely as to feature.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

THE CALLING OF FOUR DISCIPLES (opposite page).—*And straightway he called them: and they left their father Zebedee in the ship with the hired servants, and went after him.*—MARK, i. 16–20. For about two months Jesus had been alone, in retirement, His disciples having left Him to go back to their affairs. But now, John the Baptist being imprisoned, He must begin His active labors, and needs His disciples. Passing along the shore of the lake, at the plain of Gennesareth, He sees Peter and Andrew fishing. He calls to them; they follow. A little further on, in a boat with Zebedee, their father, he finds James and John. They, too, follow at once; and this readiness to leave all, family and business, at the call of the Master, indicates if not a previous understanding (which is probable), then a present realizing of His need of them, and the magnetism of a powerful personality.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

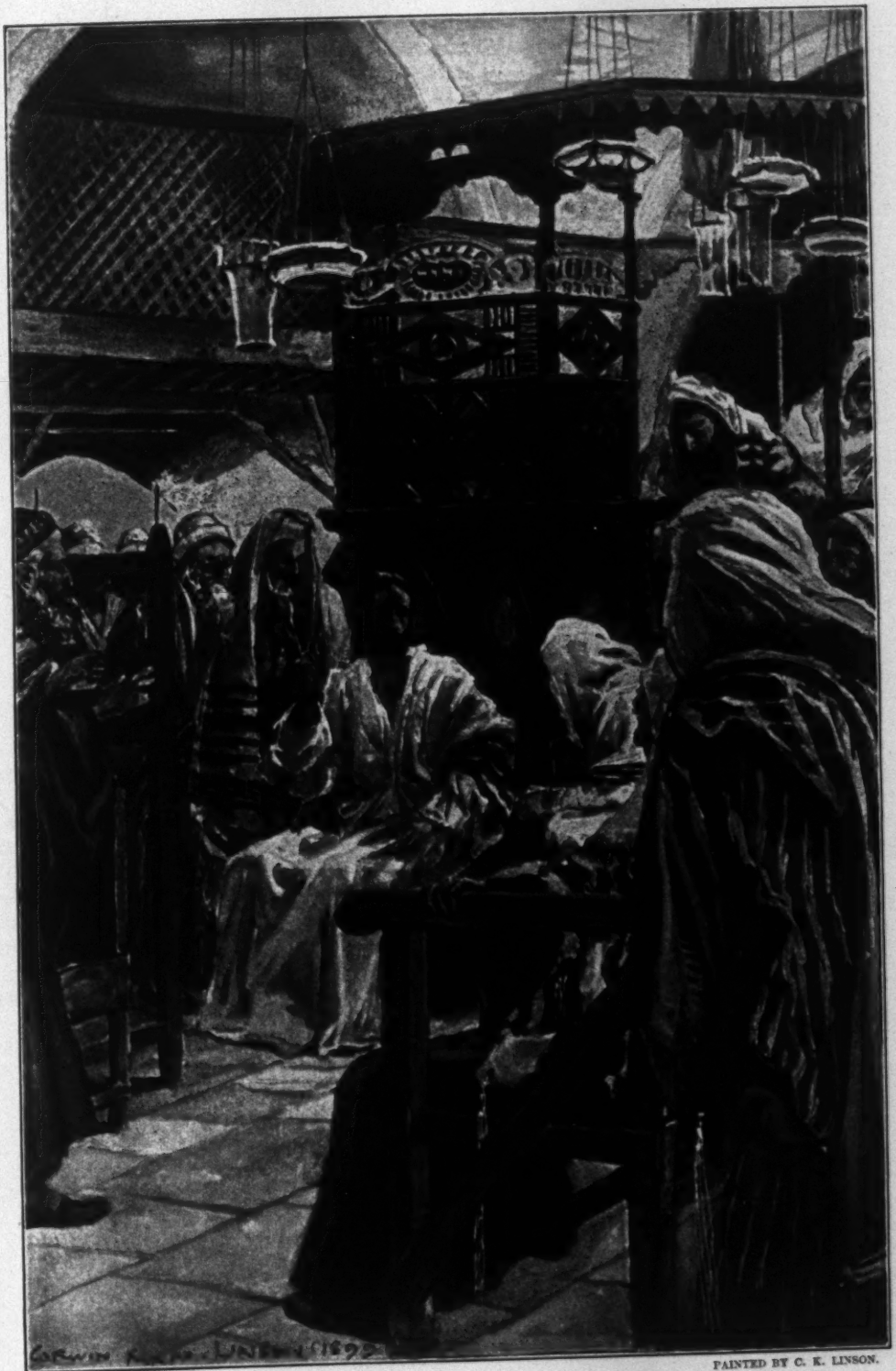
before Him and making a pathway in the faith of the Hebrew Church. As often as their hearts sickened at the failure of human goodness, the Prophets beheld in the future the ideal figure of the Messiah; as often as they were reënforced by the spectacle of conspicuous virtue, they imagined its unrevealed perfection. When the heritage of God was spoiled and laid waste, they saw the Messiah gird His sword upon His thigh; and when the sun shone on Israel, it was the promise of the coming glory. From generation to generation the most spiritual and heroic patriots ever granted to a people fed the imagination of their brethren with the coming of a holy King and the establishment of a universal kingdom.

This noble succession seemed to cease, and the voice of the prophet was no longer heard in the land; but the Messianic hope still lived in the national heart, and found new forms of expression. When some despaired of God's commonwealth, and others saw nothing for it but to die sword in hand, unknown writers hid themselves behind great names of the past—saints, prophets, sages—and poured out their souls, some in pessimistic satires, some in apocalyptic imaginations. The author of Ecclesiastes bewails the weariness of human life and the corruption of society with a bitterness of regret which is an unconscious cry for Christ, and the author of Daniel declares in a cryptogram the fall of foreign tyrannies and the victory of the Son of man. A nation, beaten and crushed by overwhelming force, yet unconquerable in spirit and immovable in faith, had an inward conviction, begotten by the word of the Prophets and born of the hostility of circumstances, that the promise given to the fathers must be near fulfilment. The people began to look for the sudden redness in the east, and the forerunner of the dawn was John Baptist.

John Baptist was a commanding personality, who could not be ignored in his own day or any other, for he was distinguished from other men first of all by his calling. As the poet differs from other men of letters because, while they may have ability and culture, he has the fire which cometh from heaven, so the prophet is raised above other teachers of religion because, while they may have knowledge and devotion, he has the divine fire. No voice of man can call a prophet, no machinery can make him fit. The Spirit of God descends upon and sets him apart; a prophet he must be now, and, in spite of all hindrances, a prophet he will be. He is himself helpless in this matter, and his fellow-men are also helpless. A prophet is an unanswerable evidence of the sovereignty of God, and this is the meaning of the story of John. He was promised unto his parents when they had despaired of children, and his father was stricken dumb because he believed not the word. He was named according to the angelic intimation, and the mouth of Zacharias was opened that he might call him John. Before he was born he did homage to his mighty Kinsman, before whose face he was to run. Signs and wonders attended the child, and marked him off from the herd of men as one on whom the hand of the Eternal was surely resting. His father was one of the lower order of priests, and John was born into a quiet, conventional home; his birth provided for his future, and he could have served in his turn at the Temple. But there is no caging an eagle nor compelling him into ordinary ways, and while still a lad, John forsook his father's house and hid himself in the wilderness of Judea. There was in him an instinct of his vocation, which made a commonplace environment impossible for him, which drove him forth into a wider sphere. So early did this prophet hear the Divine voice, so early was he separated from his fellows. When art represents the Baptist a man old before his time, austere, careworn, wasted, as in the fresco of Angelico, the figure is true and commanding; when he stands out a lad in the freshness of youth, strong, fresh, enthusiastic, as in the John Baptist of del Sarto, one has the necessary complement of the other picture.

The Baptist was also the subject of a complete prophetical training, for when he came forth and witnessed unto his generation he was the result of three forces, and the first was *asceticism*. It is not needful that every

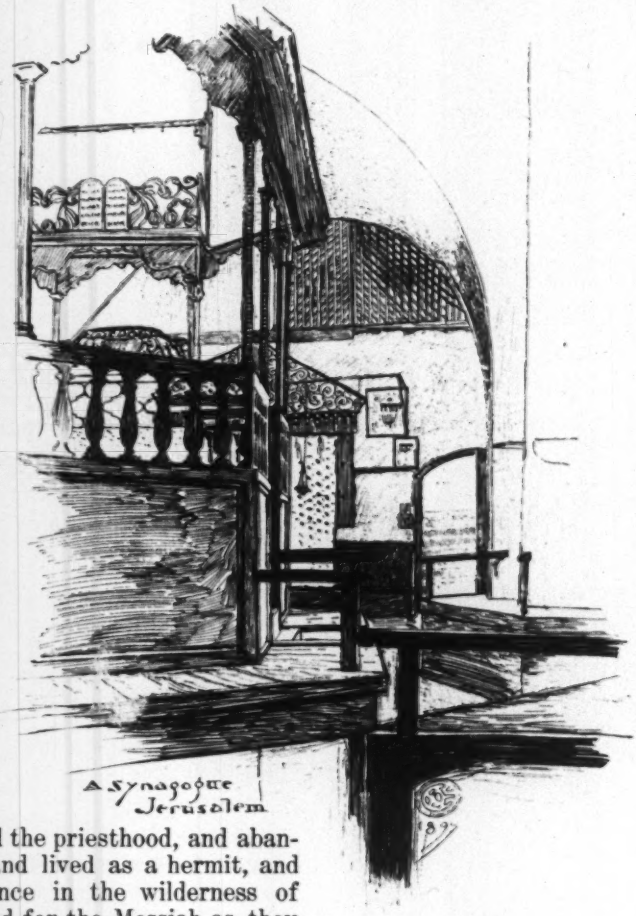
JESUS IN THE SYNAGOGUE AT NAZARETH (opposite page).—*This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears. And all . . . wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth.*—LUKE IV. 21-22. Both the tallith and the cissith, shown in the picture, and the mysticism enshrouding their use, have grown out of the simple verse in DEUT. XXII. 12: *Thou shalt make thee fringes upon the four quarters of thy vesture, wherewith thou coverest thyself.* The tallith is the cloth worn over the head during prayer; the cissith is the small fringed garment of the same device, for the back and for the front of the body. When a Jewish boy arrives at the age of thirteen (or if he has lost his father, at twelve), he becomes a "man of the covenant," at which time the spiritual responsibility of his parents for him ceases. He then may wear the phylacteries, and with great joy is vested with the cissith, which he must never thereafter be without. The phylacteries are worn every time the Jews say their prayers on week days, in the synagogue or at home. The tallith is worn over these at morning prayers and only at morning prayers, except on Atonement Day, when it is worn also at evening prayers. Any Jew might be asked to comment on the sacred writings. He stood while reading from the scroll. Then, after handing it back to him whose duty it was to care for it, he would seat himself to teach.—ARTIST'S NOTE.



PAINTED BY C. K. LINSON.

JESUS IN THE SYNAGOGUE AT NAZARETH.

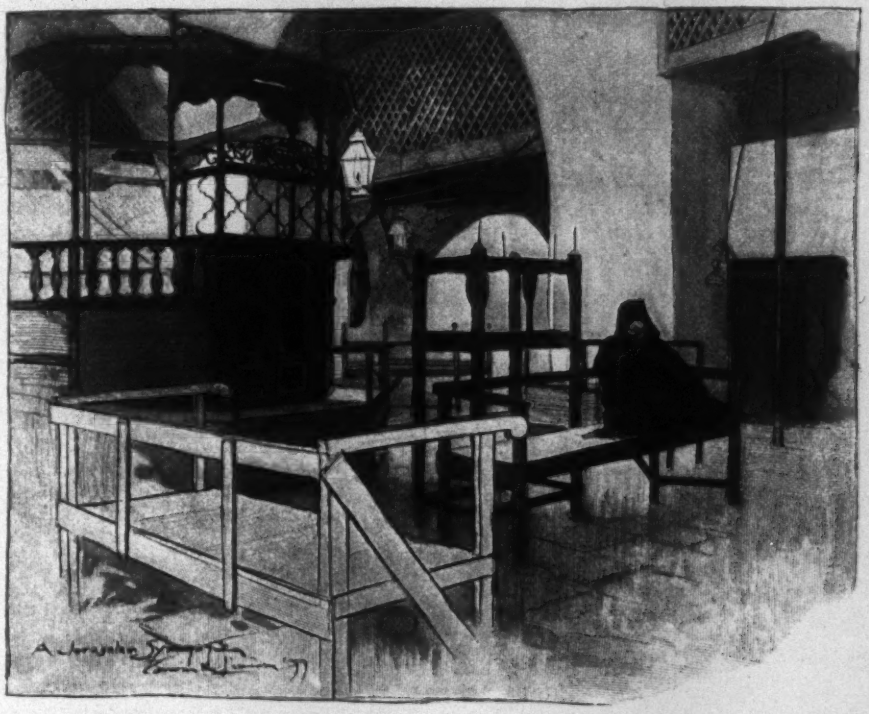
servant of God should be an ascetic, and for some work this discipline would be a hindrance; but in every age some are called to the last sacrifices. For the brief awful ministry of the Baptist, the breaking up of the iron soil for Jesus, he only was sufficient who had been cut off from all human ties and had denied himself all lawful ease. Clad in the coarsest of garments, eating the meanest of foods, devoted to poverty and chastity, this man was a figure and sign of religious intensity. Behind the camels' hair and the locusts' food, and the wasted face, and the strong, fierce words, was one unquenchable desire—to obtain the Kingdom of God for himself and his nation. For this end he refused the priesthood, and abandoned his home and lived as a hermit, and preached repentance in the wilderness of Judea, and watched for the Messiah as they who watch for the morning.



John was also formed by *solitude*, and could not have been the prophet we know nor have shaken Jerusalem with terror had he spent his early days amid the gossip of the village and the little affairs of his home. His ear must be trained to catch the first sound of Jesus' feet, and the babel of earth's mixed noises must be hushed into stillness. Amid the coming and going of priests at their empty ritual, and the gabble of Pharisees at their theology, he had been deaf to the highest things. His heart must be cleansed from the likeness of other faces, however dear and good, that from its clear, unpossessed surface the countenance of the Messiah might one day look at him. His mind must be emptied of present-day religion and earthly politics, that it be ready for the possession of the Messiah. By an instinct of his office John chose his solitude in the wilderness of Judea, whose awful desolation of barren hills and waterless valleys stretches along the valley of the Dead Sea and thrusts itself to within a few miles of Jerusalem.

His library in his retreat was chiefly to be found within his own soul and in the picture of that forsaken desert, but he was not without his *teacher* of the ancient time. If he was to be the real Elijah in his coming and office, he was to be the echo of the two Isaiahs in his thought and preaching. As the former took up the Lord's controversy against His people and rated Jerusalem soundly for her hollow ritualism and elaborate hypocrisy, which made "many prayers," but her hands were "full of blood," so the Baptist laid his indictment against his generation for their vain show of religion and their hardness of heart. From that heroic witness of the eighth century John learned his self-abnegation, his single-heartedness, his spiritual patriotism, and his unshaken courage. From the second Isaiah, the most Evangelical of the whole succession, John received a more gracious and yet more effective message, for it is evident that John knew not only the beginning of the Book of Isaiah, but also its fifty-third chapter. After a day of sad reflection on the ungodliness of his people and of righteous indignation he would sit down, and in the fading light, when the fierce glare of the day was over, content himself with the thought of the Servant of

God on whom the Lord would lay the iniquities of Israel, and who would be led as a lamb to the slaughter. As he meditated with softening heart on the Holy Victim and the Lord's mercy, then the bare and stony land would change before his eyes, and, behold, green grass and fountains of water, and the promise regarding the Kingdom of God was fulfilled: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom like the rose."



IN A JERUSALEM SYNAGOGUE.

The synagogue dates from the captivity. In the absence of their Temple, it grew to be the custom of the Jews to assemble in small companies to worship. The first synagogues were but square rooms, plain, with flat roofs. The Holy of Holies was reduced to a niche in the wall in which was kept the roll of the Law, behind a curtain. There was a raised platform in the center for the elders; and a high desk between this and the curtained niche, for the reader's use. The rest of the space was taken up by seats. These are still the main features of the synagogues in Palestine. The women are shut off by wooden lattice-work from the rest of the congregation.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

The meeting of Jesus and John, and the recognition of the Messiah by His forerunner, is one of the picturesque situations in the Gospel history, and it is perfect in its spontaneity. As the Baptist brooded in the wilderness over the prophecies of the ancient time, and as he declared unto the multitude with strong conviction that the "kingdom of God" was at hand, the one passion of his life rose to white heat, and his eager heart was eaten up with expectation. The atmosphere of the day was charged with the sense of the Messiah, and the lonely prophet strained his ears to catch the first sound of His feet. Any day and, for that matter, any hour the romance of faith might culminate, and the Hope of Israel appear. Every morning the hermit would rise and leave his home hewn out of the rock, which tradition gives him for a dwelling-place, to wait for the breaking of the day, since the rising of the sun might be the shining of His face, and he would lie down with sad reluctance, and hardly dare to sleep lest the darkness be the shadow of his Lord. Was the Christ already in the land, hidden and unknown, or would He come from afar with sudden glory? Would He show Himself by infallible signs, so that all men should be compelled to own Him, or would He appear secretly, putting all men to the test by His presence, and already, before He was recognized, doing the part of a husbandman, with His fan separating the wheat from the chaff? It is certain that the Baptist had been saved from one vain delusion by his study of Isaiah: he did not expect the Imperial Messiah of the gross Jewish imagination, but as little was he prepared to recognize his Lord, before whom he had run, and whose voice he had been among the crowd

----- The absolutely authenticated Route from Jerusalem to Nazareth.

..... There is nothing definite about the exact route of these various journeyings of Christ, but the routes so indicated are over the old highways of travel which have hardly changed to this date.

Redrawn by J. Hart.

MAP OF THE PALESTINE OF CHRIST, MADE EXPRESSLY FOR McCLURE'S MAGAZINE BY MR. G. W. ARMSTRONG, CARTOGRAPHER OF THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND.

who heard his message of repentance and submitted to the sacrament of penitence. Yet it was in these circumstances that the Baptist one day identified Jesus of Nazareth as the Christ, and knew that his work had not been in vain.

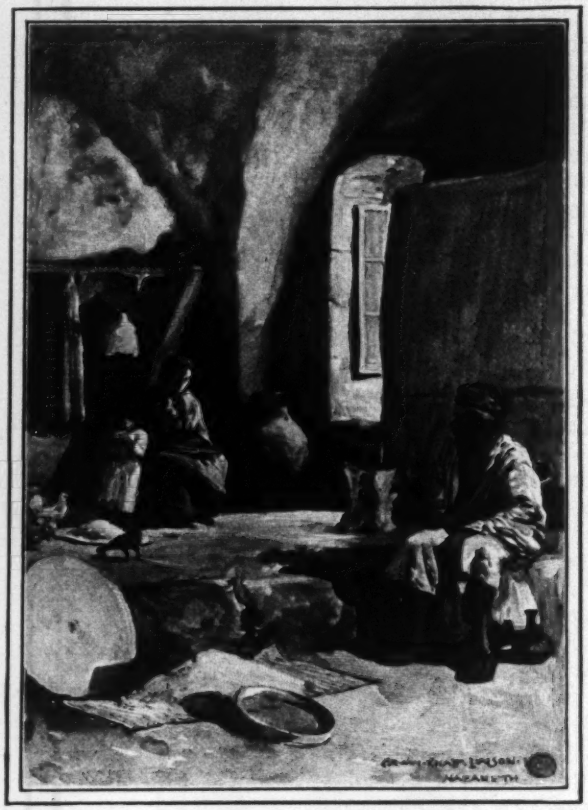
It may be suggested, with some reason, that John had surely known for years the birth and calling of Jesus, and ought not to have waited as in a mystery. Was he not the kinsman of Jesus? and had not a tender confidence passed between Elizabeth his mother and Mary the mother of Jesus? When John separated himself from his home and his people, and gave himself in his youth to be the herald of the Messiah, and Jesus declared to His mother that He had come to do the work of His Father in heaven, would not other confidences pass between the holy women, and Elizabeth rejoice that as she had done homage to Mary her son was preparing the way for Jesus? As we weave this romance of the Holy Family we set it in the light of afterwards, and forget how the most sacred and vivid spiritual experiences fade and lose their meaning even with saintly souls, so that Jesus once gently chided His mother because she forgot the mystery of His annunciation and nativity, saying, "Wist ye not?" And John had evidently learned nothing of his august Kinsman from Elizabeth, for he once declared unto the Pharisees, "I knew Him not."

TYPE OF MAN—NAZARETH. A STUDY FROM LIFE.

The Baptist had never, so far as we know, seen Jesus before, and it was a gain, and not a loss, that he did not know the Messiah after the flesh, for in that moment of revelation he knew Him, with the vision of the soul, after the spirit. When John was arrested by the visible holiness of Jesus, and identified Him as the Christ on whose head rested the mystical Dove, and afterwards declared boldly that He was the Lamb of God, he proved at once his own fine spiritual perception and the inherent glory of Jesus. As he lived alone in the wilderness and studied the outlines of the Messiah's likeness in the mirror of Isaiah, it had grown real and living before his eyes, and the very face was printed on his soul. One day that which he had imagined flashed on him in all its spiritual loveliness, and the Baptist did the Messiah instant homage.

When the day of His discovering to Israel had fully come, just as in a lower world birds know the seasons of their coming and going, Jesus, moved by the infallible instinct of the Messiahship, left His home, where from childhood to manhood He had done the will of God in quietness; took His way by the road

which crosses the plain of Jezreel and follows the mountains of Samaria and Judea, and came at last to the place where John was baptizing in the Jordan. It could not have been by chance that the prophet chose this font for the sacrament of penitence, for it was sanctioned by ancient history, full of instruction and inspiration. Here, as the Catholic historian of the Master points out, the children of Israel crossed with Joshua into the promised land, and here Elijah, the pioneer of prophecy, smote the waters with his mantle. To-day the ford is called the "Place of Passage," and the western bank is green, and covered with willows and tamarisks. Whole flocks of wood-pigeons find here a home. So here are all the signs of the great affair of regeneration—the pure water, the passage from old things to new, and the gentle white dove, which is the symbol of the Holy Ghost.



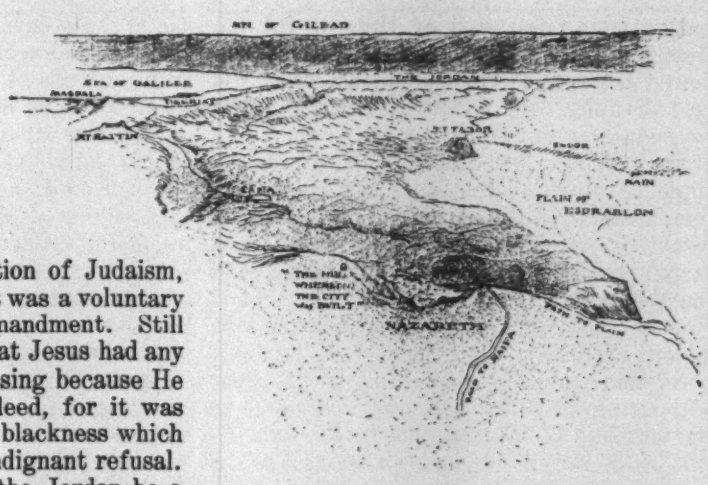
A NAZARETH HOME OF TO-DAY.

By good fortune, I was permitted to make the study for this picture when the room was in its ordinary state—not set in special order for the stranger. The raised stonework is a feature of every Syrian house. It is the place set apart for the family bedroom; the donkey, chickens, and, perhaps, goats occupying the ground. It is the only sign of the elevation of the human above the brute. It seems to be a distinguishing trait of the so-called half-civilized peoples, that they maintain the brotherhood of the animal kingdom, with the exclusion of dogs. The roll of matting in the corner is the bed. "Take up thy bed and walk," is not so difficult an injunction in the East as with us. The mother is picking over the wheat for the grinding. The grain is stored in the box-like structure on the right, which is made of baked mud and straw; and it is drawn out from the plugged holes at the bottom. These granaries vary in size, sometimes being nearly as high as the room. The houses are often damp, always dirty, blackened with the daily smoke from the little fires, never of a sweet savor. A variety of garments, the donkey's bedding, cooking utensils, vegetables, implements, ashes, water-jars, and skins littered the earthen floor, while amongst it all half a dozen chickens scratched and scrambled. Only the platform in the corner (lit by a window that was ever being darkened by the spiders) offered acceptable accommodation.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

It was most fitting, like everything else in Jesus' life, that where sinful men had gathered in contrition and were waiting for God's kingdom, the Anointed of God should appear; but when Jesus not only was a hearer of the new Gospel, but also desired to have the sinner's baptism, one is not astonished that the Baptist was staggered and shrank back with pious horror. Unto the Baptist, the Savonarola of his day, came the ignorant people, sordid and greedy through the struggle for life; the publicans swollen with the gains of oppression; the rough soldiers, who wrought their unchecked will on the helpless; the miserable women, who were the open ulcer of society; and even the Pharisees, shaken out of their pride for a space. A great wave of religious emotion had swept this mixed mass of evil-doers to the feet of the prophet and the laver of the Jordan. What had brought Him who was holy, harmless, and undefiled? Nothing less than the sacred waters of the Jordan could avail for this mass of rascaldom and hypocrisy. What could any water do for Him or His whiteness? For the hands, themselves sinful, which plunged publicans and harlots into the flowing water, to touch the holiness of Jesus was an impossible sacrilege, and the dismay of the Baptist was so manifest that Jesus could only ask him to suffer His desire.

When Jesus gave His reason to His servant and declared that His baptism would fulfil "all righteousness," it was in the very sound a striking utterance; but it is not quite clear on first sight what the Master in-

tended. It is no explanation to read righteousness in a strictly legal sense, and to see in the baptism another illustration of the Master's respectful regard for the laws of His national religion, since this lustration of penitence was not an ancient regulation of Judaism, and had no binding force; it was a voluntary rite and not a universal commandment. Still less is it to be suggested that Jesus had any moral need for such a cleansing because He had sinned in thought or deed, for it was His whiteness against their blackness which moved the Baptist to his indignant refusal. Nor could the baptism of the Jordan be a ceremony introducing Jesus to His Messianic office, since the greater could not be blessed of the lesser, the servant instal his Lord. It was not indeed possible that Jesus could gain by this rite of humility, but it is possible that He could give; and as Jesus submits to the waters of the Jordan in the company of sinners, we see an act of utter self-surrender and a public acceptance of His calling. It was a deliberate emptying of Himself and the first step to the Cross.



PICTORIAL MAP OF NAZARETH AND ITS ENVIRONS TOWARDS THE WEST. DRAWN BY MR. LINSON ON THE SPOT.

What Jesus desired was to forget His perfect purity and Divine dignity, which were their own evidence and protection, and to plunge into the very depths of ordinary sinning, sorrowful human life in His pity and sympathy, in His power and grace, that He might lift the burden, which would be on His shoulders, but could be no part of Himself. According to the excusable idea of the Baptist, his Lord should have gathered His white garments around Him with fastidious care and stood alone on the bank, while at His feet the waters were stained with the sin of poor struggling humanity; but according to the heart of Jesus, He must descend into the midst of the river till in the end what neither the water of the Jordan nor any other could do would be accomplished by His lifelong Passion and His death. This baptism was a sacrament of the Messianic love—a pledge of utter devotion to His fellow-men, a symbol of identification with Humanity.

It might seem at the time a mere mistake and a vain sacrifice, but now one can see that no act could more fitly open the mission of Jesus, and none could be a surer prophecy of its final success. He was not to take His way through pleasant circumstances and among good people with reverence and admiration and honor and applause waiting on Him. He was to dine at publicans' tables, and live in their houses; to talk at well-sides with disreputable women, and to have harlots following Him into respectable houses; to be classed with illiterate folk and despised provincials; to be cast out of the Church as a heretic, and to be counted a blasphemer. He was to be mixed up with the dregs of the people, and it was to be suggested that He was Himself no better than the worst. The waters of His baptism were ever to be on His head, so that the Pharisees standing on their high bank could condemn Him, and the miserable below would claim Him. He would be condemned that He might save, and stooping He would conquer. Between the handful of righteous and the mass of sinners He cast in His lot with the sinner; so He lost the righteous, who needed no Saviour, and He found the sinners, who did. Baptized into shame and suffering that day by John's austere hands, our Master was also baptized unto power and glory, and the drops of Jordan water glistening in the sun were the diadems of an eternal crown.

When we read in the Gospels that after Jesus was baptized of John He was led into the wilderness to be tempted, the order of events is not merely temporal; it is also spiritual. If any one be moved to dedicate himself without reserve to the cause of God and the service of his fellow-men, it is an act of immense significance, and it must needs be followed by a retreat. It had not been fitting that as soon as Jesus had come up from the Jordan, with the water still on His head, He should begin to preach the Kingdom. He would have been without any plan of work

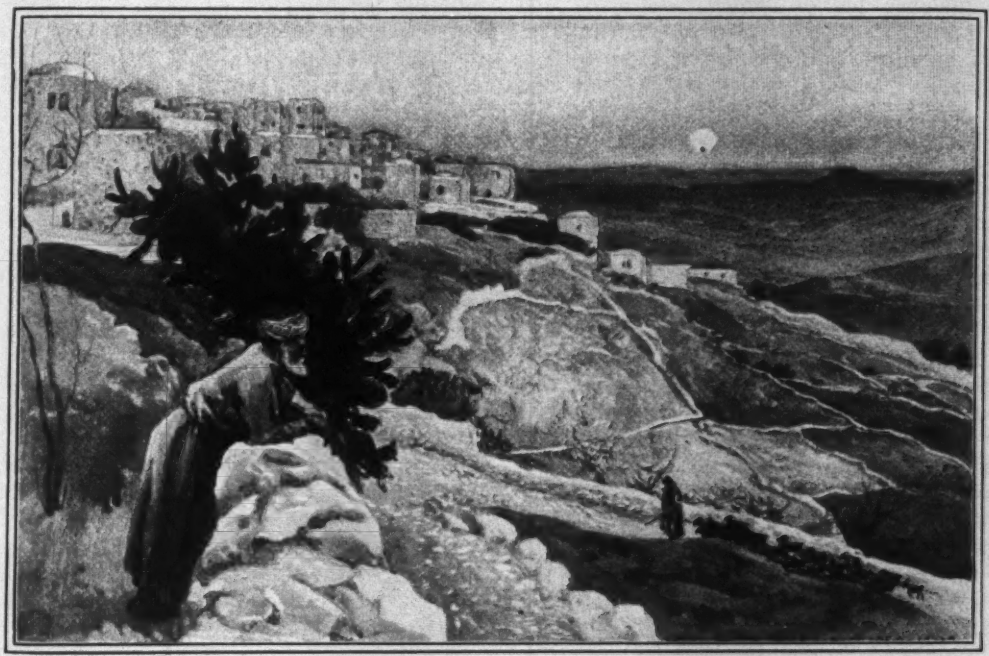
and without possession of Himself for the Messianic enterprise. Before Jesus presented Himself to the people or called His first disciples, He must realize within His consciousness not only that He is the Hope of the Prophets, but also must determine the appointed lines of the Messiah's career, as One in whom is stored unused and unknown resources. For forty days—a number of sacred tradition—Jesus secluded Himself in the wilderness, that His soul, being freed from the hindrance of the body and the turmoil of life, might enter into the will of God.

No man can come through a spiritual crisis without physical reaction, and according to the intensity of the soul will be the exhaustion of the body. On such occasions it seems as if the blood had been drained through a wound, as if the nerves had been stretched unto the breaking. Never is the strongest soul more depressed, never does it lie more open to attack. And it was at the close of the forty days that Jesus, who may have been lightly tried before in Nazareth, passed through His first great temptation. As the Kingdom of God, with its hopes and visions, had in those days been opened unto Him, and His eyes had seen its unclouded brightness, with its hosts of angels, its redeemed souls, its victories of holiness, its morning song of joy, so now He must, with His human eyes, behold the kingdom of evil, hardly suspected as He lived with Mary in Nazareth, with its suggestions of evil, its hatred of goodness, its pitiful persecution of the soul, its hideous shapes of sin, its black despair. For the Son of man must know good and evil, that being thoroughly prepared He may be the Saviour of His brethren.

A STREET IN NAZARETH.

The Mohammedan women of the higher classes, when going into the streets, cover themselves with a white, sheet-like drapery. In certain towns the Christian women also have to protect themselves thus, but this is not their custom in Nazareth or Bethlehem. The lower classes do not veil themselves.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

Three times was Jesus attacked in this classical battle—on each occasion through a different avenue—and the first approach was laid through the body. Forty days had this man, in the fullness of His strength, denied Himself ordinary food, and lived in a state of high spiritual tension, and now His body—the body not of an ascetic, but of a strong workman—asserted itself, and He was an hungered. No appetite is more imperious than hunger, for from its stimulus has sprung the first energy of the race. None is more innocent, since to deny its satisfaction, in ordinary circumstances, were suicide. Round Jesus, as He came out from His spiritual trance and became conscious of physical things, lay the white stones of the desert, mocking Him by their color and shape with the suggestion of the homely bread His mother baked in Nazareth, and which He ate with honest zest at the close of a hard day's work. If indeed He were endowed with the power of God, so that whatsoever He pleased He could do, and whatsoever He desired He could have, why should He not change the unprofitable stones into loaves of bread, as the Baptist declared God could make them into sons of Abraham, and eat and go on to His work in the strength thereof? It was the most reasonable and practical of temptations. The days were near at hand when Jesus would use His Divine power to feed a hungry multitude, to heal the loathsome disease of leprosy, to raise a man three days dead. Why not to revive His own strength? Because in this case He had used His power to relieve Himself from one of the conditions of human life, and to secure His own ease; and because, had He made this concession to Himself, why should He not afterwards have employed the same power to clothe Himself in purple and fine linen? to escape the weariness of a poor man's travel? to shield Himself from the cruelties of His enemies? After all, as Jesus answered, the chief good of life is not meat—to satisfy one's self, but



VIEW OF BETHLEHEM FROM A GARDEN.

The town is situated on the eastern limit of a ridge that lies east and west, about a mile long. This ridge overlooks a deep valley on the south, and another one on the north, and commands a view that reaches to the hills of Moab, over the Judean wilderness, Jericho, and the Dead Sea. The peculiarly shaped hill in the middle distance is the so-called Frank Mountain, the burial place of Herod the Great, the upper part of the hill being artificial. Mt. Nebo is seen from Bethlehem as a slight prominence on the Moab horizon. The ancient Bethlehem probably was not nearly as large as the modern town. It suffered much with every other sacred place during Crusading times, being destroyed and rebuilt again and again. Some writers have inaccurately mentioned the "Jews of Bethlehem." As a matter of fact, Jews do not now exist here any more than at Nazareth. Bethlehem is almost entirely Christian in population, of the different sects of the Latin and Eastern churches; there are less than two hundred Moslems in eight thousand inhabitants. The town has Latin and Greek monasteries and hospices, boys' and girls' schools, and a number of churches; and there are also an English school for girls and a German Protestant school for both sexes.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

the words which come from the mouth of God—to fulfill spiritual ends; not to live for the senses, but for the soul.

Jesus' next temptation shifted the field from the body to the soul, and had a fair show of religion, as the last had of reason. Is not the very heart of religion faith in God, a faith so unreserved and unquestioning, so trustful and loving, that it will leave the person absolutely in the hands of God? Ought not such faith to vindicate itself at a trial, and put God to the test by some daring act of confidence? Suppose that Jesus should cast Himself from the highest point of the Father's House in face of all the people, and allow God to bear Him up on angels' wings—would not this be a fitting evidence of His faith on the threshold of the Master's public career? Apparently it was an appeal to Jesus' filial spirit; really it was an invitation to spiritual pride and unholy presumption upon the favor of God—the very sin which by its arrogance and self-complacency had created Pharisaism and devastated the religious life of Israel. What was represented as a loyal acceptance of one of the most gracious of the Divine promises Jesus declared to be sheer blasphemy, and a straining of the Divine patience unto the breaking. With this new rebuff to the Evil One, Jesus added to His abnegation a humility of faith which was never to fail till from the tragic height of the Cross, where God's will had placed Him, into the depths of the grave, whither He was willing to go, He committed His soul to His Father, and His Father did not put Him to confusion.

Once more at this time Satan tried the Master, and now it is neither through His body, nor His soul, but through His work he makes his attempt. From a high mountain the Tempter shows unto this young Man all the kingdoms of the world of which in the seclusion of Nazareth Jesus may have heard, and their glory, which He could not have imagined. This is the world—not that world

of sin, and shame, and sorrow, and pain, in its immense pathos, which God loved and Jesus was to save; but that world of luxury, and pageantry, and cruelty, and unbelief, in its proud insolence, which would flout God and crucify Jesus. With the same outlook the Master saw His task and His hindrance, and in this meeting was begotten the Temptation. How altogether noble was the task! Was the hindrance inevitable? If Jesus would only do one act of homage to the prince of this world, then he would lay all those kingdoms at Jesus' feet, who then might do His will without suffering or opposition. One imagines that Jesus may have been tempted again and again after this fashion in His life—to come to terms with the world, and the more quickly accomplish His work. Suppose that by courteous concession the world, in its priests and Pharisees and rulers, could be disarmed and conciliated, would it be wrong, and would it not be worth the making? What enmity and bloodshed, what martyrdoms and controversies, what sins against light and goodness, would be averted! How swiftly and how smoothly the Kingdom of God might come! Had Jesus only been more careful about the Sabbath rules, had He only been silent on certain occasions, had He only paid some heed to prejudices, had He kept at a distance from sinners! A few compromises, a handful of incense on the altar of the world, and neither He nor any of His disciples need have suffered. His Church has not turned a deaf ear to this insidious advice, or been disinclined to take an evil road to a good end. She has gratefully received tainted gold, and therewith established missions; she has made alliances with kings, and trafficked with her own freedom; she has condescended to cunning and violence to advance her sphere of influence. These things have the servants done, but not the Master. Where the choice was to hold the world from His Father on condition of the Cross, or to receive a show of power from Satan on condition of an act of homage, Jesus made a swift, final decision. And Satan, thrice defeated, departed for a season.

(To be continued.)

BETHLEHEM FROM MAR ELIAS, IN WINTER.

Snow in southern Palestine is a rare enough sight to be remarkable. In all my experience, I saw it but once—for a short week. I seized the opportunity to make studies, from which this picture of Bethlehem at Christmas time was painted. It is a view of the village from the ridge of Mar Elias, half way between Jerusalem and Bethlehem, from the top of which both towns can be seen three miles away on either side. It shows the road winding southward, the vineyard terraces with light snow, the olive trees, and Bethlehem in the distance in a sunlit space.—ARTIST'S NOTE.

TOM TAIL-ROPE'S EXPLOIT.

A STORY OF MINING LIFE.

By Phil More.

OH the mysteries of the mines quite overcomes me whenever I sits down to think of them, as I often does, or standing up either, for that matter. Our mines is the kind where all of the cars are moved in and out by ropes—miles of them, counting them all up, inside and outside; and when a car of coal starts from a breast and finally stops at the tip-up alongside of the railroad, it's been pulled and yanked around so that sometimes it runs off the track from sheer exhaustion; and then some one hooks another rope onto it, and it's hauled along over the ties till it jumps on again for peace' sake.

And the ropes is just as bad as the cars. Seems like there is a grudge between them; and if a rope gets slack, along comes a trip of cars, and runs over it, and cuts it in two or gets it all tangled up. So it takes me most of my time keeping the ropes up, and they looks after the cars.

I often wonders that the ropes and cars don't get lost somewhere inside after they have left daylight behind, and never show up again; but they don't, for I often sits by the track at the tunnel entrance watching them and the two ropes running over the pulleys, and about every ten or fifteen minutes I sees a splice or so coming out that went in that long ago, and them moving all the time in the dark, and the darkest kind of dark that is known to man's eyes—the kind that you can see, but can't penetrate.

Then, sometimes, when everything is going good, I watches the cable tram, or, to put it in good catalogue style, the aërial rope railway. You see, after we has got through yanking the cars into the mines and out again, we hangs them up on a big steel cable, and runs them on it through the air to the tip-up, pretty near two miles away, alongside of the railroad, as I said before. They're helpless enough then, swinging around; but away they goes, up hill and down, over a mountain, and across Tularosa valley, as soon as the transmission rope grips them.

Daggert, our superintender, says it is a caution, and I says so too, whenever I watches them. He's the head man out here in New Mexico. Came from Pennsylvania, same as I did. I looks after the ropes, and he looks after the whole thing; and between us the Alama Gorda Tunnel and Mining Company has a good thing of it, staying at home back East and drawing their dividends regular like.

Our office is at the tip-up. To get back and forth between the mines and office there is two routes—in a car in the air, or on the ground, walking. I prefers to ride, and so does Daggert, especially when he's in a hurry to rip some one up the back for what he's done or hasn't done, like it says in the prayer-book, and he's most always in a hurry. I usually takes the car following his. Companionship is a nice thing under some conditions, and there are some when it isn't. When he's in good humor, we rides together. And that ain't oftener than once a month, around pay-days.

The Alama Gorda Tunnel is a regular gas-house, too, which accounts for some of Daggert's unpleasant moods. When the ropes hauls a trip of cars through a door that ought to have been opened and wasn't, there's a regular generator set going inside in the breasteses, and he curses me and my ropes till he finds some one more directly responsible. You see smashing a door on the intake or return checks ventilation till it's repaired, which don't take long; but the gas is always ready, and new doors ain't. We has a big fan and engine to draw good air in, and bad air, gas, and dust out; but they don't give us any trouble. It's mostly men's carelessness—and then we has an explosion, like enough, and maybe a fire, and some one is burned that hadn't ought to be, and the one that ought to be gets the run.

Daggert is a good superintender, though, and looks after the men close; but they do forget once in a while, and then, "Where's Tom?" For you see I looks after the pipe-

lines that carries water to all the breasteses, too.

I'm afraid to go to bed till the night shift's out, because if I does, I'm most sure to be called, and it ain't pleasant to ride over the rope tram in the dark with Daggert and a car full of company men. We has to do this, as all of us lives at the tip-up end of the line, being the only place we can live; and at "all-over" time every day there's a regular excursion of men coming home on the rope, a hundred feet in the air.

The day that I performed my exploit, as Daggert calls it, though I don't, I didn't start out with the intention of doing anything more than I ordinarily does, such as splicing ropes, repairing electric signal lines and bells, or putting some of the telephones in order. I was working at a pocket transmitter up-stairs in my shop, over the company's office, while Daggert was laying some one out cold down-stairs, as I could plainly tell by the words that came up through the floor, when his voice stops sudden; I lifts up my head and listens.

Some one is at the door talking, talking fast and excited.

"Tom—where's Tom?" Daggert yells, stamping to the stairs in a hurry.

I expected it. "Here," I hollers back, and goes down two steps at a time.

"Come on," he says, without waiting for me, and starts for the tip-up trestle on a run.

I follows, and reaches the top out of breath, and dodges cars and swallows dust to keep up to him. The first empty that comes along he jumps into, and I after him. It runs to the cable tram, the gripman hooks us on, and with a jerk we slams off into the air. Ahead of us is the long perspective of ropes, cars, and towers, roasting in the scintillating landscape, disappearing out there in the midair toward the mountains. Daggert stands in the front end, looking that way and working his hands nervously. "Thunderation!" he growls.

I looks ahead, too; but all I can see is a string of loads swinging toward us, and another string of empties, which we are following. Then it occurs to me that we're going too slow to suit him. Speed's the one object to Daggert when he is in a hurry. The more of it the better. I looks at the ground passing rapidly away beneath us, and knows we are going a good gait, plenty fast enough for safety, with him tramping around and keeping the car swinging like she would jump off the rope and drop us to the hard-baked earth.

"Five."

I sees the number, automatically, I might say. It's painted on the tower we just passed on the dead run.

"Six."

That's another one. Tularosa valley's right ahead. The next tower stands like a sentinel at its edge. The outstretched arms supporting the cable are in relief against the sky. From it the ropes dips into space, disappearing from sight below the crest. As we climb the cable, the valley opens. The far bank unfolds foot by foot until I sees the bottom, like an abyss, below us, with the slender-looking ropes spanning.

We passes the tower, and takes the nineteen hundred feet dip. Down, down, we goes, hanging above the depths like birds—like eagles. It's a great span at a great height. A loaded car as it passes drops a chunk of coal. It falls over the edge with a clang, and I peers over the edge of mine and watches its flight downward. I holds my breath. My! It's a long ways down. We starts up the ascent. Daggert has a firm grip on the frame-work, and is looking sideways into the valley. For the time he has forgotten everything but the terrible height. As the earth approaches, he relaxes his tense grasp, and so does I. "Tom," he asks sudden, "is there any water in number four level, west?"

"Yes."

That question answers mine—there's been an explosion, and Alama Gorda Tunnel is afire. The car carries us swiftly up and over the mountain, and we sees the entrance to the workings and the power-houses and buildings on the down slope. Groups of men are moving around, and more men coming out from the tunnel. Work is at a standstill, with steam flying in the air, and smoke ascending from the stacks. Daggert's face sets. It's been a bad one when the men all comes out. Two mine stretchers, and men carrying them, tells part of the tale.

"How many burned?" Daggert asks of the first man he meets.

"Four; two of them seriously." This from the miner, who is too excited to know that his lamp's still burning.

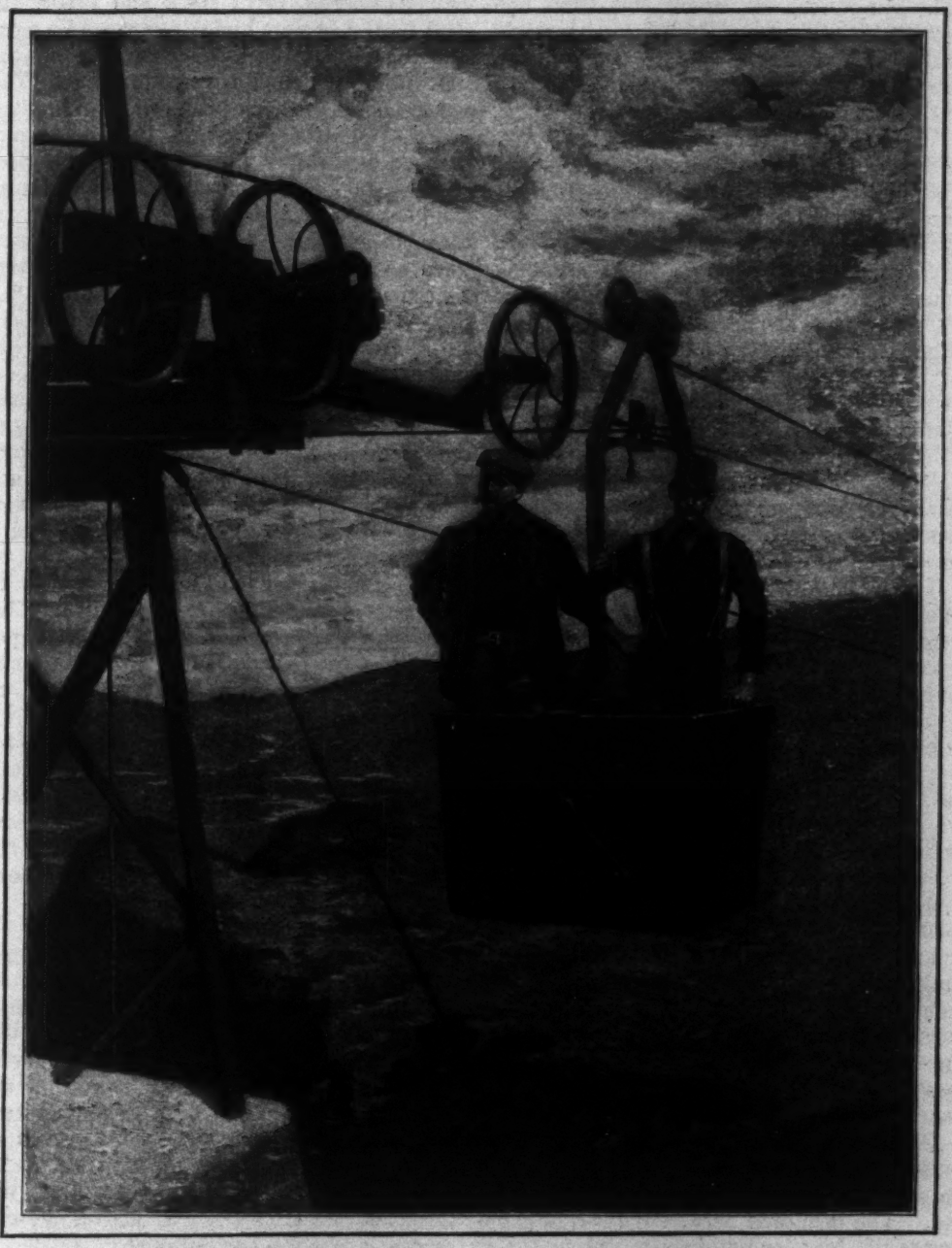
"Are they out?"

"All that can get out."

Daggert eyes him sternly. "What do you mean?"

"They says as I come out that number four lift's closed up, and the men on it are behind the fire."

"Where's Weir?"



"DOWN, DOWN, WE GOES, HANGING ABOVE THE DEPTHS LIKE BIRDS."

"Inside."

Daggert's eyes encounters mine, and he strides to a car and gets into it. It is on the rope. The engineer is watching us back there in the power-house, and I presses together the two signal wires running over our heads, and we disappears in the black entrance of Alama Gorda. We has to sit down in the bottom of the car to keep from striking against the roof, and I takes my Davy off my belt and lights it. It glows like a fire-bug, and lights up the car and a square patch of roof above us. We have gone 500 yards, perhaps, when the fire sends out a messenger to meet us. It comes in a cloud of dust, an oppressive concussion, and the car goes on clanging through choking air. I looks at the halo of coal particles around my lamp.

"Not a bad one," says Daggert, through the noise and dirt.

The car stops, too, about this time, and jerks back and forth as if asking a question. That's the engineer's way of asking if we are still in it and alive, and I reaches up and bells him that we are, and on we goes again. It's a mad rush through the dark, with more noises than we can hear at once; and lights appears ahead when we go around a curve. Daggert cries, "Stop!"

"Daggert?" some one asks. It's Weir, the foreman. "Don't go any farther. The damp's driven us back to here."

"How far ahead is number four lift?" Daggert asks, climbing out.

"Two hundred yards. The fire's in number seven breast, under a gob. Everything inside of us is choked up."

"Burning much?"

"Yes. Wet your handkerchief and tie it over your face, and come in the counter. You can see it through an old wall that's blown out."

Weir's the only one in Alama Gorda that tells Daggert what to do. We waits there as quiet as the mine itself, and watches their lights disappear. In about two minutes they comes back, coughing and choking.

"They can't be alive," Daggert says when he can speak.

"I think they are. I've been following the air-currents since the explosion, and they are in good air. They are safe for four or five hours." Weir speaks with conviction.

"Got a tracing?"

Weir pulls one out of his pocket, and unfolds it. I holds my lamp to show light on it and see for myself, too. "There," Weir says, with his pencil showing where, as it moves around the labyrinth of workings, "is where she was lit, and the air is now moving—" and the pencil seems to wander aimlessly over the cloth in showing the present course of the air.

Daggert is a man of quick decision. "I must get nearer the fire and see for myself," he says. "Weir, you and Tom come with me. You men stop here. We'll ride in opposite lift four, enter the lift, and return as we go. If in five minutes after the rope stops it doesn't start back, one of you—you, Sandy—start outside for help, and you others start in for us. We'll need help." And he climbs into the car.

We wets our handkerchiefs while he is talking, big red bandanas, and ties them over our mouths and noses. This makes the damp less noxious. I gives the signal, after a preliminary cautionary one, and the car moves ahead. Well, I thinks, here's three men smothered, for I feels and tastes the stuff I'm breathing, and it's rank—takes you in the legs, sudden-like, when it gets you; that's the acid and the oxide mixed, Weir says—and after that we says nothing and breathes as little as we can. If we could have stopped breathing altogether, we'd a-been better off. Even our Davys blinks hard. Daggert coughs, and looks at us. No retreat in his eyes. So thinking my lungs as good as his, I fills them with the mixture that sieves through the wet bandana.

At the branch opposite number four lift I bells the engineer to stop. I also tells him with the wires that he's to hold the car there. We could never get back alive now without it. Number four opens on our right, a square block of black cut out of the coal. Daggert leads, holding his lamp waist high. I being in the rear, tries mine to see where it will burn the best; no difference, high or low, that I can see.

You'd never believe the noise our feet begins to make once we enters the lift. They throb, throb, throb in my ears as they goes along the road, and there's a clinking ring goes with their steps. I never feels my neck so big nor my heart so strong. I'm all pulse, but the worst is at my windpipe and temples. It doesn't beat; it clangs like an anvil under a hammer along with my footsteps. Then along comes another noise to pound into my ears. I realize instantly that it's the fire I hears. It's roaring and moaning fit to make you tremble.

Daggert stops, and holds his lamp up. He has heard it, too, and is trying for gas. And he finds it. His light burns dim, and the gas "caps" the flame and fills the inside of the gauze with its blue blaze. What a compound we are breathing! And what a generator we are in! What ain't one kind of gas is another kind, just as dangerous, and all kills in their own ways, given the chance. One is taking its turn now. The other kind—one of them—may take next turn, and we'll be blowed out on the main road and into the car perhaps.

There's the fire. We comes on it while climbing up a heap of fallen rock, and sits down on top of the pile and looks at it in helpless wonder, too exhausted to stand up. And it continues to spoil what little air reaches it, and passes the poorer article on to us. We gasps there like fishes. It's right in the road at the entrance to a breast, which it clogs up effectually, as it does the heading. There's a pile of rock on it bigger than what's under us, and the "blowers"

feeding it roars loud and low, and stops, and roars again in a different key. Its flames are blue, and shoots up and dies down, but through the interstices the mass is incandescent. It is no regular conflagration. It's a blast furnace underground, going slow on account of bad air, and its dull glow sheds an evil-looking glare on us.

Daggert sits there ten seconds, trying the air, and then gives a nod. He's seen enough. It's a retreat now.

When I tries to move my legs, I finds that they're heavier than they was and don't belong to me. Leastwise I can't move them, but crawls down on my hands and drags them after me, the same as Daggert and Weir's a-doing. And thus we goes down the lift called number four, with the bells of eternity ringing in our ears and eternity itself looming up ahead, vast and incomprehensible. Blue stars shoots from its blue horizon to its blue zenith. Its blue is deep and unknown, and I fears to look upon it. I dreads what it hides. I encounters something suspended in this heaven, and dimly recognizes Weir, prone. I crawls over him, and forgets all about him lying there. This same eternity is closing down upon him. He grasps my leg as I passes, and it closes down upon me. It crushes me into the dirt between the rails. Weir crawls over me. I grasps him. The sky and stars are crowding nearer. One shoots up from the horizon, and bursts overhead with a crash, filling the heavens with flames. Its breath is hot, and licks down close to us. We lie there in the intense darkness that succeeds, three suffocated, singed men, without motion. I hears a shout: "Hurry up, boys; here they are."

"How do you feel, Tom?"

"Oh, first rate."

"WHAT TAKES ME, THOUGH, IS THE WOMEN . . . THREE OF THEM IS GOING ON AWFUL."

I looks around. I am just aware that I feels at all. Alama Gorda's sun is shining down on us, and we are surrounded by anxious, inquiring faces. I tries to sit up, and finds that I do not feel so good as I thought. My head throbs, and every joint and muscle is sore. "Close call, Tom," Daggert says.

He's lying near me. His hands and neck are bound in cotton. And then I discovers that I'm tied up, too. "Where's Weir?" I asks.

"Here."

Sure enough; and they have him swaddled.

"Did she go off?"

"Just as we reached you," Allen, the fire-boss, answers. "We got there just in time. Lucky you was down with the damp, or you'd all have been burned." He holds out his hands. "It barely touched us—scorched."

I feels and smarts like a chicken getting his pin-feathers singed, but the excitement in the air sets me quivering. The women of Tularosa are there, and them that has their men safe are trying to comfort the few that has their husbands in the tunnel.

"Boys," Daggert says, sitting up, "there's ten men in there as good as we are."

"Goodness alive, that's so!" I hollers, and stands right up. My neck and hands smart, and my head rolls independent on my shoulders, but I comes up fast, and feels ready for anything.

Weir struggles to his feet, and feels of his head. Being bald-headed, he has a couple of red spots on top that hurts, and one of the men steps up with a can of carron-oil, and pours a little on them and a good deal down his neck.

"That's enough," he says, wiping it out of his whiskers.

Daggert starts for the office, calling out the names of those he wants to see. Mine being one, I follows. There's a good deal of talking going on among the groups of men, women, and children, and the trammen stands on the trestle looking down at us with curiosity. What takes me, though, is the women. I never could stand to see them cry, and three of them is going on awful.

"It's a caution," Daggert says, on the office porch, same as he always does when he is worried or pleased.

We all goes in and shuts the door, and the crowd outside moves up close, and looks in at the windows. They knows there is a decision to be made for or against the imprisoned men.

Daggert starts out by saying that the fire will keep a large force busy several weeks to put it out, because all of the rock and coal must be loaded out to quench it. You see we has all got beyond the point, in our experience at Alama Gorda, of trying to extinguish a mine fire like a house fire, by squirting water on it. It simply won't do; no matter now why. That's a plain statement. And what about the men in the meanwhile? Daggert asks this, and looks us all in the eyes. That's a poser for him and for us, too, and the women outside waiting.

"There were ten men in there before the fire," he says, quiet like, "and there's ten men in there now. They may be dead—smothered—but the chances are that they're alive. Before the sun sets they will be dead if something ain't done. What's the best thing to do? Is there anything we can do in time to save them?"

There's a deep silence. One, two, three minutes passes, and I shoves my hands in my coat pockets, and goes to the window and looks up across the hills above Alama Gorda Tunnel.

There's a derrick standing there, outlined against the afternoon sky. "It's a caution," I thinks to myself; and stops thinking right there. "Daggert," I says, turning around, and letting out each word slow and careful, and trying to keep the quiver out of my voice, "the bore-hole's on number four lift."

"Bore-hole?" he says, as if it hadn't given him enough trouble driving it.

"Yes, an eighteen-inch one for a pump column—to pump water up through from the new slope and Wilkinson's dip."

"Tom's got it," Weir shouts, jumping up. Daggert looks at us both, perplexed. "Tom's hit the only means at our command. He means to go down through the bore-hole and hoist the men up through it, don't you, Tom?"

I nods.

Daggert appears to be turning the idea over in his mind, and looks me hard in the eyes, and me looking at him just as hard. Then he heaves a long breath, and says, "Come on; we'll try it."

The derrick, built up there before the hole was driven and used to drive it, stands waiting for us. Every one of us looks up at it as we passes out. Daggert and Weir leads, talking earnestly; we follows; and the crowd watches us, wondering, and then starts after us.

We finds everything as the drillers last left it, with the windlass, rope, and sheave they

had used for pulling the bit. These I inspects carefully. Then I goes into the shed built under the derrick, and looks at the hole. It shows the projection of a huge iron pipe which had been driven through the soil to the rock strata as a casing. I holds my hand over this, and feels the air drawing down. Daggert orders the rope reeved through the sheave at the top of the derrick, blackness closes around me. I hears a deep sigh from the crowd as I disappears.

It's tight on all sides. Even the air I breathe seems cramped. I descends steadily, and feels the smooth rock rubbing against my body. Down—down—down—slowly, a patch of light leading my sight and showing the bit-marks in the sandstone. I hears Weir's words of command to the men at the

"I PULLS THE DOOR OPEN, AND STANDS LOOKING DOWN AT THE GROUP SEATED THERE, OUTLINED AGAINST THE LIVID FIRE."

choosing four men to man the crab. I rigs up a sling, and fastens it to the rope when it comes dangling down, and am more confused by the scrutiny of the peoples than by the task before me.

"It's a little over 300 feet down," Weir says in my ear; "317, exact, to the vein. I'll listen at the top. If you shout I can hear you. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

The sling hangs above the pipe. I runs my arms through it, and hangs full length, arms and legs free. My lamp I hooks in my belt in front. "Lower away," I says, and my feet, body, head, enters the hole, and its

crab. His voice comes to me muffled and hollow, but I understands what he says. This reassures me somewhat, for as I descends farther into the hole a nervous feeling comes over me. I imagines all sorts of probable and improbable things; and then the dreads cease, and I feels my legs hanging free, and my body drops into the heading, and I stands on the gangway floor of number four lift, west, back of the fire.

I draws a long breath—I am down. I looks up, and sees a small disk of daylight far above. That's the top of the hole. I slips my arms out of the sling, and unfastens my lamp from my belt. The dull, dead silence

of the mine is about me. I peers around in the darkness, and sees nothing. I have walked past this exact spot before. Now, it seems, I have entered a strange mine.

The air is good, with but a slight current. Yonder is the fire—I faces toward it. The men, I reasons, will be away from it. I turns and starts toward the faces of the breasteses. I follows the track, and notes every branch turning off from it.

I hears a sound ahead, and holds up my lamp. A mule team stands there, hooked to a trip of loaded cars, where the driver had left them when the explosion took place. They cocks their ears, and turns their heads as I walks past them and the cars. Here's panic, I thinks, picking up a whip and lamp dropped by the driver and his "patcher." And here's two that were not accounted for. "It's a caution," I says aloud, looking around. "Where be they now?"

My eyes are getting used to the dark, and the rays from my Davy lights up more on that account, but I sees no indication of the men. So I keeps on up the heading. Once in a while I stops to listen, and when the hollow echoes of my own footsteps dies away, profound silence succeeds. At the face of the gangway I takes a look around. The tools are lying just where the miners dropped them—two picks, a shovel, a twist-drill, and a powder cartridge.

"He's been going to fire a hole," I thinks, backing away from the paper sausage, "and when she went off, he just drops and runs. I wishes I knew which way, and I'd run after him;" and I does, unbeknowingly, for I starts straight back toward the fire, passes the cars and mules, and peeps up the bore-hole once more.

"It ain't likely they're gone down the rock slope," I says, facing toward it and the electric hoist at the top. "Too wet down there. I'll have a look at the fire first, anyhow, and then go through the breasteses."

As near as I can reckon, it ain't more than 300 yards to number seven chamber. On my way there I comes to a wrecked door. "My, she ripped it when she went off," I exclaims; "and some one's closed it again after it was blowed open." This appears strange. "Maybe——"

My mouth drops open, and I'm rigid, listening. Some one is singing. I recognizes "Bethany." They starts out, more voices than one, on the second verse:

"Though like the wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!"

A shiver runs down my back. I pulls the door open, and stands looking down at the group seated there, outlined against the livid fire further on. There's a shout, and then a scramble toward me.

"Tom! Tom! Bliss me, it's Tom Tail-rope," Duggan, the foremost, cries in his Irish brogue. "It's a first-class prayer-meeting ye've interrupted, me b'y."

"Du, du," Reese puffs, staring hard.

The others crowds up close.

"Ye've come in time to save me from embarrassment," Duggan continues, jovially. "It was me next turn, and nary a hair did I know phat to say. Where did ye come from, Tom?"

"Down the bore-hole."

"Down the bore-hole? Bless me, but ye're famous. And do ye return by the same route?"

"After you have gone up ahead of me."

"Do ye hear him, fellows?" Duggan shouts, looking around. "He's come down the bore-hole, and up it we go! Well, it's better than toastin' our shins at the fire beyant."

"Is it true what you're sayin', Thomas?" Wilkinson, the gangway-man, asks seriously.

"Just as I says it, Wilkinson," I answers. "Come and see."

They follows through the door and up the road to the bore-hole, where I stops by the dangling rope.

"God bless you, lad," Wilkinson ejaculates, grasping my hands. "I told them an hour sin' that nothing but the Almighty could save us, and asked them to prepare to meet Him. I've faced death before, but never till now looked him in the eye; and after biddin' my wife and bairns farewell and commending them to His care, through His interference I'll see them again. Who's first?"

"You," Duggan answers for us.

"I'm the oldest," he says simply. "Show me how, Thomas."

I slips myself into the sling and out again, and then helps him adjust it across his broad shoulders.

"Draw yessel in, Wilkinson," Duggan suggests. "It's the smallest shaft ye iver rode up. Hist away, Tom. How de ye start?"

I bears my weight on the slack rope. The signal is quickly answered by its taking Wilkinson up and out of our sight.

"Do ye moind that now," says Duggan, standing under and looking up. "I never gave a Welsher credit for knowin' enough for that. There's Irish blood in Tom, Reese."

"Not a drop, not a drop," Reese asserts stoutly.

"Then he must be a bard," with a broad grin. "It's all right, Tom. I'll say no more against the Welsh, so help me. I've heard them sing and pray this night, and in me own foolish heart I wished I could. I wonder can I go up it?"

"You're the last but one, Duggan," I answers. "I'm last."

"All right," he says cheerfully. "And to-morrow Daggert and Weir'll have us the other side of the fire, loadin' it out. How's the air over beyant, Tom?"

"Bad. It draws that way. We was in there a couple of hours ago."

"What did I tell ye? I heard ye, and says to mesel', 'Not yet, Duggan; they're after ye.'"

"We thought it was some of his foolishness," Reese says apologetically; "maybe he was right."

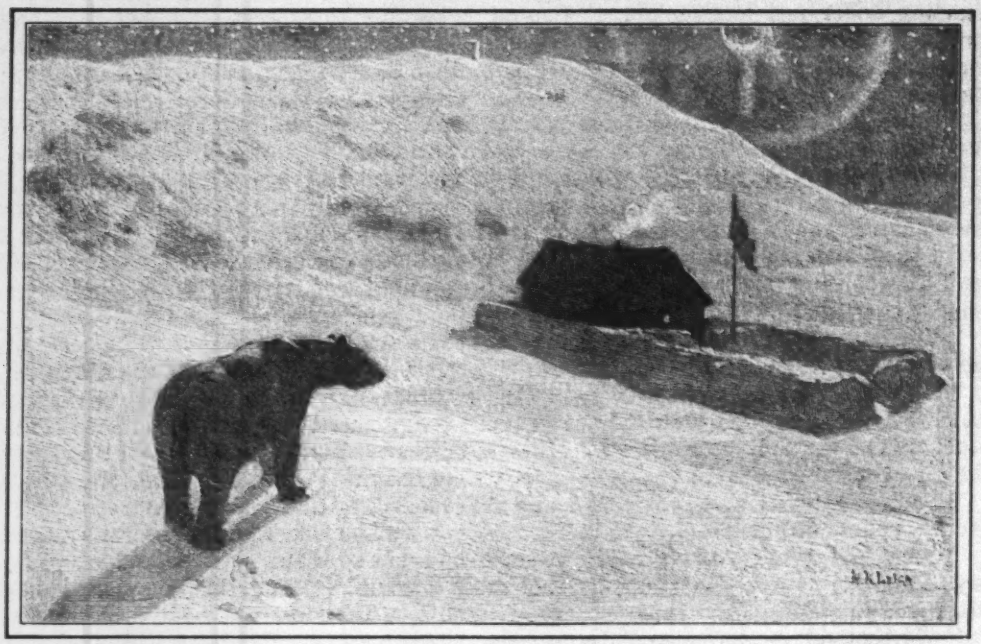
"Av course, I was. Here, Reese, yer wind's bad. Hook him in, Tom."

Reese enters the sling, and as he disappears Duggan calls out a-laughing, "Good-by. Don't get stuck, moind, and kape us down here to smother. He's a good old sowl, Tom. Him an' Wilkinson's all that kep' us from goin' where we'd niver got out. I was for climbin' over the foire and bein' done wid it, but Reese says to wait, and I waited. Gildea, here, drops and runs, and foinds me an' Wilkinson an' Reese in the gangway, havin' a discusshion over our chances for escape or rescue, an' we come to the conclusion that there was nothin' for, an' everythin' against, us. Let the b'y go up next, Tom. His mom's waitin' for him above. Here, Gildea, and tell her we're all right. Up ye go like a swallow to its nest. Ah, but it's great!" turning to me with a broad grin of approval when Gildea's hob-nails disappears. "It's a great day for Alama Gorda this, and a greater wan for ye, Tom. Whin we came to that conclusion, we s'arched the lift to find out how many had drawn the lucky number, and then marched in a procession to the foire. Wilkinson, ould experience, said there'd be no more explosions. There'd been three, two light wans after the first, which was to the quane's taste. Because, said he, the damp from the fire kapes the gas from that same. We made oursel's comfortable and waited; nary a hair do I know what for, but we waited. Faith, our frien's are workin' up there," grasping the rope as it comes clumping down. "Listen to that now. They're cheerin'. Hurry now, Bainbridge, so I can get up and cheer wid them. Look at him; he takes to the rope like a sailor. Ah, but it's great!" And thus Duggan talks them all into the rope and up the bore-hole, and finally himself. "I'll be waitin' for ye above, Tom," he then says, slipping the sling over his broad shoulders; and giving a parting kick at me with his feet, he too disappears. A muffled, unintelligible sound comes down from him, and then silence.

That's all there is to it, except that after I got up the hole there was a great fuss made, the men and women crowding around me that close that I was glad when Daggert comes pushing through, actually smiling, and says, "Come, Tom; Weir and I are going inside again. If you're able, I'd like to have you come with us."

He'd *like* to have me come, when he don't generally consider your feelings when he wants you to do anything or go anywhere; and I, feeling more used up by that than by the noise and cheering, follows him through the crowd.

FORT McKINLEY.



THE RACE FOR THE NORTH POLE.

By Walter Wellman.

A CHAPTER OF RECENT PERSONAL EXPERIENCE IN THE ARCTIC.

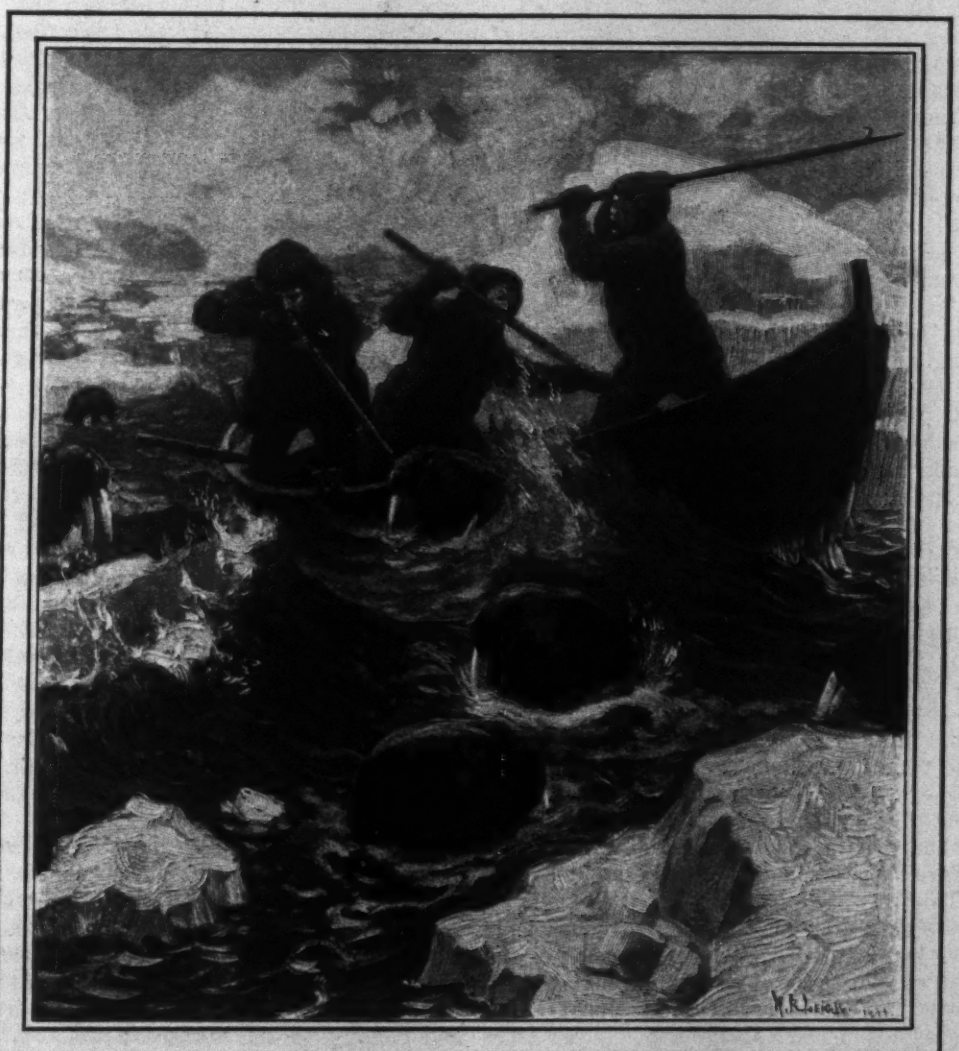
THE Wellman Polar Expedition of 1898–9 was characterized by one of the most remarkable tragedies and one of the finest deeds of human courage ever recorded. The hero who did this rare deed lives in the little town of Tromsö, Norway; and it was at this far northern port that the members of the expedition, four Americans and five Norwegians, assembled in June, 1898. On the 26th day of that month we sailed in the expedition steamer "Frithjof," a stanch ship specially built for hard work in heavy ice. At Archangel, Russia, we took on board eighty-three draught dogs which Alexander Trontheim, of Tobolsk, had procured for us in sub-Arctic Siberia, among the Ostiaks, who live near the mouth of the River Ob. A two-thousand-mile journey across mountains, tundras, steppes, and rivers had the faithful Trontheim brought his pack, assisted by others and a caravan of reindeer.

From Archangel we steamed northward through the White Sea to the Arctic Ocean, and in a week met the pack-ice at the seventy-seventh parallel of latitude. Our first onslaught upon the frigid bulwarks with which the well-nigh impregnable Pole is surrounded was not encouraging. We found no opening, but did soon discover that our bunkers were running low of coal, and so we steamed back to Norway for reinforcements. Then north again, and soon we were once more struggling with the pack-ice. A week of ramming, shoving, crowding, shivering through leads and openings, forcing them often where they did not exist, varied by frequent fogs in which it was necessary to lie to because we could not see a ship's length ahead, brought us at last near the shores of Franz Josef Land. Happy indeed were we all when, on July 27th, we first beheld the glacier-capped mountains of this remote region. To our imaginations it presented itself as a paradise of opportunity. Next day, with anxious hearts, we anchored at Cape Flora, which for three years had been the headquarters of the Jackson-Harmsworth (English) expedition. Here it was that Nansen and Jackson had

had their dramatic meeting two years before —a chance encounter which doubtless saved the lives of Nansen and his faithful comrade, Lieutenant Johansen. Here, too, we had hoped for another meeting. When last heard from, Andrée's balloon was drifting in this direction from Spitzbergen, and as he knew of the existence at this point of a good house amply stocked with provisions, it was not impossible he had been able to make his way hither the previous autumn. Grievous was our disappointment when we saw the doors and windows of Jackson's house all boarded and barred, for we realized that thus ended all reasonable expectation that the brave Swedes were to be seen again among the living.

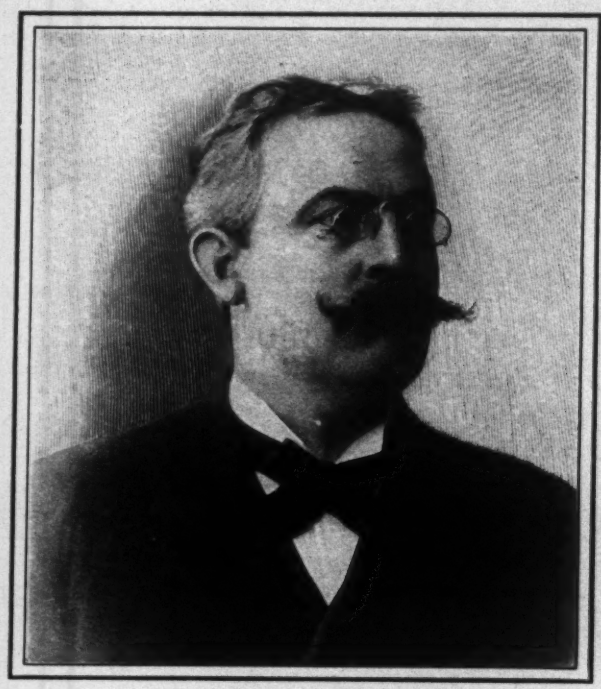
From Cape Flora we vainly endeavored to push our ship northward through a strait, and later tried to steam round the southeastern islands where the Austro-Hungarian ship "Tegetthoff" was lost in 1874, and thus to the north. But finding the way everywhere blocked with heavy ice, we finally decided to establish our headquarters at Cape Tegetthoff, Hall Island, latitude 80.05; and there we set up our little hut, and landed our stores, equipment, and dogs.

This was the last of July. In three days the ship sailed for Norway, and we were left alone for at least a year in the wilderness of ice. We were the only human inhabitants of that vast region, and our nearest neighbors were Russians and Samoyedes in Nova Zembla, 500 miles to the southward. A month or two of working weather remained before the win-



"SUDDENLY THEY WERE SURROUNDED BY FIVE OR SIX BIG BULLS, ROARING . . . IN THEIR ANGER."

ter should come down upon us, and we lost no time in setting our column in motion. Two days after the ship left us, a party under the command of the meteorologist, Mr. E. B. Baldwin, of the United States Weather Bureau, set out to establish an outpost farther north, the farther the better. They started with sledges, two small boats, dogs, and provisions, traversing a solid sheet of comparatively smooth ice upon bay and strait. The outlook was promising. But conditions often change with surprising rapidity in the Arctic, and in less than forty-eight hours this party found the apparently sound and safe ice breaking up under their feet and drifting rapidly out to sea in strong off-shore winds. They had to leap from one floating floe to another, now and then hurriedly launching their small boats, only to pull them up again as quickly as possible to save them from being crushed in the ice. Nothing but desperate, even heroic, work enabled them to escape with their lives and outfit and reach the solid land. Along the shore, over rough stones and precipitous glacier-débris, now moving a part of their loads short distances by boat in open water, again taking to the ice-covered mountain-side for a hazardous journey over fissures and crevasses, they struggled for fully a month. Then the on-coming winter and the broken, drifting ice which filled the channel before them compelled a halt for good.



WALTER WELLMAN.

From a photograph by L. Szacinski, taken in June, 1898, before the departure of the Wellman Expedition.

This was at Cape Heller, a little south of the eighty-first parallel of latitude. Only once had human feet trod these shores, and that was a quarter of a century before, when Payer, the discoverer of Franz Josef Land, passed near by on a sledge trip. A few miles to the westward, on the other side of the sound, Nansen and Johansen had spent the winter of 1895–6 in a little hut or cave. Our men at once set to work to establish a post. The first thing was to build a hut. For this work they had better tools than Nansen and his comrade, but no better materials—only such as the country afforded. They gathered rocks and piled up the rough walls of a house. Two pieces of drift-wood, brought from Siberian rivers by current and tide, formed the ridge-pole. The dried skins of walrus which were killed in the bay served for a roof. A chimney was built at one side, and upon a hearth of flat rocks small bits of dried drift-wood and hunks of walrus blubber were burned, not for purposes of heating, but to boil the coffee and soup and fry the savory steaks of polar bear. Tons of walrus meat were cut in small squares out of the huge carcasses of fifteen of the sea-horses, and stored away in an ice-house (good refrigerator) for the sustenance of the forty dogs during the long winter. A ton of condensed food for human use was accumulated here, most of it designed for the sledging parties the next spring. With blocks of snow and ice the men built huge walls around the hut, to afford some protection from the winter's storms, making the camp look very much indeed like a fort ; and so they named it Fort McKinley.

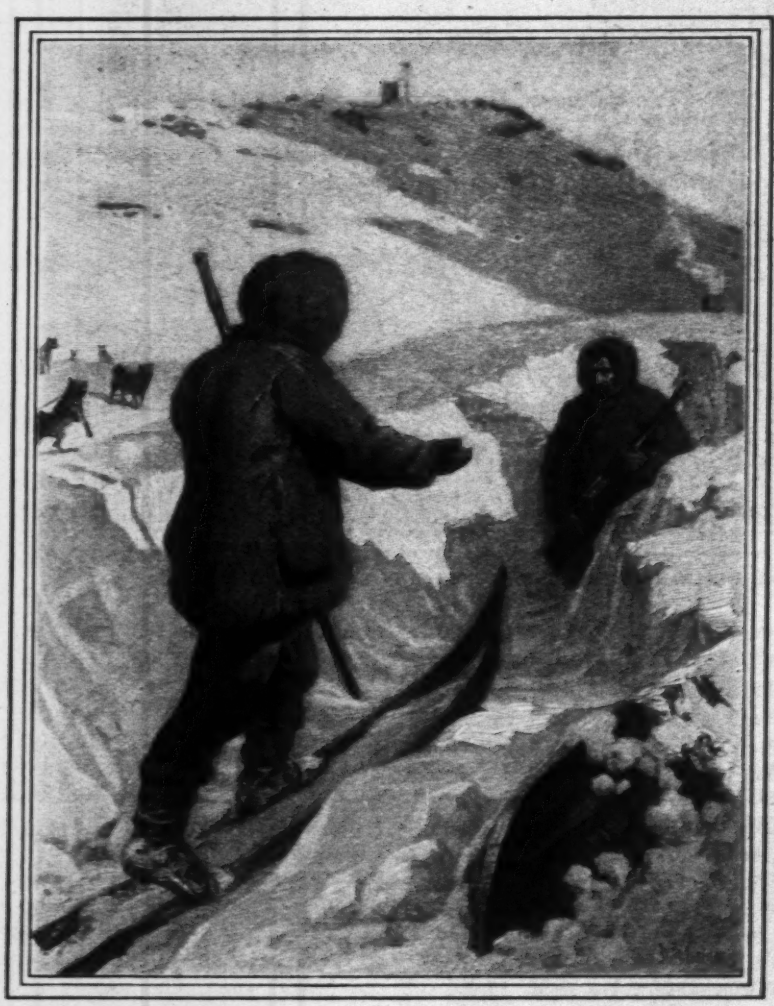
In getting our supplies our men had some lively adventures hunting walrus in the bay near Fort McKinley. As a rule the walrus is a harmless brute. His attentions to the human beings who invade his realm are usually confined to swimming about the boat for half an hour or longer, alternately diving and coming to the surface again. Whenever his ugly head appears above the water, curiosity and good-nature are seen bulging

from his little round eyes. He acts as if this visitation of human beings, with their boat and oars and things, was a sort of circus got up for his special amusement. But wound a cow or calf, and you may have a different story to tell. That is what our men did one day. They shot a mother walrus that had a calf under her flippers, and they were trying their best to secure the two carcasses before they should sink in the bay. Suddenly they were surrounded by five or six big bulls, roaring and snorting in their anger at this murderous attack upon their tribe. One bull walrus, with his weight of from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred pounds, which he is able to throw half out of water, and with his huge tusks, a foot and a half in length, which may rip the boat and capsize it, is a dangerous foe when you are out in a craft only fifteen feet long. But here were half a dozen, all ferociously angry, and all making for the one small boat in which our three men sat. The lives of those men depended upon the manner in which they met the onslaught. Fortunately they were experienced walrus-hunters, and not a man of them lost his nerve. Bernt Bentzen, he of the mighty shoulders, gave a few strokes with the oars, and sent the boat flying so that the enemy might not all be able to board at the same instant. Paul Bjoervig, who knows walrus as well as he knows his own children, told Mr. Baldwin, who had the one gun in the party, when and where to shoot, that not an instant or a bullet might be wasted; and he, good shot, quick as a cat, emptied the chamber of his Winchester with telling effect. Bull after bull retreated with a ball in his eye, the only spot worth hitting in a walrus, for his skin is an armor-plate of gristle and blubber four inches in thickness. The bay was red with blood, the waters were lashed into foam, and the bellowing of the bulls filled the air with a horrid din. They came finally faster than Mr. Baldwin could take care of them. Then Bernt and Paul rose up, each with an oar in his hands, and beat the beasts over the head. Every time one of the ugly snouts rose by the side of the boat, with the wicked tusks gleaming white, there was an oar to meet it, or perchance a leaden ball. For fully a quarter of an hour the battle raged, and then, to the great relief of our weary men, the enemy suddenly withdrew, one by one, leaving two of their number floating lifeless upon the bay.

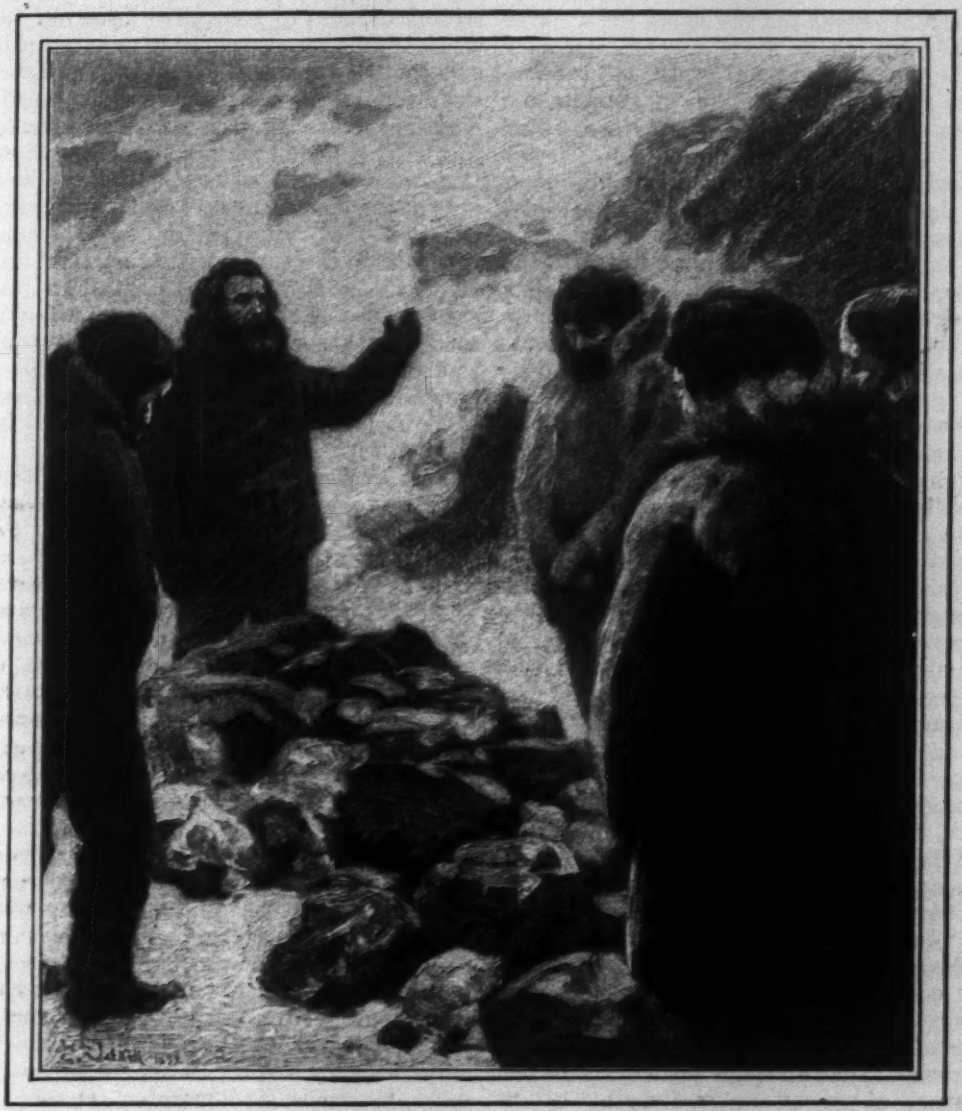
MR. WELLMAN AFTER THIRTEEN MONTHS IN THE ARCTIC.

Late in October, pursuant to his instructions, Mr. Baldwin prepared to return to Harmsworth House, our headquarters at Cape Tegetthoff. He called for two volunteers to remain at the outpost during the winter to care for the dogs and guard the stores and equipment. All the men offered themselves. Paul Bjoervig and Bernt Bentzen were chosen, whereat Emil and Olaf Ellefsen and Daniel Johansen were grievously disappointed. As for Bjoervig and Bentzen, they were delighted. Neighbors and comrades at home, adventurous spirits both, this chance of spending an Arctic winter together in a snug little hut, well stocked with things to eat and plenty of tobacco to smoke, was to them the realization of a dream. Nor was their ardor the outgrowth of any callow inexperience. Bjoervig had been in the Arctic almost every summer for twenty years, and with the Wellman expedition of 1894 and other parties had earned reputation as a daring, faithful ice-pilot. Bentzen had already passed three years in the white north as a member of Dr. Nansen's crew on the "Fram."

On the last day of October, Mr. Baldwin and his three men arrived at headquarters, and the seven of us settled down for the winter in a little canvas-covered, decagonal house about fifteen feet in diameter. Our beds were reindeer-skin sleeping-bags spread out upon the floor. Our dining table was the top of a biscuit box, and our dishes a plate and mug for each man. Plenty of good food we had, including American flapjacks and oatmeal every morning, and fresh bear-meat in stews or steaks every evening. Finally the darkness came on and many storms and the great cold. For 126 days and nights the sun was below the horizon. Throughout December it was just possible to distinguish midday from midnight. Our hut was drifted over with snow. Seen from the outside, there were just two things about it which indicated a human habitation—a diminutive black stove-pipe protruding from the apex of the rounded, snow-heaped roof, and a black, yawning hole in "the front yard." Through this hole we crawled like foxes to their burrow, in order to make our way through two sheds, or storehouses, and four doors to the living-room within. How cheery were the sparks flying from that bit of a stove-pipe through the long night! And right comfortable were we in our lair, though at times the tiny stove in the center of it had to struggle against a zero tem-



"THAT INSTANT A ROUGH HUMAN FIGURE EMERGED FROM THE MOUTH OF A TUNNEL LEADING DOWN INTO THE SNOW-BANK."



"AS I TOOK MY PLACE AT THE HEAD OF THE GRAVE . . . THE MEN STOOD ROUND WITH BARED HEADS."

perature at the outer edges of the apartment.

The much-dreaded Arctic night passed quickly. If any one suffered in spirits, he managed to conceal his misfortune. There was plenty to do. We had both work and sport. Many bears fell before our rifles. In the bright moonlight it was fine to strap on a pair of ski and take a run over the crisp snow or coast down the glaciers on the mountain slopes near by. The scientific work demanded attention—meteorology, observations in magnetism, studies of the brilliant aurora borealis. There was the housekeeping to be attended to, and the dogs to look after. Above all, the sledge journeys were to be prepared for.

To make ready for a sledge trip seems a simple thing, but it is like organizing an army corps for campaigns far from base in an enemy's country. Day or night the leader of the expedition had but one thought, one dream, and that was to arrange the countless details for the field work with the fewest possible mistakes and the greatest possible number of things that made for strength and security. A thousand picturesque or interesting incidents of this winter in the darkness were almost forgotten in the concentration of mind and effort upon

the arrangements for the sleigh trips. One journey was to be made to Fort McKinley and beyond, straight northward, as far as we could go before diminution of supplies and advancing summer commanded return. This was "the dash for the North Pole" which formed one part of our general expeditionary plan. The other journey, subsequently successfully carried out, compassed the second part of our general plan, which was to explore the then unknown eastern part of the Franz Josef Land archipelago.

Acutely did we realize that, if we were to beat all records in our approach to the Pole and have our chance actually to reach it in case we found unusually favorable conditions, we must get up right early in the Arctic morning. The records of the past had been established by trips from bases much farther north. Thus Lockwood and Brainard, of the Greely party, who had carried the stars and stripes to 83.24, had set out from headquarters at 81.40. Dr. Nansen and Lieutenant Johansen, who had reached 86.14, had started from the "Fram" at 84.04. To eclipse the latter achievement, we should have to travel 440 miles. But this much at least we all believed we should do, barring accident, if only we could get an early start. Consequently, on the morning of February 18th, while I was standing in the hut for a last flash-light photograph, one of my Norwegians stuck his head in at the door and called out: "Everything is ready, sir."

"And so am I."

Saying good-by to my American comrades, not quite sure that I should ever see them again, I went out, and took my place at the head of the little caravan. Each of the three Norwegians had a sledge and team of dogs in charge. A snowstorm was raging, but we were ready to start, and could not stop for a little storm. I led the way, "tracking" for the dogs as best I could in the semi-darkness and snow-laden air. The sun had not yet risen, but in the middle of the day was near enough to the horizon to give us a gray, hazy dawn-light. The snow was soft, and we sank into it to the ankles and often to the knees. Underneath there were frequent ridges and protuberances of rough ice to trip the weary feet. A strange experience it was, this stumbling along like drunken men in the gloom, unable much of the time to see far enough ahead to make course by landmark, and compelled, therefore, to pick our way with compass constantly in hand. Where it was smooth enough we used Norwegian ski with advantage, but in the rougher spots snowshoes were of no avail. Upon our feet we had finsko, or moccasins of reindeer skin; and though these are the best of all footwear for Arctic use, their soles are so slippery that, traveling such a road as ours, one was lucky if he did not fall sprawling oftener than once in ten minutes. Still, we made progress. And though we had set out in the midst of the Arctic winter, fully a month earlier than the earliest sledging start hitherto made in high latitudes (that of Dr. Nansen from the "Fram"), and though we had all sorts of weather, from blinding snowstorms to drifting blizzards, the sun finally showed his smiling face above the horizon, the hours of light lengthened, and we struggled patiently on.

Fort McKinley was our first goal. There we were to take on more sledges and dogs, and increase our load of provisions. How had our men there passed the winter of their exile? Was all well with them? These were important questions, for upon the dogs and stores at the outpost we depended for an increase of our sledging strength in the race against time and distance to the North. The plan was to send Bjoervig and Bentzen back to headquarters, and in the early days of March to set out with four teams and sledges, and my present party, toward the Pole.

Bjoervig and Bentzen had been promised that we would raise their siege in February, and eager were we all to keep our word. The storms delayed us, and at one or two camps the wind blew so hard that pitching our tent was out of the question, and we had to be content with pegging down its corners and crawling under—any place to escape the fury of the icy blasts. When better weather came, we made hard marches, and on the afternoon of the 27th we had the satisfaction of seeing the ridge behind the Fort loom up in the white distance.

Soon the dogs at the Fort set up a shout of welcome to their approaching brethren, and the latter, just to show what they could do when they had a personal object in view, started off at a rapid run, dragging sledges, men, and all after them, although hitherto they had crawled at a snail's pace and had made progress at all only when helped by their drivers. At the foot of the hill the men stopped and held the excited teams, that I might walk on before and be the first to greet the two exiles. But aside from an overturned boat, half-buried in the snow, a collection of empty biscuit and provision tins, and a group of dogs chained to the top of a

bank of ice, I could see nothing whatever indicating a human habitation.

"The hut is just before you, sir, right behind the dogs," said Emil Ellefsen.

There is not an atom of superstition in my mental composition. I never had a presentiment or anything of that sort. But it is the plain truth that, as I picked my way up the rough snow-bank and through an array of shaggy dogs all howling and leaping and straining at their leashes, I knew something had gone wrong at the hut.

That instant a rough human figure emerged from the mouth of a tunnel leading down into the snow-bank. The man held a rifle in his hand. He was dressed in furs. His face was as black as a stoker's.

"Bjoervig, how are you?"

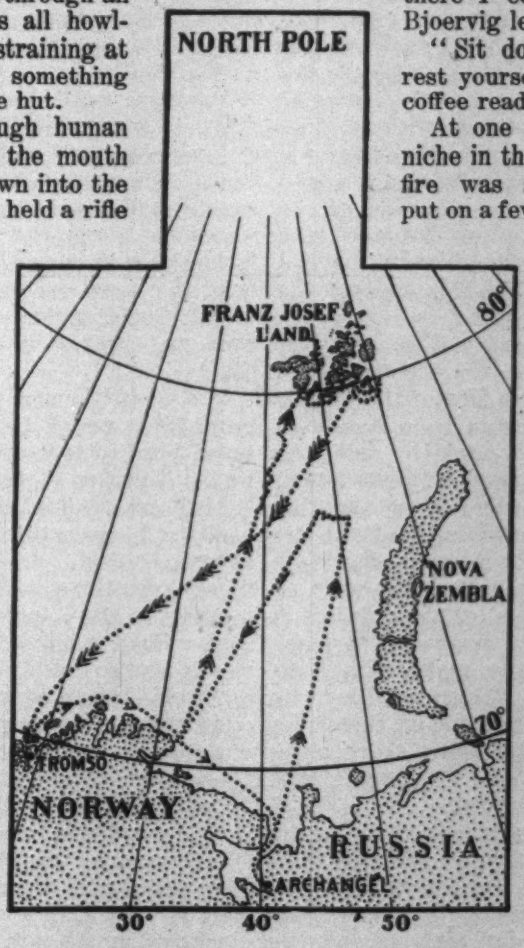
"I am well, sir, but—but poor Bentzen is dead."

We stood silent for a moment, hands grasped, and looking into one another's eyes. A tear trickled down upon Bjoervig's black cheek and froze there. Then his countrymen came up, and when he told them the news, these simple-hearted fellows were as dumb as I had been. It was Bjoervig who did the talking. We only listened and watched him, being but dimly conscious of the true nature of the tragedy within the shadow of which we stood. Bjoervig talked and laughed and cried by turns. But he did not forget his hospitality. "Come in, sir, come in and have some hot coffee. You must be tired from your journey."

He dived down into the mouth of the tunnel, pulling me after him. First we entered a little cavern where a mother dog lay nursing a hairy, squeaking brood. Hardy puppies these, opening their eyes and gulping milk in a temperature seventy degrees below freezing. The mother dog licked Bjoervig's hand, and growled at me. Now we went down upon our hands and knees, and crawled through an opening in the rock wall of the hut. A bearskin was hung there for a door. Once inside, I tried to stand erect, and bumped my head against the ice with which the ceiling was covered. It was so dark in there I could see nothing, and Bjoervig led me to a seat.

"Sit down, sir, sit down and rest yourself, and I'll have the coffee ready in a moment."

At one side of the hut, in a niche in the rocky wall, a bit of fire was smoldering. Bjoervig put on a few pieces of dried driftwood and a big hunk of walrus blubber, and the flames burst out. Very cheerful and bright the fire looked, but not a particle of heat did we get from it. What was not used in boiling the coffee went up the chimney. Three feet from the flames the rocks were white with a thick coat of frost, and all the walls and the roof glittered like a bed of diamonds. It was a strange little den, and to me it seemed colder than out of doors. The brilliant fire was but mockery. Fairly well illumined was the end of the hut where we sat, but beyond was a gloomy recess from which the light of the flames was cut off by a pier of rocks which served as a support for the roof. There was no window.



MAP SHOWING THE ROUTE OF THE WELLMAN EXPEDITION OF 1898–99, FROM TROMSÖ, NORWAY, TO FRANZ JOSEF LAND AND RETURN.

Bjoervig told me about Bentzen. The poor fellow had been taken ill early in November. All through that month and December he had been unable to get out of the house, and most of the time he lay in his bag. Occasionally he was delirious. Death came the day after New Year's. Paul paused, and for lack of something else to say I asked him where he had buried the body.

"I have not buried him, sir," was the reply. "He lies in there," pointing to the dark end of the hut.

"Why did you not bury him, Paul?"

"Because, sir, I promised him I wouldn't."

I shall never forget that moment. At first the words did not appear to me to mean very much—only that a dead man had not been buried. Gradually the full proportions of the tragedy dawned upon my consciousness. This man with the black face who was cutting up walrus meat and feeding the fire had been compelled to pass two months of the Arctic night in this cavern with no other companion than the body of his friend. I lit a little oil-lamp—a bicycle lamp it was—and made my way into the dark end of the hut. On the floor at my feet lay a one-man sleeping-bag, empty, with a blanket tumbled over it, and showing signs of occupancy the night before. Just beyond, within arm's reach, lay a similar bag. This one was occupied. The flap at the top had been pulled carefully over the face of the sleeper within. Bag and contents were frozen as hard as a rock. There, side by side, the quick and the dead had slept for eight weeks.

As I looked at this weird scene amid the shadows under the scintillating roof of hoar-frost, and thought of the long days that were as nights and the long nights that were no darker than the days, and of the ordeal it is for any one of us when compelled at home to sit even for a single night with companions in a brilliantly lighted apartment by the side of a dead friend, and of this living man who had for months lain there absolutely alone by the dead, I marveled that Paul Bjoervig was still sane.

Just then the men came in from giving the dogs their supper, and I heard Bjoervig talking to them. He had not known what was the matter with Bentzen. In his delirium the sick man had talked of his home and wife in Norway, of the green hills there, of Dr. Nansen and Captain Sverdrup and the cruise of the "Fram"; at times he was once more in the ward-room of that famous ship; again he was after bear or walrus with Bjoervig and the boys in our little Lapp boat; now he was on a sledge trip to the Pole "with Mr. Wellman."

"That was the hardest of all for me," said Bjoervig, "when poor Bentzen was out of his head and I couldn't do anything for him. Once he caught me crying, though I tried not to let him see, and he brightened up and said: 'Paul, what's the matter with you? I'm all right. I'll be well in a week or two. See what an appetite I have.' And he got up and boiled some coffee and cooked some bacon, and sat here eating and laughing, just to cheer me up, and then he fell over in a faint. I dragged him to his bag, and—and he's there yet."

"And how did you happen to promise him not to bury him?"

"Oh, he was low-spirited one day, and he called to me. 'Say, Paul, I'm not going to die up here, but if I do, old fellow, promise me you won't try to bury me out in the snow.' 'I'll promise you that on one condition, Bernt,' said I, 'and that is that, in case I die first, and my chances are just as good as yours, you'll not bury me, either.' Bernt smilingly agreed, and so we made our bargain. He was silent for a few minutes, and then he looked over at me and said: 'Paul, I don't want the bears and foxes to get me.'"

"And what could induce you to go through such an experience again, Paul?" asked Olaf.

"Well, if it's money you're talking about, there isn't enough in the Bank of England. But if I had to do it over as a matter of duty, why, I'd just do it, that's all."

My heart went out to this brave fellow who had kept his promise through such an unprecedented ordeal. I felt as if it were my duty to say something to him, to give some expression to the homage that was deep in my soul. But I could not put my thoughts into words, and so I took his hand in mine there before his comrades, and said nothing. And one after another we all shook his hand, without speaking, and we felt rather queer, and the silence was becoming painful, when Bjoervig himself spoke up:

"The coffee is ready, sir."

After supper we brought in our sleeping-bags and spread them on the floor, crawled in, and were soon asleep. During the night I chanced to get awake, and looking out of the corner of the bag I saw Bjoervig sitting by the niche in the wall, now and then putting a piece of blubber on the fire, smoking his little pipe, and his eyes fixed on the flames. He did not sleep any that night, and the next night I gave him morphine.

Next day we found a spot by the side of a big rock where the wind had scooped out a pocket. In it we laid the body of Bernt Bentzen. We built a cairn of rocks over it, taking care to make the wall thick and heavy. As I took my place at the head of the grave to speak a few words of tribute to the bravery and faithfulness of the dead man, who had met his fate and was now to

find eternal rest in the Arctic which he so well loved, the men stood round with bared heads and two or three of our dogs nestled against the black grave set in the all-white landscape. The mercury fell to forty-four below zero that day, and a strong wind was blowing from off the mountain. The weather was too bitter to work outdoors, and so we kept in shelter. Missing Bjoervig and feeling a little anxious about him, I went out to the grave, and found him there, hard at work. He had put up a neat cross and marked it, "B. Bentzen—Dod 2/1, '99." For hours he kept at his self-appointed task, patiently chinking up all the little interstices between the rocks which covered the grave, "Because I want to make sure the bears and foxes don't get him," he said.

Though only a sailorman, Paul Bjoervig has a great love for poetry. There are few good bits of verse in the Scandinavian languages with which he is not familiar. He has an extraordinary memory, too, and he told us that in his long vigil through those two dark and dreadful months he had calmed and comforted himself by reciting aloud, over and over, all the poetry he could remember. He did not admit, but nevertheless we all believed, that but for this solace of poesy, this vent for an overwrought consciousness, we should have found upon our arrival at Fort McKinley one dead man and one mad one. We took Paul with us when, on March 7th, we set out on our northern sledge journey.

It was a hard life, this sledge-traveling in the far north. For eleven successive days we had continuous temperatures ranging from forty to forty-eight below zero. The winds were worse than the cold. One needs all his vitality, all his endurance and resolution, to work with might and main in the rough ice throughout the day and then sleep at night in a frost-filled bag, which in an hour or two becomes puddly and soggy from the thawing produced by the heat of the body. But for myself, I felt better day by day, hardier, better able to cope with the work and the exposure. It was glorious thus to feel one's strength, to fear nothing in the way of hardship or exertion, to carry a consciousness of superiority to all the obstacles which nature had placed in our path. I was never happier than in these hard days.

March 20th had come, and we were nearing the eighty-second parallel on the east coast of Crown Prince Rudolph Land. From this on we should have plenty of light, and everything was going well. We had made the expected rate of travel. Our loads were getting lighter and more easily handled. The dogs were better trained and much more serviceable than at the beginning of the journey. Better still, ahead of us, glistening in the sun, we could plainly see the outlines of islands hitherto unexplored and unknown. Eager indeed were we to get to them, and beyond them out upon the great Arctic Sea, to 84°, 87°, 88°,—and even ninety did not seem wholly impossible in case we were willing to take a little risk about ever getting back again.

But pride goeth before a fall. On this very morning which marked the end of the Arctic night and the dawn of the brighter day, a little accident happened. It was a trivial thing in itself, tremendous in its consequences. My sledge, carrying 500 pounds of weight, had stuck in a rough place. As usual, I called to the dogs and threw my weight into the harness. A lunge forward, and down into a little crack in the ice—a tiny little crack such as we had crossed every day by the scores—went my right leg. The momentum threw me forward upon my face, and my shin-bone received the full force of the thrust. At first I thought the leg was broken in two or three places, so great was the pain. For a few moments I felt faint. But when I had picked myself up and found that I had nothing worse than a bruise and sprain, I counted myself very lucky, and went on my way as contented as if nothing had happened. Next morning of course I was sore and lame, and the prudent thing would have been to stop for a week or ten days and get all right again. But I kept going, the leg getting worse and worse, and I suppose I should have been rash enough to go so far that I never could have gotten back had not something else happened. Fortunately, this other thing did happen, and it came down upon us like a thief in the night, in the shape of an ice-pressure which acted just like an earthquake under our camp and destroyed sledges, dogs, stores, and instruments in the twinkling of an eye, and came within an ell of getting all of us.

It is easy to fight. It is glorious to struggle. The hardest thing in the world to do is to surrender. But there was just one course left open for us, and that was a retreat to headquarters as speedily as possible. By heroic work, rapid progress was made; and though delayed by a three days' storm at Fort McKinley, we arrived at Harmsworth House on April 9th, and to at least one of our party the little hovel seemed a palace.

After a fortnight's rest, the Norwegians took to the field again, in charge of Mr. Bald-

win, the meteorologist. Up to this time the eastward frontiers of the archipelago were unknown, and their extent was a moot question among geographers. As a result of Mr. Baldwin's trip the map is complete. Upon the new lands found by my party in the extreme north, upon those found by Mr. Baldwin in the east, and also upon a number of islands surveyed the following July in our steamer, we had the pleasure of placing the names of a few American scientists and public men who had in one way or another displayed a friendly interest in the expedition. Another important part of our work was the correction of the maps made by Payer and Jackson. The former had extended Wilczek Land much too far north, and was unaware of the separate existence of Whitney Island. Running far northward from Wilczek Land, Payer thought he saw an enormous glacier—Dove glacier—indicating a land of continental dimensions to the eastward. Dr. Nansen had in part disproved this conjecture; we disproved it wholly, and completed the map of that region with approximate accuracy. In the southwest, where Frederick Jackson thought he saw from a distance two islands, named Brady and Royal Societies, we found nine islands.

From April 9th to July 27th was a long and dreary wait, especially for the man who was compelled to lie all the time upon the floor and who could get out-doors only when on rare good days he was carried out to bask in the sunshine while lying upon the roof of the storehouse. But everything save the universe itself comes to an end, and one bright, happy morning the good steamer "Capella," chartered by my brother Arthur, steamed up to Harmsworth House. In a few hours we were aboard, reading letters from home, and on the way thither ourselves.

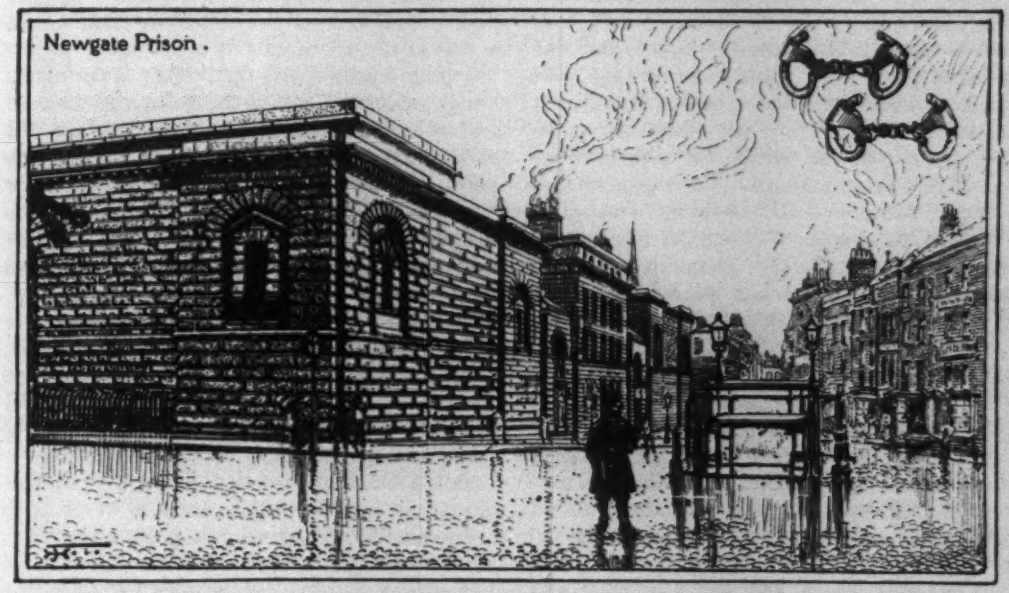
THE NEW MAP OF FRANZ JOSEF LAND, PREPARED BY WALTER WELLMAN FROM THE DATA AND OBSERVATIONS SECURED BY THE WELLMAN EXPEDITION. THIS MAP CORRECTS AND EXTENDS ALL EARLIER MAPS.

THE MASTER-KEY OF NEWGATE.

By Tighe Hopkins,

Author of "For Freedom," etc.

THE STORY OF AN ENGLISH PRISONER AND HIS GUARD.



Editor's Note.—This is the first of a very remarkable series of stories by Mr. Tighe Hopkins, presenting with verisimilitude and with sympathy, yet without sentimentality, some aspects of English prison life. While the stories are drawn from real life, they have all the dramatic and picturesque interest of the pure romance. They get at the human impulses—the good and the bad—the mastering desires, and the ideas of the men who spend years within prison walls, and depict a life that is full of thrilling incidents and of the most elemental types of human character. They also have that remarkable quality of presenting prison life from the point of view of prison officials, as well as of convicts. While they have the successive interest of being one and all about prison life, yet each story is complete in itself.

ALL London sounded the name of Dr. Ashmole. A man so gifted, and so daring; what would become of him? In a week, half of what was known of him was in the newspapers, and the other half was the table-talk of the clubs. Himself invisible, he focussed the gaze of the town. No one could get speech of him, and whispers returned upon the whisperer; for Dr. Ashmole, in his cell in Newgate, was "at home" only to his solicitor. He had been committed for trial, bail refused; and, in the quiet of the prison, he sat upon the croup of ugly expectation. His solicitor excepted, he was the only person in London who doubted that the jury would acquit him. He stood within the danger of the gallows; evading the gallows, he could not, if convicted, escape a sentence of penal servitude; and conviction seemed to him a certainty.

At thirty-five years of age—successful, handsome, envied, and admired—he had sunk to this sordid pass. Acquitted even, what were his hereafter? So fastidious and vain he was, he had already in resolve broken with his world, though there were women who, were he doubly and trebly dishonored, would have broken with theirs to have him to friend again. With his solicitor he was cool, precise, and calculating; but his gratitude for the care with which his case was being elaborated was not unmingled with contempt. The day came when the solicitor said the case was complete, and he need trouble his client no further; and Ashmole,

left alone, dwelt for a time in the darkest places of the human spirit.

The silence of the prison began to be appalling. Ashmole had read of life in prison, but this did not tally with the books. He knew that, as an unconvicted prisoner, he would not be associated with felons; that he would have no task to perform, and that, while restrained by the lock, his time would be principally his own. But was there no life around him? He had read of a host of warders perpetually coming and going; of the turning out of prisoners for inspection; of periods of exercise in crowded yards; of summonses to chapel; of the ceaseless clashing of doors; of the turning of keys in locks —all that monotonous, dull, unvaried bustle which is the outward life of prison. But here were no sights nor sounds like these. The only human footfall Ashmole ever heard was that of the man who tended him, and this man's was the only human face he saw. It was upon inquiry of him that Ashmole learned how extraordinary was the situation he lay in. He was the last prisoner in Newgate.

The Newgate of this date had passed out of the category of prisons; a place of execution, as it is to-day, but otherwise no more than a horrid shell, teeming with horrid memories. The old castle at Holloway, the jail set apart for persons awaiting trial, was being patched anew, and the rest of it was full to the gates; so Ashmole, rejected of Holloway, went into the shades of Newgate, one live prisoner among the ghosts of countless dead ones. He and his warder were alone in Newgate.

The warder was an old man, Catlin by name, enfeebled by years of exposure in the quarries of a convict prison, and expecting without eagerness the pension which had become his due. The service, he told Ashmole, had taken too much out of him; he was, moreover, a widower and childless, and when his release came he hardly knew where he should go. The prison was patrolled at night by a second warder, who relieved Catlin at ten o'clock. Of this other man Ashmole saw nothing. He had brought breakfast to him on the morning after his arrival; and Ashmole, offended by his manner, had refused to be served by him again. He told Catlin he would wait for his first meal until ten, when the old man himself came on duty; and thereafter he saw the second warder once and once only.

The strange position they shared—a position without parallel in Newgate's history—brought Ashmole and his keeper into relations of some intimacy. Alone with him in that uncanny solitude—the pair being isolated utterly, locked and walled in within a few yards of the ceaseless marts of London —the old man felt a more human interest in his prisoner than he would have done in circumstances nearer to the normal. He did his jailer's offices with a tact, and even with a kind of softness, hinted at this and that for dinner, rapped often to know if Ashmole needed him, and made him understand that he was ready for a call at any hour.

It was September, and very sultry; he showed Ashmole how to keep his cell as cool as possible, and insisted on having him out for exercise three or four times in the day. There are two deep well-like yards in Newgate, one of which, leading directly into the gallows-shed (a fact, however, which no prisoner would have cognizance of), is the usual place of exercise for prisoners under sentence of death. Here, for the reason that the sun scarcely touched it, Catlin most often brought his prisoner; in this also showing a kindly feeling, for the old fellow himself loved to bask in the rays. Ashmole gave him rarely a thought.

Old Catlin had paced this yard with men who would enter it again only on their path to the scaffold, but who had gossiped with him of things cheerful or indifferent, had even passed a joke. Ashmole, for whom no doom had sounded, who had life's incalculable chances still to dally with, was dark, and fierce-eyed, and heavy-worded. Yet, despite a few days' beard, black as his glossy hair, he kept a fine appearance. If the eyes were a little too close set in the oval face, the outline of the profile was almost perfect; and he was as graceful in action as in form. He wore the frock coat in which he had been arrested, fastidiously buttoned.

His mind had begun to dwell almost incessantly upon one fact, that Catlin and he were alone in Newgate. Brooding over this, he grew curious to know more of his surroundings; and one day he asked if there were no other place of exercise than the sunless well-yard. Catlin, eager for the sun, took him into a more open place, a square yard beyond which could be seen one of the boundary walls of the prison. From this spot Ashmole was able to estimate precisely the enormous strength of Newgate; but he perceived, also, that its dimensions were by no means so great as he had supposed. He remembered the wonderful escape of Jack Sheppard, and asked a question about it; but Catlin, reticent on all dangerous topics, said merely that

Sheppard's dungeon had been destroyed years ago. The stillness that might be felt was as absolute here as in every other spot within the prison; and very strange it was, under that golden sky, and so near to men, to hear no single sound. But to Ashmole the oppression of it was less than it had been; or rather, the silence of the empty prison had a new meaning for him. Suppose a thing should happen there—the hour well found? What voice would reach the world—which sent no voice into the prison?

At first, he tried an argument of sophistry. An old man, childless and poor, is of little use to society; and this old man had scarcely any zest of life, and would doubtless leave it with very scant regret. But he put that argument behind him, realizing that he cared no jot for Catlin's fate. He saw himself, past and to come, in a flash. His brilliant, gross, and selfish life had reached on a sudden its worst and highest crisis; and in his extremity—for he never swerved from the conviction that the jury would condemn him—his mind accepted murder readily as the easiest way to freedom. With the gallows threatening him, the mere animal seeking escape became the monster, willing and eager to inflict the death it would avoid. He settled that point quite coolly with himself, and then considered only how best to do it. Remembering his own strength, for his sensualism was merely of the fancy, and he was always finely nerved, he took a pleasure in considering himself not too great a match for Catlin, who, if a veteran, was a stout one. The old man had told him how he had throttled a convict who had attacked him with a pickax.

A skeptic in word, Ashmole was a man who lived much in his subjective self; who saw things that the eye is not aware of, and heard things spoken which do not enter by the ear. For good or evil, he had been guided all his life from a scene invisible, and at a crisis he waited always for the sign. Sometimes it was an instantaneous quickening of the eye; sometimes it was a hand which impelled him this way or that.

Turning his plan over in mind, his glance was caught by the shed in the corner of the yard. He had passed it twenty times without observing it. His mind fastened on it for a day. He asked Catlin, knowing what his answer would be. Catlin lied considerately: it was a lumber shed, he replied.

"You are mistaken," said Ashmole. "The gallows is in there; I have seen it plainly."

It was, in effect, the shelter of boards which kept the gallows out of sight. In the well-yard on the other side, he had passed again and again—the voice not having reached him yet—the door which sealed the shed. This vision of the gallows was his warning.

While Catlin led his prisoner up the stairs that evening to the cell on the first landing, which he had fitted for him in the afternoon as an ease from the heat below, Ashmole measured his distance step by step. Two feet from the landing, he caught the warder around the waist, and swung him down. Catlin fell with a crash, but not a groan escaped him. Ashmole peered down at him quietly. The lantern, not extinguished, was turned upon the face; and Ashmole waited till the skin had whitened. Then he went down to the foot of the stairs, and bent over the body. "Concussion of the brain," he said. "The old man has had a bad fall." Safe at last, it amused him that he could carry out his part of murderer with so little feeling. Catlin lay in a heap, as if he had pitched headlong from the landing. He was cold already.

Ashmole stooped over him again, and took off his belt. To the steel chain suspended from it were attached the keys of Newgate. Then, with the keys in one hand and the dead man's lantern in the other, he stepped from the ward into the first yard. It struck seven from the great clock of St. Paul's.

During fifteen days that intermittent voice of the cathedral clock had been the only signal which had reached him from the outer world. It had grown a torment to him (there are few pains in prison equal to the striking of a clock at the quarter; fifteen minutes gone from the sentence which may be for life!); but now, as he stood and listened to the beats, his heart throbbed wildly with a sense of joy: the clock awoke him from the tomb, and called him to a new existence.

It was a delicious night; a star or two twinkling down upon the prison; and Ashmole, a few paces from the huddled heap at the stair's foot, was utterly content.

He had three hours of perfect safety, but his plan was to escape at eight, when the streets immediately around the prison would be quiet. Setting the lantern inside the door of the ward, he walked from the well-yard to the one he had but just quitted in Catlin's company. The drab-colored execution-shed looked immense in the surrounding blackness; and the murderer crossed over to where it stood, and examined it curiously. He could see that a wide shutter was let into it at one side, just beneath the sloping roof; and he

imagined that this would be thrown open when a man was to be hanged, for the benefit of the sheriff and the officers of the jail. He wondered how many men Catlin had helped to lead pinioned into the shed. The timbers of justice were invisible behind the shutter, and Ashmole turned from the shed and paced to and fro in the yard, swinging the keys at the end of the chain. The quarter and the half struck from St. Paul's; in thirty minutes he would walk quietly out of Newgate.

He surveyed his dress, which was neat enough—nothing there to betray him; and he thought how difficult it must be for an escaping convict to fly in the livery of prison.

A quarter to eight; freedom in fifteen minutes. He went leisurely back in the dark to where he had left the lantern, threw the flame for an instant upon the huddle of clothes on the mat, and set forth. He had barely twenty yards to go, and he was pretty clear as to the path.

Here was a door which was locked; he remembered standing at it, while Catlin fumbled with his keys, on the day that he was brought into Newgate. It yielded to the second key that Ashmole tried, and he knew that he was now very near the prison gate. Unbuttoning his coat, he hid the lantern underneath it, allowing himself just a glimmer.

One other short passage, and he stood in the small square entrance-room, with the gate of Newgate facing him. He took his keys up softly, and crossed the room on tip-toe. Footsteps were half audible in the Old Bailey, and Ashmole turned the lantern down until the light dwindled to a pencil-point. He selected a key at random, and as he thrust it into the lock, it gave to his hand. He held it there a moment with a pricking pulse, revolving his future as they say a drowning man revolves his past; then drew it towards him. Twice and three times he pulled, and at the fourth essay he put his strength into the tug; but the door held. Good: it was double-locked; there was a second key to find.

He felt above and beneath the central lock, until he touched a tiny hole an inch or two to the left. A tremor seized him, but he ran his hand again over the keys. There was no key upon the chain which would match that pigmy lock; and with a gasp which milked the breath out of his lungs, Ashmole recoiled from the door, defeated. The first quickening sense of terror revealed a situation lost beyond retrieve. Behind him the murdered warder, and the gate of Newgate immovable in front. He had flung open for himself the shutters of the gallows.

For a moment he stood motionless as a statue, then began again to struggle madly with the door. He wrenched at the key as a panther at the bars of a cage, beat with his hands upon the door, and dashed himself against it; till at last, witless under stress of horror, a scream broke from him which ended in a wail, and he sank upon the floor in an agony of suffocation. His hour of freedom chimed from the cathedral, but he did not hear. The cry with which hope, yielding the ghost, had fled from him, reverberated through the prison, and died unanswered.

Had it found response, and had the prison been forced at that moment, the murderer, crouched against the door, would have seemed, like Catlin, to be the victim of a crime; for he lay just as Catlin lay, and in the same white guise of death. The prostration which succeeds to the paroxysm of terror had overtaken him. How long he lay against the door, inert and sweating coldly, he did not know; but his extremity of peril was such that instinct dared not slumber, and once more he was bidden from within to take action of some sort.

He crawled from the entrance-room, trailing the lantern with him, and reaching the corridor he rose up feebly, and tried to nerve his will again. His teeth were chattering, and from head to foot he trembled and shook with cold. He had lost count of time; but he knew that it was barely eight when he started from the ward, and he listened fearfully for the next admonition of the clock. It came, striking three-quarters.

Three-quarters from what? After eight—after nine? Had he more than an hour left, or but a single quarter? He felt the approach of another of those transports of mad, uncontrollable fear, and dug his nails into his flesh to prevent himself from screaming again.

The hour began to strike: One—two—three—O, the pause that followed *Nine!* Ashmole clung to the wall, his head fallen forward; gasping, choking. But the stroke of death—ten—was stayed; it was but nine o'clock; and with that certainty came back the exquisite rush of life. He arose from out of the sepulcher. One whole hour was enough to reshape a universe.

After that ecstasy of anguish, his strength of body was now indeed small; but the hurricane had swept the inmost places of his mind, and left it clear. The night might yet be his. He found the warder's room, and searched it desperately; but the master-key, if it lay there, refused the light. Had it, perchance, detached itself from the rest in some way

when Catlin fell? Ashmole's heart was not so high now that he could think without a shudder of the spot where he had let out life and let the ghostly in, but he did not dare to spare himself that final scrutiny.

With the lantern in his hand, he set out to return to the ward. The black prison seemed more than ever dream-like in its stillness; his footfall frightened him, and he crept stealthily along the wall.

He began to face himself with the thought that complete escape was now at best a prospect quite equivocal. Failing to accomplish flight, did any way remain of screening himself from complicity in Catlin's murder?

Yes! Yes! The voice that had lured him to the act awoke again, whispering him he need not die for Catlin. Escape from that doom—why, what simpler? Ashmole carried upon him no mark of murder; his hands were bloodless, his clothes were whole. This was the first point. The second was, that his cell on the upper landing stood open; and there was no key in the door; it would lock if he closed it sharply behind him. He had but to enter, fasten himself in, undress and go to bed; he could be released only from without. The third point, which was not less in his favor, was that Catlin when discovered would present the appearance of having fallen from the head of the stairs. Locked in his cell, nothing but surmise could connect Ashmole with the deed: suspicion there might be, proof there could be none. And now, for the last time, to the quest of the master-key. Since nine he had lost but a quarter of an hour.

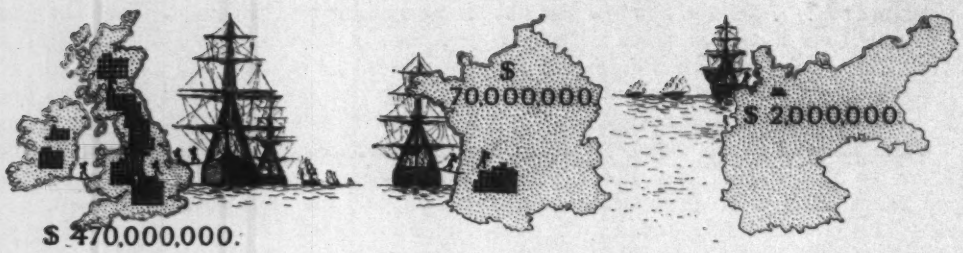
The ward opened from one end of the long well-yard, and Ashmole quaked and his feet were heavy as he passed into the yard again. He remembered how coolly he had looked upon his work two hours before. But for the instinct of preservation which goaded him, he would still have hung back. He crept on, forcing himself to think only how the minutes were running out, and that salvation lay in a little key, which might be hidden just inside the ward. He got quite close to the door, an uncertain sense of danger to come impeding him and yet thrusting him onward; and then, at a pace or two from the threshold, he was caught, as it were, by the feet and stood stock still.

The sound issued from the ward. It was so faint that it dissolved almost before it reached his ear, but it was human. The murderer in Ashmole whispered him of nothing but the key, the key which must be almost within reach, the key which would pass him in an instant into the street; but the man in him, newly quickened by suffering, gathered the cry into his wretched heart. He went forward, and held the light up at the door.

Catlin lay there, but not quite as Ashmole had abandoned him. He had come back to some feeble pulse of life, but his eyes were closed, and his face ashen and cold. With the seconds of his own life rushing past, Ashmole stood beside his victim, till what was better in him gained the mastery, and pity for the other rose above his own passionate longing to escape. With this, his surgeon's science, the desire to win back the life he had so nearly ended, took sudden possession of him. He thrust his hand into the warder's tunic, and distinguished an infinitesimal throbbing of the heart. Yes, but that was not all his hand discovered. Just over the warder's heart lay the master-key, and Ashmole quivered as he touched it. An impulse to see and handle the passport to salvation overbore him, and he drew it out. It was the key beyond a doubt, and as he beheld it shining in his hand, Ashmole felt all his finer purposes turning into water. There was still time for flight; he was sure that now at last he held the easy means; and Catlin scarcely lived: the ward already smelled of death. Then once again his inner ear drew in the labor of the old man's heart, treading feebly to the infinite; and letting fall the key, he took the almost lifeless head upon his knees, and gazed into the face, over which the mask of death—so terrible, so beautiful—was even then beginning to be molded. It held him fascinated. He laid his hand gently again upon the heart; its beats responded fainter than before, and Ashmole felt his own heart ebbing with it. What ransom would he pay could he be lying there in Catlin's place!

The key shone in the lantern's light where it had fallen at the murderer's foot, but he never looked at it; his eyes did not move from Catlin. A legion of black thoughts came about him—avengers of the spirit of a wasted life—and he sat quiet, stroking Catlin's face, and let the stings assail him. Less with his lips than with his heart, he tried to pray for Catlin. The clock called him once and once again, but it sounded very far away; its summons could not be for him. In the warm night an infinite coldness came upon the ward; and after the cold, the dark.

Footsteps drew near, and the second warder, entering to relieve his friend, found a dead man sleeping on a dead man's knees.



VALUE PER ANNUM OF THE IMPORTS OF ENGLAND, FRANCE AND GERMANY FROM THEIR RESPECTIVE COLONIES.

A FEW FACTS ABOUT THE COLONIES OF THE GREAT POWERS.

By Alleyne Ireland,

Author of "Tropical Colonization."

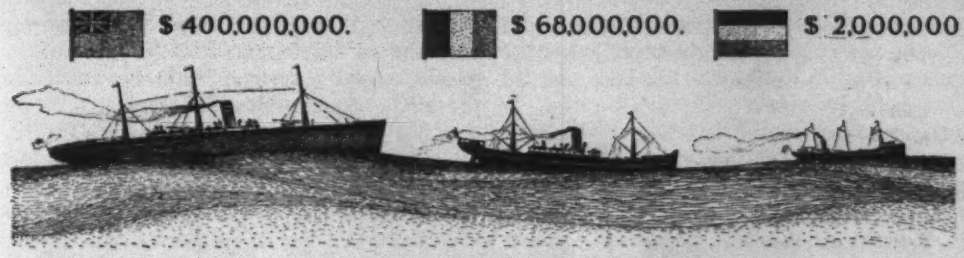
ALTHOUGH the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—referred to throughout this article as England, for the sake of brevity—is not the oldest of the colonial powers, being outclassed in that respect by Spain, France, Holland, and Portugal, her colonies are to-day by far the most important, both in regard to their extent and population, whilst the commerce of the British colonies is greater in volume than that of all the colonies of all other powers put together.

If we include India, the colonies of England cover an area of 9,000,000 square miles; and if to this we add the area of British protectorates and spheres of influence, the total area subject to British rule is 11,000,000 square miles. The smaller area, that of the colonies and India alone, supports a population of 367,000,000; the larger area about 420,000,000, or, roughly speaking, six times the population of the United States. As a colonial power France comes next to England, but at a great distance behind. The French colonies, including Algeria, Tunis, and all protectorates and spheres of influence, have an area of 3,500,000 square miles and a population of 53,000,000. Next comes Germany, whose colonies and protectorates have an area of 1,000,000 square miles and a population of 11,000,000. The Dutch colonies have an area of 800,000 square miles and a population of 33,000,000. As compared with these, the colonies of the United States cover an area of 125,000 square miles, and have a population of 9,000,000. The details are:

	Area.	Population.
Hawaii	6,640 square miles.	117,000
Puerto Rico	3,668 "	813,000
Philippines	115,000 "	8,000,000

A most interesting point in connection with the colonies of the European powers is whether they are a source of profit or of loss to the sovereign state. This may be looked at in two ways: first, whether they are directly a source of profit or loss, or, in other words, whether they pay revenue into the treasury of the sovereign state or are a cause of actual expense to the mother country; second, whether the home country succeeds in securing such a proportion of trade from her colonies as to amount to a real national advantage.

In regard to this point we may compare the colonies of England, France, and Germany. The British colonies receive nothing from the imperial treasury and contribute nothing to it. This does not, of course, imply that under special circumstances, such as those created by the disastrous hurricane in the West Indies last year, no financial aid is given by England to her colonies, but merely that each colony raises its own revenue without depending on England in any way. Both Germany and France, however, pay out annually large sums of money for the administrative expenses of their colonies, scarcely any of which are self-supporting.

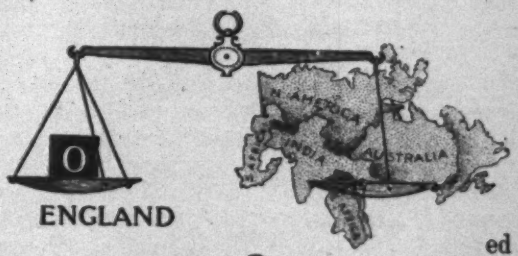


VALUE PER ANNUM OF THE EXPORTS OF ENGLAND, FRANCE AND GERMANY TO THEIR RESPECTIVE COLONIES

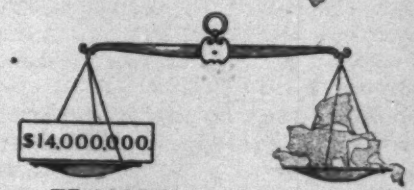
France pays yearly about $14,000,000, and Germany about $5,000,000. It has been stated that, although England's colonies are not a source of direct expense to the mother country, they are so indirectly, for it is the possession of colonies which necessitates such enormous expenditures for the British Navy. This is a mistaken idea. Even if England owned no colonies, she would still have to keep her navy at its present strength, for two reasons—because it is her first line of defense, and because her carrying trade, which forms about sixty per cent. of the carrying trade of the world, must be protected.

It is seen, then, that so far from colonies being a source of direct revenue to the sovereign state, they are in the case of both France and Germany a source of great expense.

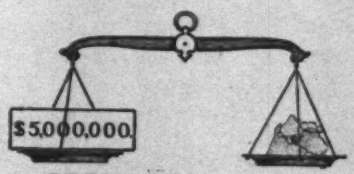
But what of trade? Does not the possession of colonies imply a very important commercial development in which the mother country reaps great profit? Here again we will compare France, Germany, and England. First, in regard to imports from colonies. In 1897, England imported from her colonies goods to the value of $470,000,000, her total imports from all countries, including her colonies, being valued at $2,250,000,000. In other words, she received more than one-fifth of her imports from her own colonies. In 1896, France imported from her colonies goods to the value of $70,000,000, her total imports being valued at about $750,000,000. That is to say, she received less than one-tenth of her imports from her colonies. Germany received, in 1896, imports from her colonies to the value of $2,000,000, her total imports being worth $1,000,000,000. That is, she received about one-five-hundredth part of her imports from her colonies.



ENGLAND



FRANCE



GERMANY

COST OF COLONIES PER ANNUM

Turning now to exports, we find that in 1897 England exported British and Irish produce to the total value of $1,170,000,000, of which $400,000,000 worth went to the British colonies—roughly, one-third of her total exports. In 1896, the value of exports of French merchandise amounted to $680,000,000, of which $68,000,000, or one-tenth, went to the French colonies. Germany exported, in 1896, home merchandise to the value of $700,000,000, of which $2,000,000 worth, or one-three-hundred and fiftieth part, went to the German colonies.

If we consider these figures for a moment, we shall perceive several curious facts. England exported to the British colonies goods to a value six times as great as that of the exports from France and Germany to their respective colonies; and she also imported from her colonies six times more goods than France and Germany put together imported from their colonies.

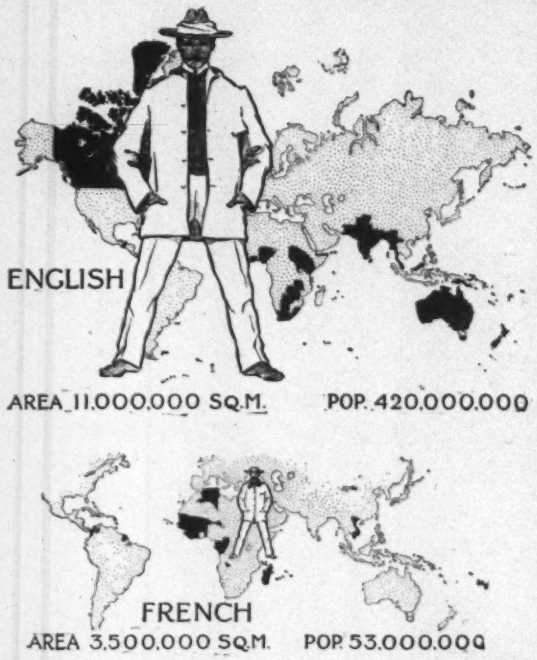
Now, both France and Germany strive to

secure a monopoly of the trade of their own colonies by erecting formidable tariffs against the goods of other nations. England, on the other hand, throws open the trade of her colonies to the whole world, and any one can thus compete with her for the trade of her own possessions; yet it is seen that England secures an immense trade with her colonies. This is not because the colonies are under the British flag (since there is no preferential treatment of British goods in the British colonies), but because she is highly efficient commercially. England's commercial efficiency is well shown by the following table:

	Population.	Exports.
England . .	40,000,000	$1,170,000,000
United States	70,000,000	1,210,000,000
France . . .	39,000,000	680,000,000
Germany . .	53,000,000	700,000,000

Roughly speaking, England produces for export a little less than twice as much per head of her population as the United States, France, or Germany.

But to return to colonies. Colonies may be divided into two great classes, tropical and non-tropical. The difference between tropical and non-tropical colonies from the commercial standpoint is most striking. During the five-year period, 1893–1897, England imported from her non-tropical colonies annually goods to the value of $230,000,000, and from her tropical colonies goods to the value of $239,000,000. What this means will be seen when it is remembered that the population of the non-tropical colonies during the five years was about 9,500,000, whilst that of the tropical colonies was 346,500,000. To put it in another way: each man, woman, and child in England's non-tropical colonies sends annually to England about $23.18 worth of goods, whilst each man, woman, and child in the tropical colonies sends only $0.66 worth. Similarly in regard to exports of British goods. Each person in the non-tropical colonies consumes $12.32 worth of British goods, whilst each person in the tropical colonies consumes only $0.71 worth. In other words, taking imports and exports together, it pays England better that one child should be born in Canada than that twenty-five children should be born in Ceylon.

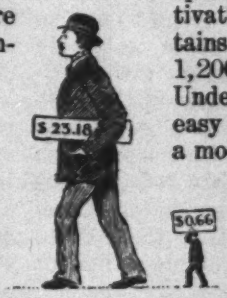


TERRITORIAL AREA AND POPULATION OF THE COLONIES OF SEVERAL NATIONS

Let me put this in yet another way. Taking Victoria in Australia as a typical non-tropical colony, and comparing it with the average of twelve tropical colonies —British Guiana, Mauritius, Trinidad, Jamaica, Barbados, St. Kitts-Nevis, Antigua, Grenada, St. Lucia, St. Vincent, Montserrat, and Dominica— we get the following results, the figures being based on the average returns of ten years: Victoria, the non-tropical colony, exports yearly per head of her population goods to the value of $70, whilst the tropical colonies export only $25.80 worth per head of their population.

But the tropical colonies themselves vary very greatly in their productive efficiency, as measured by their exports, some exporting as much as $45 per head, whilst others export only $13 per head, annually. This wide difference is easily explained. The value of exports from these colonies is regulated by the efficiency of their labor supply—a good labor supply

means big exports, a poor labor supply small exports. In regard to their labor supply, we can divide tropical colonies into three classes: 1. Those in which imported contract labor is used. 2. Those in which there is such a dense population that the natives must either work or starve. 3. Those in which there is no pressure of population and in which imported contract labor is not used.



VALUE PER CAPITA OF THE YEARLY EXPORTS OF BRITISH NON-TROPICAL AND TROPICAL COLONIES TO THE MOTHER COUNTRY.

In order to compare the productive efficiency of these three classes of colonies, I select three of each class: Mauritius, British Guiana, and Trinidad, which employ imported contract labor; Barbados, Antigua, and Grenada, in which there is a pressure of population; and St. Vincent, Montserrat, and Dominica, in which there is no pressure of population and in which there is no imported contract labor. If I take the average value of the annual exports of these colonies during the ten-year period 1882–1891, I get the following results: The colonies of the first class export yearly $45.51 worth of goods per head of their population; the colonies of the second class, $26.40 worth; and the colonies of the third class, only $11.66 worth.

It is not difficult to understand why this should be so. In the colonies where there is no pressure of population, there is no need for the natives to work, for they can supply all their wants from the bounty of nature. The forest furnishes them with excellent material for a house and food in abundance, whilst a little desultory labor will soon establish a small garden which will grow a few bananas or plantains to be sold in the nearest town, thus supplying what little money is necessary for clothing. Under these circumstances the ordinary dweller in the tropics is content to live. His wants are few and simple, and he can gratify them without the wages which the white man offers him. So he does not work. Where there is a pressure of population, things are different. Take Barbados as an example. There every inch of soil is occupied. There are no forests in which the negro can build his hut, and no spare lands on which he can cultivate his patch of corn or plantains. And there are about 1,200 souls to the square mile. Under these circumstances it is easy to understand that there is a moderately good labor supply.

VALUE PER CAPITA OF BRITISH PRODUCT CONSUMED YEARLY BY HER NON-TROPICAL AND TROPICAL COLONIES.

Lastly, there are the colonies employing imported contract labor. Their high productive efficiency is due to the presence of a large body of laborers who are under contract to work five days a week and seven hours a day for five years.

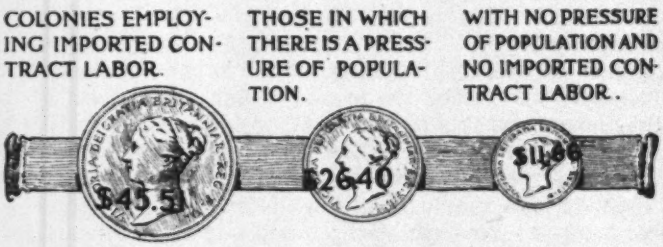
I may close this article with a very brief description of the manner in which the system of imported contract labor is worked in the British colonies. I select British Guiana as an example. The laborers are recruited in India by voluntary enlistment. The agent of British Guiana resides in Calcutta, and sends out recruiting agents who make known to the people the terms offered by the British Guiana planters. Those men and women who express their willingness to go to the colony are called before a magistrate, and the terms of the contract are read over to them in their own language. If any wish to withdraw at the last moment, they are allowed to do so, and are then sent back to their homes at the expense of the British Guiana government. Those who sign the contract are then put on board a sailing-vessel for the voyage. Each vessel carrying laborers is provided with a medical man, who has to see that all the regulations in regard to sanitation and food are observed during the passage. The laborers get the passage free of cost, as also food and clothing. Those who wish to carry young children with them are allowed to do so.

On arrival in British Guiana, the laborers are allotted to the different estates. The terms of the contract are as follows: The laborer contracts to reside on the estate and to work five days a week for seven hours a day for five years, at the end of which time he becomes absolutely free to go where he pleases. The planter contracts to supply each laborer with a well-built, well-ventilated house, with a good water-supply. He must also provide on his estate a hospital for the use of sick laborers, and must employ a medical man to visit the estate at least once every forty-eight hours and examine and prescribe for all laborers presenting themselves. He must also build a school on his estate for the education of the children of the laborers. All the above are provided free of cost to the laborers. In addition to this, he must pay each man not less than twenty-four cents a day and each woman not less than sixteen cents a day. When it is remembered that the ordinary laborer can buy all the food he can eat for eight cents a day, the wages seem very fair. As a matter of fact, the laborers save considerable sums of money, and frequently after their term of indenture is over they set up small shops on the estates, and eventually in many cases become prosperous citizens. It should be noted that the planters are not allowed to sell goods of any kind to their laborers, under a very heavy penalty. In 1897, there were 4,444 East Indian depositors in the British Guiana Government Savings Bank, with a total sum of $413,351 to their credit. At the end of the five years' contract the laborer becomes free and cannot be engaged under contract again, a provision intended to protect the immigrant from any influence which might be brought to bear on him to forgo his rights to entire freedom after his contract is out. If an immigrant remains five years in the colony after his indenture expires, even though he does no work during that time, he becomes entitled to a free grant of land from the government. Until quite recently, he was entitled to a passage back to India on paying one-half of the actual cost of transport. Under this latter provision, 38,000 immigrants returned to India during the past twenty-five years, carrying with them money and jewelry to the value of about $2,800,000.

The interests of the contract laborers are under the care of a special department of the government—the Immigration Department. All employees of this department must pass examinations in the native dialects of the immigrants. Inspectors from this department visit the estates frequently, and examine the pay-lists in order to see if the laborers are getting their fair wages. These officers also hear and investigate any complaints that may be made to them, and if it is necessary, they may issue all process of law free to the laborers.

The Immigration Department can always enforce any demands it may make, for if a planter refuses to remedy any defect in his arrangements, or declines to perform any act suggested by the Immigration Agent General, that official has the power to refuse further supplies of laborers, and may also take away from the estate what laborers it has. As this would mean ruin to the planter, he cannot disregard the orders he gets from the Immigration Department. Should any planter be convicted of an offense against a laborer, the Immigration Department demands his dismissal from the estate, and warns all other estates that if they employ him they will not be furnished with any more laborers. As no punishment of any kind can be inflicted on a laborer except by the legal authorities of the colony, it will be readily perceived that the lot of the indentured laborer in British Guiana is not a hard one.

Of course there are systems of indentured labor which, when not under proper government supervision, give rise to great abuses, but this need not necessarily be so, and if the United States finds it expedient to sanction the employment of imported contract labor in its new possessions, it will undoubtedly establish the system on lines similar to those adopted in the British colonies, which insure strict government control and high protection for the interests of the laborers.


COLONIES EMPLOYING IMPORTED CONTRACT LABOR.
THOSE IN WHICH THERE IS A PRESSURE OF POPULATION.
WITH NO PRESSURE OF POPULATION AND NO IMPORTED CONTRACT LABOR.
$45.51
$26.40
$11.66

PRODUCTIVE EFFICIENCY OF THREE CLASSES OF TROPICAL COLONIES—PER CAPITA VALUE OF EXPORTS PER ANNUM.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "APHRODITE."

By Elmore Elliott Peake.

A STORY OF THE GEORGIA COAST.

ONE hour after midnight a yawl, rigged with a square sail and containing seven or eight dark figures, moved slowly and silently out of the harbor of Brunswick, Georgia. Not a word was spoken or scarcely a movement made until one of the figures, leaning lazily against the side of the boat, with his knees drawn up in front, deliberately lit a cigarette. The yellow flame of the match momentarily revealed a young, refined face, touched with daring and fearlessness. Then all was dark again. "Heave that young fool overboard if he makes another break like that, and pinch the coal off that coffin-tack!" angrily commanded a coarse, suppressed voice from the tiller in the stern.

"A COUPLE OF STOUT SAILORS SEIZED HIM AND QUICKLY ENCIRCLED HIS WRISTS WITH A PAIR OF COLD IRONS."

A heavy man that sat next to the "young fool," and seemed not amenable to the skipper's orders, merely chuckled. None of the others made any move either, while the young smoker calmly puffed away. Thereupon the skipper dipped up a quart cup of salt water and deftly quenched the glowing coal himself, at the same time washing the face and soaking the shirt-front of the smoker. The latter neither moved nor spoke. He quietly tossed the drenched cigarette over his shoulder into the water, drew a gleaming revolver from his pocket, and laid it across his knees; after which he took out a fresh cigarette and leisurely lighted it. The big man at his side again chuckled.

"What's the use of sneakin' out of the harbor at midnight, if you are goin' to run fireworks?" demanded the skipper, in a voice of impotent passion. "When I bargained to haul you two fellows out o' this fever-hole and land you safe and sound in Savannah, I thought you had some respect for *my* rights. When every railroad train was tied up out o' Brunswick, and you found out that every cow-path into Savannah was shot-gun quarantined, you was glad enough to have me take you."

"You are getting your price," answered the young man, in a low, musical voice, and one could have wagered, from the tone, that he was smiling.

"My price didn't cover gettin' hauled up with a shot across my bows from a revenoo cutter and landed in a pesthouse for ten days, for runnin' in fever refugees," growled the skipper.

"Not *refugees*, Daggett," said the other pleasantly. "*Refugee* implies haste and fright. We leave Brunswick at the command of our chief, quietly and decorously, in the 'Pedro No. 2.' But that is a much more reasonable, a much more gentlemanly, protest than you made before, with that quart cup. If this cigarette jeopardizes our safety, or yours, I will forego the pleasure, though I am dead for a smoke."

"Well, it does," said Daggett, gruff but mollified. The next moment the cigarette disappeared in the dark water with a faint, instantaneous hiss.

The boat crept along under the light night breeze, taking what is known as the "inland" course, which lies between the low, marshy mainland on the left, and the long, narrow "sea-islands" on the right, beyond which lies the broad Atlantic. After about an hour it grew darker, the wind freshened, and a misty rain began to powder the boat and its occupants. The skipper, who seemed still in a savage mood, uttered a low, vehement curse at this turn of the weather, and then returned to his dogged silence. The thickening gloom soon blotted out the low headlands by which he was steering; the wind continued to strengthen until the water was sharply slapping the yawl's broad sides; and in less than twenty minutes they were driving furiously along through pitchy blackness, their sail reduced to a mere ribbon.

"A bottle of ink would be lucidity itself compared with this, Markley," said the young fellow to the heavy man next to him.

"I don't see how he steers," returned Markley, who had not chuckled for some time.

"I don't do it with my eyes," said Daggett, with a touch of rough pride.

For half an hour there was silence again, at the end of which time the waves, on which the boat was dancing like a nutshell, had perceptibly increased in violence. So much water was shipped that one man had to bail continuously.

"I didn't suppose it ever got as rough as this on these shallow sounds," observed the young passenger, as an extra heavy wave drenched him to the skin.

"There's lots of things that some people never supposes," commented Daggett, ungraciously.

"Is it often as rough?" asked the other, significantly.

"Not often," growled the skipper.

"Is it *ever* as rough?" he demanded, with distinct suspicion now.

The skipper was silent a moment, and then he answered, with something like a grin in his tones: "Seein' as you seem to know so much about it, Mr. Hutchinson, I don't mind tellin' you that it *ain't*."

"Which means that we've been blown out to sea?"

"We ain't been blowed in to land."

All night long they tossed on the troubled bosom of the deep, wet and chilled. If a watery grave stared them in the face, no one was unkind enough to speak of the fact. The wind fell about four o'clock, and when the day broke, bright and clear, they were surrounded by a hummocky desert of water, with no land in sight. But less than five miles away lay a long white hull, glistening in the sunlight like a shaft of polished steel. A long trail of smoke lay behind it. All eyes were turned in that direction, and then Daggett ordered the sail hoisted again, that they might be more easily seen.

"She'll see us soon enough, though, I guess," he grumbled. "For if my eyes hain't as useless as two bungholes in one end of a bar'l, that's the revenoo cutter. Still I don't know what in tar she's doin' out here, when she's supposed to be guardin' Savannah agen fever refugees. She sees us already," he added. "She's puttin' about."

"Revenue cutter or no revenue cutter," said Hutchinson, "not a word about Brunswick, or back they'll dump us into this mud-scow. We are working down the coast from Savannah, fishing. Remember that."

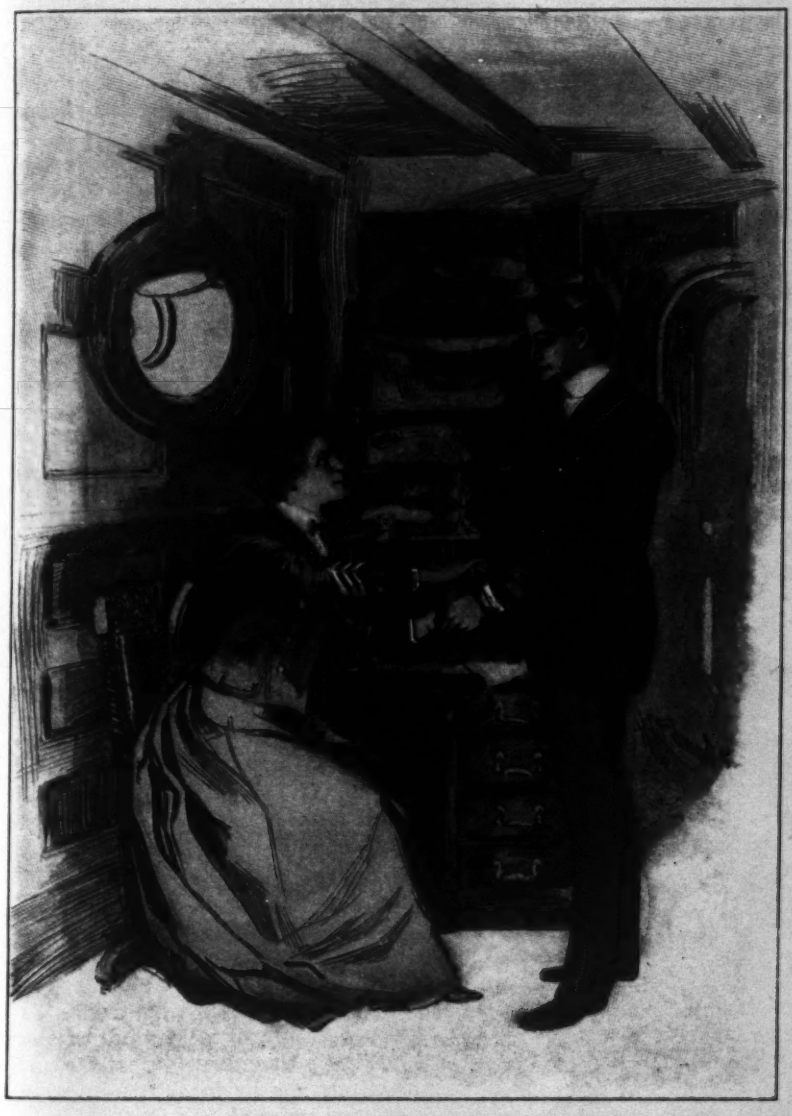
"A likely enough yarn, too," said Daggett, with an ironical grin. "We got so much tackle with us."

"We threw it overboard to lighten the boat," retorted Hutchinson.

As the stranger bore swiftly and gracefully down upon them, it soon became apparent, in spite of Daggett's reference to his eyes, that she was not the revenue cutter. She had the appearance, rather, of a private yacht; and when she came to a stop within ten yards of them, this opinion was further strengthened by the trimness and completeness everywhere in evidence. After a short parley between Hutchinson and a uniformed officer who leaned over the polished brass rail—in which Hutchinson accounted for their predicament so adroitly that Mark-

ley winked at Daggett—permission was given them to come aboard.

Hutchinson, the first man up, was barely over the rail when, to his amazement, a couple of stout sailors seized him and quickly encircled his wrists with a pair of cold irons.



"'MAYBE YOU ARE NOT MY COUSIN, AFTER ALL?'"

The rest of the party, as they ascended one by one, met with a similar reception. For a moment even Hutchinson's presence of mind failed him; then, catching sight of Markley's woebegone face, he burst into a ringing laugh.

"Cheer up, old man!" he said. "Our throats are safe, I guess, unless they should attempt to choke us with a double-sized breakfast, which I am in hopes they will. Mr. Mate," turning to the officer with a humorous grin, "if it is not asking too much of a host, would you kindly explain the drift of these hospitalities?"

"I don't think they need much explanation," answered the mate. "If they do, the captain will make it."

He led the way below at once, into a warm, richly furnished saloon, the luxuriousness of which did more, apparently, to awe Daggett and his rough crew than the irons on their wrists, which they wore with considerable equanimity, if not familiarity.

"Send the captain in, then," said Hutchinson, dropping into a comfortable chair.

"The captain is not up yet," quietly answered the mate, who was a grave man of forty or thereabouts.

"Don't disturb him on our account then," said Hutchinson, with mock humility. "But after he has breakfasted—and smoked—I should like the favor of a short interview. That reminds me that our cook on the yawl got up rather late this morning, too, and he was just skinning our quail when we received your invitation to come aboard."

"You will be fed shortly," said the mate, obstinately refusing to smile, though everybody else was in a broad grin.

At breakfast the handcuffs were removed from the prisoners, and their office was taken up by five natty sailors, armed with carbines. After the meal, which was ridiculously sump-

tuous for prisoners and to which everybody did ample justice, especially Daggett's men, they returned to the saloon, where they resumed their irons and were left alone. Hutchinson, who suspected that the arrest might not be entirely unjust, sharply questioned Daggett; but the old man most solemnly declared that it was a "cussed, high-handed, piratin' outrage" on innocent men.

In about an hour the mate appeared again, and announced that the captain would see the leader, whoever he was.

"That's either you or I, Daggett," said Hutchinson, drolly.

"You go," said Daggett, a little uneasily. "You got the gift o' gab in a higher degree than me."

Hutchinson arose, and followed the mate out. In the main saloon, through which they passed, sat half a dozen stylish young women—society girls beyond a doubt—and as many young men. From their curious, expectant faces, they had evidently been awaiting the prisoner's appearance; and a little ripple of excitement swept over them at his gentlemanly and refined aspect. Hutchinson flushed momentarily at their unexpected presence; then, gaining possession of himself immediately, he passed them with an open, half-mischievous smile, looking them squarely in the eyes. One little woman in an exquisite yachting costume so far forgot herself as to give him back a coquettish glance.

At the captain's room, the mate threw open the polished walnut door, stood aside while Hutchinson entered, and then shut himself outside. At a little roller-top desk sat a well-built, fresh-faced, independent-looking young woman of probably twenty-two, with a most glorious head of dark auburn hair. Over her shirt-waist she wore a tight-fitting jacket of navy blue, of which material her skirt was also made. A cap denoting her rank in gold letters lay on the top of the desk. For a moment she made a pretense of writing, though Hutchinson saw well enough that her steady blue eyes were slightly dilated with excitement.

"I beg your pardon," he began, "but I am looking for the captain. Or, rather, he is looking——"

"I am the captain," interrupted the young woman haughtily, as if rebuking his easy manner.

The tone nettled him. Without attempting to hide the indignation that kindled in his eyes, he looked at her gravely and steadily, until she stirred uneasily in her chair, and, to hide her embarrassment, pressed back the hair from her brow with a hand very small and white.

"What have you to say?" she asked, forced at last to speak first. Her voice was considerably gentler.

"Nothing," answered he, with dignity. "I am not in the habit of responding to such a contemptuous tone as you have just seen fit to use. If your excuse for it was *these*," holding aloft his irons, "I would call your attention to the fact that they were put there unlawfully and by force, presumably at your order."

Her soft, beautiful eyes filled with surprise, and an added color that might have been the blood of shame crept into her cheeks. "I cannot discuss a point of etiquette with you," she said politely, but with a proper reserve.

"I don't ask that," he returned. "I merely insist on the courtesy due me from a woman of your evident breeding."

"HE DISCOVERED, FURTHER, THAT SHE WAS CAPTAIN IN FACT AS WELL AS IN NAME."

Again she looked at him with curious, puzzled eyes. Her humiliation was so evident that he pressed the question no further.

"Would you be kind enough to tell me what you intend to do with us?" he asked.

"I intend to deliver you to the police at Savannah," she said, without flinching.

"On what charge?"

"Don't you know?" she asked, earnestly, looking with something like pain into his clear, ingenuous eyes. Perhaps the depravity that she fancied lurked behind that innocent veil shocked her sensitive woman's nature.

"No more than the man in the moon," he declared.

She lifted a telegram from her desk. "Two days ago, at Cumberland Island, a tender and some hunting and fishing traps were stolen from this yacht. This telegram is from the chief of police at Fernandina. 'Your boat and goods undoubtedly stolen by Seaweed Daggett and gang. They own sloop "Pedro" and yawl "Pedro No. 2." Have gone back to Georgia waters, out of my jurisdiction. Run them down if you can. If they resist, shoot them. Well-dressed young crook, stranger to us, offered some of your goods for sale here. Is probably with gang now.'" She folded the telegram, and looked at Hutchinson for an answer.

After a moment's thought he asked quietly: "What may I call you?"

"My name is Virginia Powers," she answered.

At the answer he started so perceptibly that she asked curiously: "Is there anything strange about it?"

"No," said he; "but, Miss Powers, I should like to ask you if I look like a 'well-dressed young crook'?" He looked her so boldly and confidently in the eyes that she drew back a little with maidenly reserve as she answered:

"You don't look like a liar, either; yet you told my mate you left Savannah yesterday morning in that yawl, when I know, by my own eyes, that it lay at Fernandina at eight o'clock yesterday morning."

Hutchinson flushed, yet not exactly like a guilty man. After studying the carpet a moment—or possibly the toe of the fair captain's little tan shoe—he said: "Miss Powers, this is a strange coincidence. I know your uncle, Jonathan West. I have heard something of his unwillingness for you to go cruising around in a yacht, in this independent manner. I am well acquainted with your cousin, Bartley Hutchinson. I worked with him on the 'San Francisco Examiner.' I saw him off at the station when he came East, ostensibly to visit you. I, perhaps, am the only man who knew that he, from certain reports he had received, regarded you as a coquette; and that his intention, in spite of your uncle's kind invitation to come on to Newport, was to stop off at New York, and secure a position on a paper there—which intention he carried out. He was almost immediately sent South to handle the yellow-fever epidemic at Brunswick."

Miss Powers at first flushed scarlet, but when he finished she was pale. "Believe me," said she, in a voice trembling with indignation, "that I was no party to my uncle's invitation to Bartley Hutchinson. And at the very hour when he was to arrive at our home in Newport I was a hundred miles away, in this yacht. But I do not see how this concerns you," said she, catching herself. "However much I may admire Mr. Hutchinson's bravery in exposing himself to fever, if he would make public such a story as that, about his own cousin, I cannot imagine him a man who is very choice about his associates. I cannot see how this story clears *you*."

"Only this—I am Bartley Hutchinson," said he, laughing.

"It is impossible!" she exclaimed, stiffening.

"No—simply strange," he said, enjoying her discomfiture.

"Then why are you with this band of thieves—for thieves I am confident they are. And why—oh, why did you lie about Savannah?" she asked reproachfully, blushing for him.

"Before I tell you wouldn't it be a little more—cousinly, say, to remove these?" he asked, holding up his manacled hands.

She lifted a key from the desk, and inserted it in the lock of one of the bracelets. "But maybe you are not my cousin, after all?" said she, pausing prudently, but half-ashamed of her doubts.

"I should be sorry to think not," said he; and she, flushing a little, set him free.

Briefly, he told her that he and his fellow-correspondent had been ordered home by their superiors, on the almost complete depopulation of Brunswick by flight from the fever. He explained the necessity of leaving clandestinely, in order to escape detention at the first line of quarantine, and pointed out the superiority of the water route over any other.

"I knew Daggett's unsavory reputation," he concluded, "and haven't a doubt that he

stole your tender. But it was Daggett or nobody to take us out."

"Then you may be inoculated with yellow-fever germs now," said she, with wide-open eyes.

"Yes."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"Aren't *you?*" he asked.

"I nursed papa until he died with the small-pox," said she, simply. And Bartley, as he gazed musingly at her modestly averted eyes and the sweet, firm lips, wondered if he had made such a brilliant move, after all, when he stoppped short of Newport.

"But I forget that you fled from me," said she, with sudden reserve. "I shall land you at Savannah as soon as possible, but we have to go to Port Royal first. Two of our party go North by rail from there. It won't take *much* longer," she added, with much dignity.

"You also forget that *you* fled from *me*," said Bartley, smiling.

"You are a man," said she, as though that ended it. "There was no excuse for you."

"Why?" he asked, amused.

"Because if you didn't—if you didn't like me, you could have left me."

"And if you didn't like me, couldn't *you* have left?" he asked.

"My own home—and you a guest?" she asked, arching her smooth, glossy brows in surprise. "No—I can never forgive you for that," she added, tragically.

"This is ridiculous, Cousin Virginia," said he. "I had never seen you then, not even your picture. I didn't know whether you were tall or short, blonde or *brune*. I came South simply as the result of a foolish desire to get into a fever camp, more than to escape you. I am vastly sorry now that I did it, I can tell you."

"I accept your apology, of course," said Virginia demurely, quietly overlooking his little compliment. "But you mustn't expect me to treat you just as I should have done, otherwise—not yet." She paused, while Bartley, fearful of hurting her pride, repressed a smile. "I don't know how to introduce you here," said she in perplexity. "Your being my cousin, and coming with these dreadful men, is nothing. But they—some of them—know something about that—other thing."

"Are you a woman who would make such a story public about your own cousin?" he demanded severely, and she, in her perturbation, did not see that he was only mimicking her.

"I—I—they found it out," she faltered.

No one would have suspected such weakness in her, though, when, her cheek as cool and white as the petal of a lily, she introduced Hutchinson to the party, without mentioning their cousinship, as they had agreed.

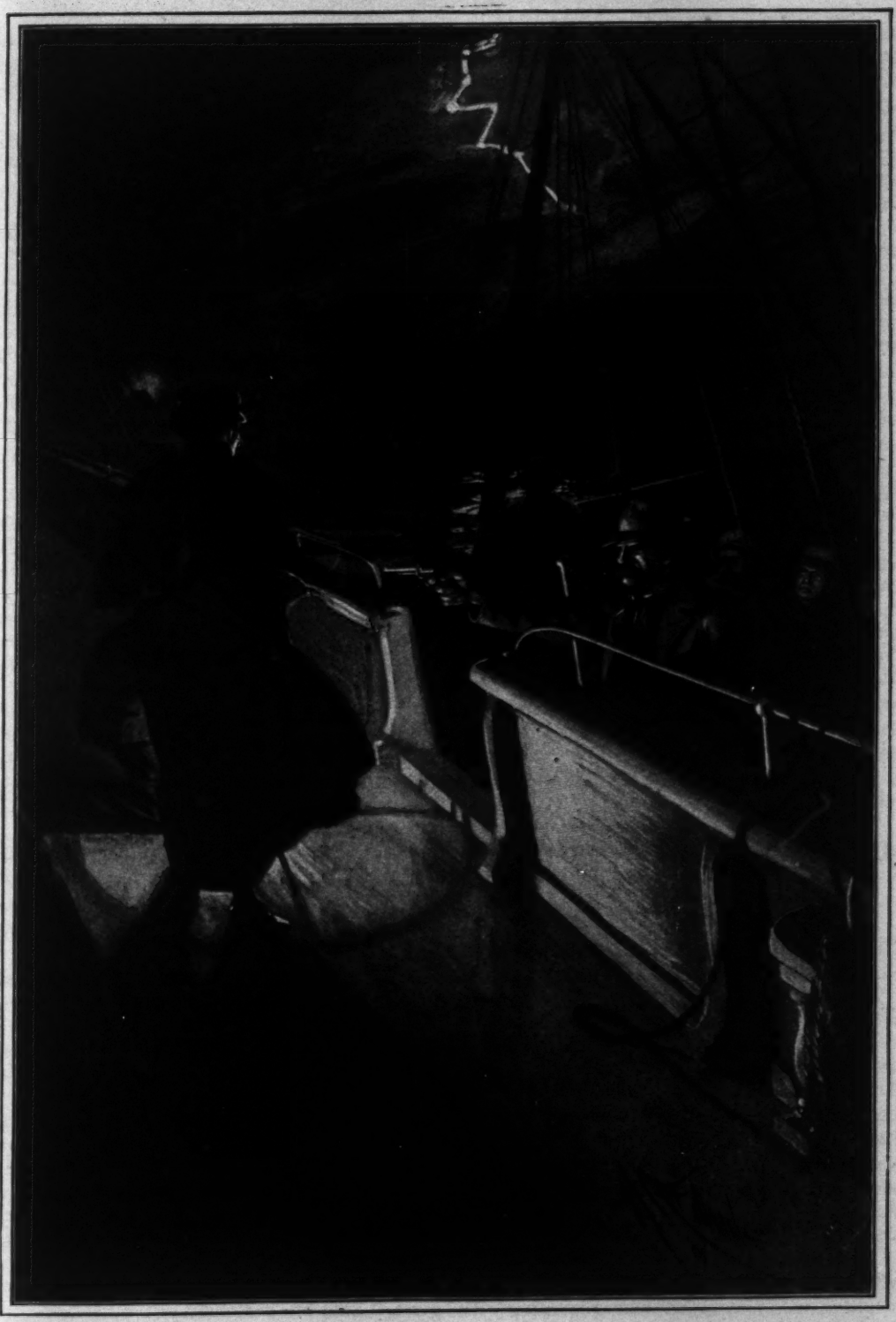
All day she stood more or less on her dignity with him, while he quietly studied her and abided his time. He feared once—when she ordered scrubbed a portion of the deck that seemed scarcely to need it—that she was mannish. But when a young sailor smashed his finger under the holystone, and she, instantly forgetting her rank, gave a little cry of sympathy and wrapped the wounded member in her own handkerchief, with her own hands, he took it all back.

He discovered, further, that she was captain in fact as well as in name. The mate clearly respected her seamanship, and cheerfully looked to her for orders. Bartley secretly held him in contempt for this, but that was nothing against Virginia. That she was a little puffed up with her nautical knowledge was undeniable; but she carried it off in such a pretty way—being a woman—that Markley did little else all day but breathe foolish, old-bachelor remarks about her into Bartley's ear.

The wind, which had veered around sharply to the northeast about ten o'clock, strengthened all day long. By four o'clock it was blowing furiously, and the "Aphrodite," whose course held her squarely in the trough of the sea, rose and fell under the foam-crested ridges of water like a porpoise at play. Every square inch of her deck and upper works had been wet thrice over by the flying salt spray, which cut the flesh like whip-lashes. The sailors, in their oilskins and sou'westers, fighting their way forward in the teeth of the gale, streamed with water.

Below, everything was snug and warm. The motion, though, was too violent for the comfort of most of the guests. Captain Powers sat apart from them, with the mate, in her own room, from which she could see what went on outside. She was a little pale from the tension, but perfectly composed. The mate, however, was decidedly nervous—at least so Bartley Hutchinson decided as he entered the room.

"Miss Powers, far be it from me to interfere with the handling of this yacht," said he, "but Daggett, who was born and raised in these waters, says this is their annual Gulf storm, and that it will continue until twelve or one o'clock to-night, by which time the wind may attain a velocity of eighty miles an



"BARTLEY HAD JUST TAKEN HOLD OF VIRGINIA'S HAND TO HELP HER DOWN, WHEN HE FOUND HIMSELF LOOKING INTO THE MUZZLE OF DAGGETT'S HEAVY REVOLVER."

hour. If all goes well, we'll be safe at Port Royal long before that; but in this heavy sea the derangement of machinery or steering-gear is more than a possibility. Daggett suggests that you steer for shore, which will give you the wind over your quarter and ease the boat. You can then make Port Royal by the inland course."

"And get aground in those shallows?" asked the mate, sarcastically.

"Daggett says he can put you into the inland course without difficulty, and take you through it," continued Bartley, without vouchsafing the mate a glance, "and, thief that he is, I believe him."

The captain hesitated, and after some talk asked of the mate: "What do you think, Mr. Kennedy?"

"I think that if we always counted on a shaft breaking, we should never put to sea at all."

"Brave talk, Mr. Kennedy," said Hutchinson sharply, "but if a shaft *does* break, how many of these helpless lives will you agree to save? Miss Powers, I most earnestly protest against any foolhardiness in this matter. You have no right to risk either your own life or those of your guests in order to show your courage or the seaworthiness of your craft. Certainly you have no excuse for remaining out here, forty miles from shore, in a blow that is likely to reach a fatal velocity."

"Put about!" said Virginia to the mate. After he had left to execute her order, she said to Bartley: "He thinks you are a coward."

"I *know* he's one," said Bartley stoutly. "He's afraid to be prudent." And he turned on his heel.

Six miles from shore, where the mud from the shallow bottom began to discolor the water, Daggett, after being unironed, took the wheel. Darkness had already set in, and the rain was falling in driving sheets. Reluctant as Hutchinson was to leave his cozy quarters, where he and Markley were smoking and spinning yarns, he called for an oil-skin and made his way to the wheel-house, after shoving his revolver in an outside pocket. Daggett's loyalty would bear watching.

To his surprise, he found his cousin in the wheel-house, wrapped to the throat, the heavy, moist coils of her hair glistening with drops of rain. She glanced at him inquiringly as he entered, but said nothing; and for some time they stood in silence, listening to the wild roar of the storm.

"Is it necessary for you to stay here and get wet?" he asked finally, in a low tone that Daggett could not overhear.

"Some one has to stay here—he does not understand the signals to the engine-room," said she, in the same guarded tone. "I couldn't be content inside, anyway," she added, less stiffly. "Why are you here?"

Bartley nodded toward Daggett's big bulk. "I have decided to go North from Port Royal," he added after a moment. "You will have to take your prisoners to Savannah, though, to deliver them to the Georgia authorities. I don't know when we shall meet again, and I may not see you alone again, here on the yacht. I should like to know that I am forgiven before I go. We are cousins, you know." He spoke gravely enough, though there was a whimsical twinkle in his eyes.

"You are making fun of me," said she, with sober prettiness.

"And I should like you to say that you are sorry you ran away from me," he continued, not heeding her complaint, "as I say now I am sorry that I ran away from you."

"Do you suppose I would wait to see a man who boasts that no woman ever yet stirred his pulse?" she asked, indignantly.

He laughed softly, for that had been his idle boast, but only asked: "Do you suppose I would cross a continent to see a woman who boasts that no man has ever been in her presence over fifteen minutes without making something of a fool of himself?"

She flushed a little, and then laughed musingly. "Was *that* the reason?" she asked, in a softer tone, coyly turning her eyes up to his.

"No other," said he. "I can never make *my* boast again," he added, subtly.

"Take care that I can't make mine," she returned warningly, turning her head to glance out on to the tumultuous bosom of the enraged deep. After a moment she went on in a subdued tone: "Cousin Bartley, if you are jesting with me, there is something sacrilegious in it at this moment, when God is displaying His awful majesty in this storm, yet holding us secure, as in the hollow of His hand." She sank down upon the seat, and pulled her wrap a little closer. The act left her white, damp hand exposed, and Bartley laid his own upon it.

"Just to show that I am not jesting, Virginia," said he, seriously.

She let him have his way, and when, after a little, he slipped his fingers under the soft palm and gently tightened his hold, she gave him a little pressure in return.

Meanwhile Daggett was bending at the

wheel and straining his eyes out over the black, watery waste. The occasional flashes of lightning, which simply blinded Bartley, were as welcome to him as beacon lights. Finally, without warning, he threw the wheel heavily to port; and just as the anxious captain sprang to her feet in alarm, he announced, "Inside!" in a tone that betrayed considerable pride in the fact.

The low island behind which they now crept along at one-third speed effectually shielded them from the mighty in-rolling billows of the ocean; but the wind still roared over them like the hoarse bellowing of a thousand angry sea-monsters, and the shallow water of the passage was whipped into a foam. The rain had ceased to fall, and the sky was growing lighter.

Their troubles seemed to be at an end, and Virginia had just drawn a long breath of relief, when a most terrific shock spread over the vessel, throwing both her and Bartley with great violence against the wheel and Daggett.

"Snappin' Turtle Roost!" cried Daggett, aghast, dropping the wheel and turning to them.

"Daggett," said Hutchinson quickly, his hand in his outside pocket and his eyes gleaming dangerously, "if I thought this was intentional, I'd make a snapping turtle roost out of your skull."

"I've been a-watchin' for it," protested Daggett. "It ought to be more'n four feet above water at this tide, but this wind has drove the water in so it fooled me."

There was no time for dispensing justice. The yacht was rapidly filling from the great hole in her bow. Still the water was scarcely deep enough, Daggett said, to more than wash her hurricane deck when she should have settled to the bottom; consequently, the terrors of a wreck at sea were not present. With it all, though, there was danger, and no time to be lost. Quickly, but coolly, the boats were lowered; the passengers, with what light valuables they could readily pick up, were handed down. The two large boats of the "Aphrodite" were thus loaded, and vanished in the darkness. Then Daggett's yawl was brought alongside. Daggett and four of his men, three of the "Aphrodite's" crew, and the mate, Bartley, and Virginia—all that were left aboard—made ready to descend. Daggett, with a grotesque bow to the captain, requested that his men be unironed, in view of the possibility of their having yet to swim; and the captain ordered the mate to release them. The smugglers at once tumbled down, followed by the sailors and the mate. Bartley had just taken hold of Virginia's hand to help her down, when he found himself looking into the muzzle of Daggett's heavy revolver. The mate and

"TWENTY MINUTES LATER THEY WERE STEAMING BEFORE A BLAZING FIRE."

the sailors, at the same instant, found themselves similarly situated.

"Fall on your faces in the bottom of the boat, and don't move till you're ordered!" commanded Dagget, with a triumphant grin, and his victims discreetly obeyed.

"Are you going to leave us here to drown?" demanded Bartley, as Daggett cut the painter and pushed off.

"You won't drown," said Daggett. "You'll have standing-room until the mate here can get back to you with one o' your boats. If you don't want to wait, there's your tender."

The pair stood still until the night and the storm had swallowed the yawl. If the yacht settled evenly, they would be safe. Yet it might be hours before they were taken off. The island on their right was only a few rods distant; but it was destitute of any shelter, and the boats had made for the mainland, a mile away. "Are you afraid to go with me in the tender?" asked Bartley.

"No," said she steadily.

Five minutes later the little tender, with its two souls aboard, was dancing over the choppy water. Bartley pulled a fair oar, but in spite of his efforts the frail craft took on water at both bow and stern, and Virginia steadily bailed.

"Can you swim, Virginia?" he asked.

"Yes," said she, without looking up.

She had need of her accomplishment. Three successive waves came combing over the stern, drenching her through and through, and then they found themselves in water to their waists. Following Bartley's example, Virginia threw herself over the side, and for a moment they supported themselves by a hand on the gunwale. "They can never hear us call in this wind," gasped Bartley, "and we may chill to death before they find us. The shore can't be very far now. Can you swim for it?"

She bravely answered yes, and they struck off side by side. He soon saw, though, that her skirts were proving a fatal drag to her. Swimming a little closer, he commanded her to put her arms around him; and she, too weary to think for herself, blindly obeyed. He swam slowly, depending in part upon the wind and waves for propulsion, and reserving his strength for any emergency. With every stroke of his left hand, which was made over her shoulder, as he swam on his side, Virginia's long, wet hair wrapped itself around his hand in clinging strands. But he made no effort to put it out of the way.

At last he felt the tops of rushes. With a good bottom, he could have waded thence, but he felt too tired to "let down" to ascertain whether mud or sand was under them. The chances were it was mud, so he swam on. When dry land was finally reached—though it was far from dry—he was almost too exhausted to lift himself out, and an intense desire to sleep came over him, but he resolutely shook it off.

"Virginia!" said he, for she, too, seemed stricken with the unnatural stupor.

"Yes," she murmured sleepily.

"Wake up, Virginia, wake up!" he called.

She quickly opened her eyes at this, and stared up into his face, startled and bewildered. Then, seeming partly to comprehend their situation, she asked, plaintively: "Where are we, Bartley?"

"Safe and sound, on shore," he answered, blithely.

"And the 'Aphrodite' is gone!" she murmured, with tears in her eyes.

"Not a bit of it! Once she is pumped out and raised, she'll be as good as ever."

"How wicked of me to think of a boat when *we* are safe!" she exclaimed, penitently. "Bartley, you are a noble boy!" she added, fervently. "You saved me."

"What less could a cousin do, Virginia?" he asked smiling, but with glistening eyes.

"And being my cousin, I love you for it, and want to show my gratitude." And she showed it by wrapping her round arms about his neck, and softly kissing him. "I forgive you everything."

Twenty minutes later they were steaming before a blazing fire in the little cabin of a negro truck-gardener, while the worthy black himself and his two boys were traversing the sedgy shore with lanterns, to find the other boatloads. In less than an hour they were all in, wet and cold, but happy.

As Virginia and Bartley sat side by side in the luxurious seat of a sleeping-car the next day, flying North as fast as steam could carry them, she said: "Bartley Hutchinson, if you were to receive another invitation to come and visit your cousin, do you think you would succeed in seeing her?"

"Yes, I think I should—seeing that her yacht is lying in the mud off Snapping Turtle Roost," he answered, laughing. "Try me."

"I'm afraid you wouldn't feel free to leave me now, in case you didn't like me."

"No, I'm afraid I shan't feel free to leave you, Virginia dear."

Virginia was very, very quiet for several minutes, and then she said softly: "At school I used to write in my copy-book, 'Never trouble trouble, till trouble troubles you.'"

The Ward restoration of the mammoth in the Museum of Natural History, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia. From a photograph by L. W Humphreys.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MAMMOTH.

By Frederic A. Lucas.

Editor's Note.—In the October number of McClure's Magazine was published a short story, "The Killing of the Mammoth," by "H. Tukeman," which, to the amazement of the editors, was taken by many readers not as fiction, but as a contribution to natural history. Ever since the appearance of that number of the magazine, the authorities of the Smithsonian Institution, in which the author had located the remains of the beast of his fancy, have been beset with visitors to see the stuffed mammoth, and our daily mail, as well as that of the Smithsonian Institution, has been filled with inquiries for more information and for requests to settle wagers as to whether it was a true story or not. The contribution in question was printed purely as fiction, with no idea of misleading the public, and was entitled a story in our table of contents. We doubt if any writer of realistic fiction ever had a more general and convincing proof of success. The very general interest that has been shown in the subject has convinced us that our readers would be glad to know the truth about the mammoth, and, accordingly, we have asked Mr. F. A. Lucas, of the National Museum, to prepare the following article. If the mammoth as Mr. Lucas knows him is less in size and belongs to an earlier date than the mammoth as Mr. Tukeman painted him, we believe our readers will find him no less interesting.

ABOUT three centuries ago, in 1696, a Russian, one Ludloff by name, described some bones belonging to what the Tartars called a "Mamantu"; later on, Blumenbach pressed the common name into scientific use as "Mammut," and Cuvier gallicized this into "Mammouth," whence by an easy transition we get our familiar mammoth. We are so accustomed to use the word to describe anything of remarkable size that it would be only natural to suppose that the name Mammoth was given to the extinct elephant because of its extraordinary bulk. Exactly the reverse of this is true, however, for the word came to have its present meaning because the original possessor of the name was a huge animal. The Siberian peasants called the creature "Mamantu," or "ground-dweller," because they believed it to be a gigantic mole, passing its life beneath the ground and perishing when by any accident it saw the light. The reasoning that led to this belief was very simple and the logic very good; no one had ever seen

a live Mamantu, but there were plenty of its bones lying at or near the surface; consequently, if the animal did not live above the ground, it must dwell below.

To-day, nearly every one knows that the mammoth was a sort of big, hairy elephant, now extinct, and nearly every one has a general idea that it lived in the North. There is some uncertainty as to whether the mammoth was a mastodon, or the mastodon a mammoth, and there is a great deal of misconception as to the size and abundance of this big beast. It may be said in passing that the mastodon is only a second or third cousin of the mammoth, but that the existing elephant of Asia is a very near relative, certainly as near as a first cousin, possibly a very great grandson. Popularly, the mammoth is supposed to have been a colossus somewhere from twelve to twenty feet in height, beside whom modern elephants would seem insignificant; but as "trout lose much in dressing," so mammoths shrink in measuring, and while there were doubtless Jumbos among them in the way of individuals of exceptional magnitude, the majority were decidedly under Jumbo's size. The only mounted mammoth skeleton in this country, that in the Chicago Academy of Sciences, is one of the largest, the thigh-bone measuring five feet, one inch in length, or a foot more than that of Jumbo; and as Jumbo stood eleven feet high, the rule of three applied to this thigh-bone would give the living animal a height of thirteen feet, eight inches. The height of this specimen is given as thirteen feet in its bones, with an estimate of fourteen feet in its clothes; but as the skeleton is obviously mounted altogether too high, it is pretty safe to say that thirteen feet is a good, fair allowance for the height of this animal when alive. As for the majority of mammoths, they would not average more than nine or ten feet high. Sir Samuel Baker tells us that he has seen plenty of wild African elephants that would exceed Jumbo by a foot or more, and while this must be accepted with caution, since unfortunately he neglected to put a tape line on them, yet Mr. Thomas Baines did measure a specimen twelve feet high. This, coupled with Sir Samuel's statement, indicates that there is not so much difference between the mammoth and the elephant as there might be. This applies to the mammoth *par excellence*, the species known scientifically as *Elephas primigenius*, whose remains are found in many parts of the Northern Hemisphere and occur abundantly in Siberia and Alaska. There were other elephants than the mammoth, and some that exceeded him in size;* but even the largest cannot positively be asserted to have exceeded a height of thirteen feet, and it is to be greatly doubted if any one of them could have tossed a twenty-five foot log over his shoulder. Tusks offer convenient terms of comparison, and those of an average fully grown mammoth are from eight to ten feet in length; those of the famous St. Petersburg specimen and those of the huge specimen in Chicago measuring respectively nine feet, three inches, and nine feet, eight inches. So far as the writer is aware, the largest tusks actually measured are two from Alaska, one twelve feet, ten inches long, weight unknown, reported by Mr. Jay Beach; and another eleven feet long, weighing 200 pounds, noted by Mr. T. L. Brevig. Compared with these we have the big tusk that used to stand on Fulton Street, New York, just an inch under nine feet long, and weighing 184 pounds, or the largest shown at Chicago in 1893, which was seven feet, six inches long, and weighed 176 pounds.

For our knowledge of the external appearance of the mammoth we are indebted to the more or less entire examples which have been found at various times in Siberia, but mainly to the noted specimen found in 1799 near the Lena, embedded in the ice, where it had been reposing, so geologists tell us, anywhere from 10,000 to 50,000 years. How the creature gradually thawed out of its icy tomb, and the tusks were taken by the discoverer and sold for ivory; how the dogs fed upon the flesh in summer, while bears and wolves feasted upon it in winter; how the animal was within an ace of being utterly lost to science when, at the last moment, the mutilated remains were rescued by Mr. Adams, is an old story, often told and retold. Suffice it to say that, besides the bones, enough of the beast was preserved to tell us exactly what was the covering of this ancient elephant, and to show that it was a creature adapted to withstand the northern cold and fitted for living on the branches of the birch and hemlock.

The exact birthplace of the mammoth is as uncertain as that of many other great characters; but his earliest known resting-place is in the Cromer Forest Beds of England, a country inhabited by him at a time when the German Ocean was dry land and

* Notably *Elephas meridionalis* of Southern Europe and *Elephas columbi* of the southern United States and Mexico. It is extremely probable that the Chicago skeleton belongs to this latter species, which ranged northwesterly almost to Alaska.

REPRODUCTION OF A PAINTING OF THE MAMMOTH BY C. R. KNIGHT, MADE EXPRESSLY FOR McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, AND PRESENTED BY THE EDITOR TO THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

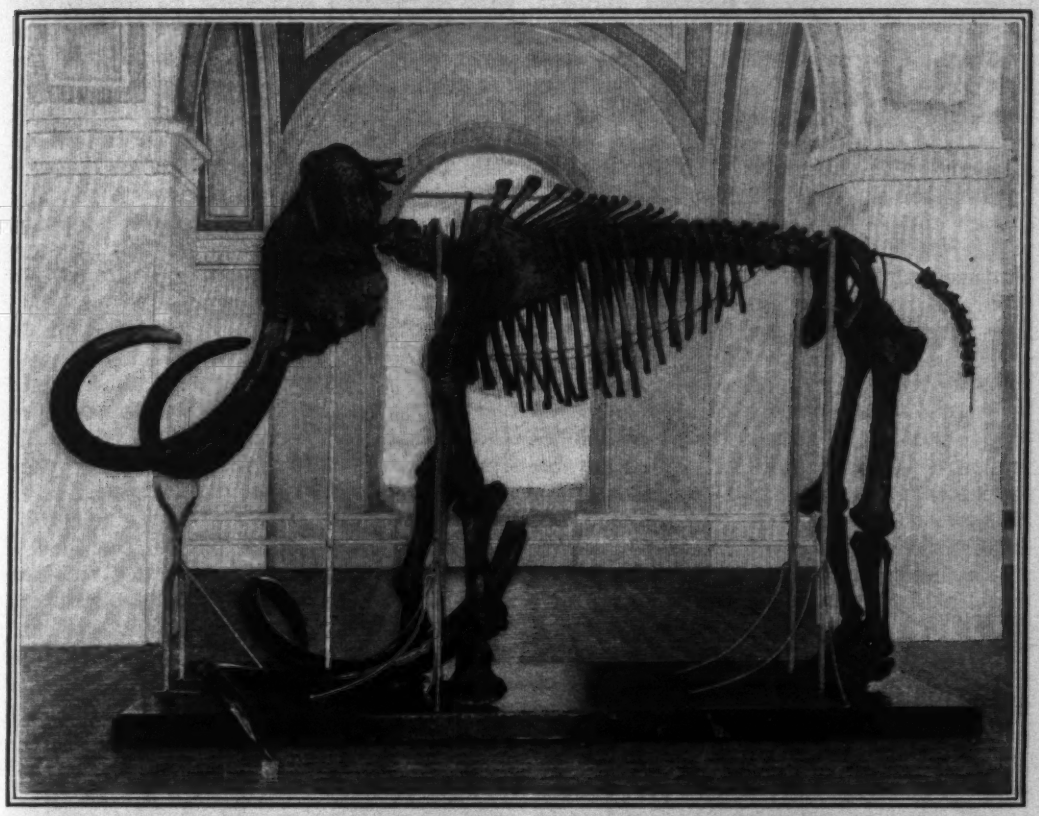
Great Britain part of a peninsula. Here his remains are found to-day, while from the depths of the North Sea the hardy trawlers have dredged hundreds, aye thousands, of mammoth teeth in company with soles and turbot. If, then, the mammoth originated in Western Europe, and not in that great graveyard of fossil elephants, northern India, eastward he went spreading over all Europe north of the Pyrenees and Alps, save only Scandinavia, whose glaciers offered no attractions, scattering his bones abundantly by the wayside to serve as marvels for future ages. Strange indeed have been some of the tales to which these and other elephantine remains have given rise when they came to light in the good old days when knowledge of anatomy was small and credulity was great. The least absurd theory concerning them was that they were the bones of the elephants which Hannibal brought from Africa. Occasionally they were brought forward as irrefutable evidences of the deluge; but usually they figured as the bones of giants, the most famous of them being known as Teutobochus, King of the Cimbri, a lusty warrior said to have had a height of nineteen feet. Somewhat smaller, but still of respectable height, fourteen feet, was "Littell Johne" of Scotland, whereof Hector Boece wrote, concluding in a moralizing tone, "Be quilk (which) it appears how extravegant and squaire pepill grew in oure regioun afore they were effeminat with lust and intemperance of mouth." More than this, these bones have been venerated in Greece and Rome as the remains of pagan heroes, and later on worshipped as relics of Christian saints. Did not the church of Valencia possess an elephant tooth which did duty as that of St. Christopher, and, so late as 1789, was not a thigh-bone, figuring as the arm-bone of a saint, carried in procession through the streets in order to bring rain?

Out of Europe eastward into Asia the mammoth took his way, and having peopled that vast region, took advantage of a land connection then existing between Asia and North America and walked over into Alaska, in company with the forerunners of the bison and the ancestors of the mountain sheep and Alaskan brown bear. Still eastward and southward he went, until he came to the Atlantic coast, the latitude of southern New York roughly marking the southern boundary of the broad domain over which the mammoth roamed undisturbed.* Not that of necessity all this vast area was occupied at one time; but this was the range of the mammoth during Pleistocene time, for over all this region his bones and teeth are found in greater or less abundance and in varying conditions of preservation. In regions like parts of Siberia and Alaska, where the bones are entombed in a wet and cold, often icy, soil, the bones and tusks are almost as perfectly preserved as though they had been deposited but a score of years ago, while remains so situated that they have been subjected to varying conditions of dryness and moisture are always in a fragmentary state. As previously noted, several more or less entire carcasses of the mammoth have been dis-

PARTS OF THE SKELETON OF A MAMMOTH THAT WERE FOUND IN 1897 IN THE URAL MOUNTAINS.

Now preserved in the museum at Ekaterinburg, Russia. The photograph was taken in the yard of one of the peasants who made the find, and it is he who appears in the picture.

* This must be taken as a very general statement, as the distinction between and habitats of *Elephas primigenius* and *Elephas columbi*, the southern mammoth, are not satisfactorily determined; moreover, the two species overlap through a wide area of the West and Northwest.



THE MAMMOTH IN THE ROYAL MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY AT ST. PETERSBURG.

This is the specimen found entire on the banks of the Lena River, Siberia. Although it is believed to have lain embedded in the ice from 10,000 to 50,000 years, some of the skin still adheres to the skull.

covered in Siberia, only to be lost; and while no entire animal has so far been found in Alaska, some day one may yet come to light. That there is some possibility of this is shown by the discovery, recorded by Mr. Dall, of the partial skeleton of a mammoth in the bank of the Yukon with some of the fat still present, and although this had been partially converted into adipocere, it was fresh enough to be used by the natives for greasing, not their boots, but their boats. And up to the present time this is the nearest approach to finding a live mammoth in Alaska; and a small piece of fat, obtained by Mr. Dall, is the nearest the United States National Museum has come to securing a stuffed mammoth.

As to why the mammoth became extinct, we *know* absolutely nothing, although various theories, some much more ingenious than plausible, have been advanced to account for their extermination—they perished of starvation; they were overtaken by floods on their supposed migrations and drowned in detachments; they fell through the ice, equally in detachments, and were swept out to sea. But all we can safely say is that long ages ago the last one perished off the face of the earth. Strange it is, too, that these mighty beasts, whose bulk was ample to protect them against four-footed foes and whose woolly coat was proof against the cold, should have utterly vanished. They ranged from England eastward to New York, almost around the world; from the Alps to the Arctic Ocean; and in such numbers that to-day their tusks are articles of commerce and fossil ivory has its price current as well as wheat. That many were swept out to sea by the flooded rivers of Siberia is certain, for some of the low islands off the coast are said to be formed of sand, ice, and bones of the mammoth, and thence, for hundreds of years, have come the tusks which are sold in the market beside those of the African and Indian elephants.

That man was contemporary with the mammoth in Southern Europe is fairly certain, for not only are the remains of the mammoth and man's flint weapons found together, but in a few instances some primeval Landseer

graved on slate, ivory, or reindeer antler a sketchy outline of the beast, somewhat impressionistic perhaps, but still, like the work of a true artist, preserving the salient features. We see the curved tusks, the snaky trunk, and the shaggy coat that we know belonged to the mammoth, and we may feel assured that if early man did not conquer the clumsy creature with fire and flint, he yet gazed upon him from the safe vantage point of some lofty tree or inaccessible rock, and then went home to tell his wife and neighbors how the animal escaped because his bow missed fire. That man and mammoth lived together in North America is uncertain; so far there is no evidence to show that they did, although the absence of such evidence is no proof that they did not. That any live mammoth has for centuries been seen on the Alaskan tundras is utterly improbable, and on Mr. C. H. Townsend seems to rest the responsibility of having, though quite unintentionally, introduced the Alaskan Live Mammoth into the columns of the daily press. It befell in this wise: Among the varied duties of our revenue marine is that of patrolling and exploring the shores of arctic Alaska and the waters of the adjoining sea, and it is not so many years ago that the cutter "Corwin," if memory serves aright, held the record of farthest north on the Pacific side. On one of these northern trips, to the Kotzebue Sound region, famous for the abundance of its deposits of mammoth bones,* the "Corwin" carried Mr. Townsend, then naturalist to the United States Fish Commission. At Cape Prince of Wales some natives came on board bringing a few bones and tusks of the mammoth, and upon being questioned as to whether or not any of the animals to which they pertained were living, promptly replied that all were dead, inquiring in turn if the white men had ever seen any and if they knew how these animals, so vastly larger than a reindeer, looked.

Fortunately, or unfortunately, there was on board a text-book of geology containing the well-known cut of the St. Petersburg mammoth, and this was brought forth, greatly to the edification of the natives, who were delighted at recognizing the curved tusks and the bones they knew so well. Next the natives wished to know what the outside of the creature looked like, and as Mr. Townsend had been at Ward's establishment in Rochester when the first copy of the Stuttgart restoration was made, he rose to the emergency, and made a sketch. This was taken ashore, together with a copy of the cut of the skeleton that was laboriously made by an Innuit sprawled out at full length on the deck. Now the Innuits, as Mr. Townsend tells us, are great gadabouts, making long sledge journeys in winter and equally long trips by boat in summer, while each season they hold a regular fair on Kotzebue Sound, where a thousand or two natives gather to barter and gossip. On these journeys and at these gatherings the sketches were no doubt passed about, copied, and recopied, until a large number of Innuits had become well acquainted with the appearance of the mammoth, a knowledge that naturally they were well-pleased to display to any white visitors. Also, like the Celt, the Alaskan native delights to give a "soft answer," and is always ready to furnish the kind of information desired. Thus in due time the newspaper man learned that the Alaskans could make pictures of the mammoth, and that they had some knowledge of its size and habits; so with inference and logic quite as good as that of the Tungusian peasant, the reporter came to the conclusion that somewhere in the frozen wilderness the last survivor of the mammoths must still be at large. And so, starting on the Pacific coast, the Live Mammoth story wandered from paper to paper, until it had spread throughout the length and breadth of the United States, when it was captured by Mr. Tukeman, who, with much artistic color and some realistic touches, transferred it to McClure's Magazine, and—unfortunately for the officials thereof—to the Smithsonian Institution.

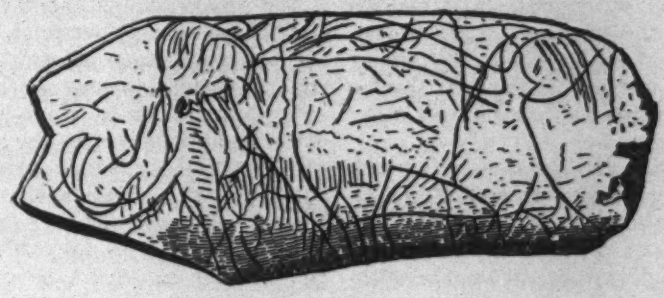
And now, once for all, it may be said that *there is no mounted mammoth* to awe the visitor to the national collections; and yet there seems no good and conclusive reason why there should not be. True, there are no live mammoths to be had at any price; neither are their carcasses to be had on demand; still there is good reason to believe that a much smaller sum than that said to have been paid by Mr. Conradi for the mammoth which is *not* in the Smithsonian Institution, would place one there. It probably could not be done in one year; it might not be possible in five years; but should any man of means wish to secure enduring fame by showing the world the mammoth as it stood in life, a hundred centuries ago, before the dawn of even tradition, he could probably accomplish the result by the expenditure of a far less

* Elephant Point, at the mouth of the Buckland River, is so named from the numbers of mammoth bones which have accumulated there.

sum than it would cost to participate in an international yacht race. Who will be the first to despatch an expedition to seek a frozen mammoth?

PRIMITIVE PICTURE OF A MAMMOTH ENGRAVED ON A FRAGMENT OF MAMMOTH'S TUSK.

The picture is so well done that one must believe that the artist, a cave-dweller in Southern France, had seen the animal, if he did not make the drawing from real life. The original engraving, which is about three times the size of the reproduction, is in the Museum d'Histoire Naturelle, Paris.



GENERAL GRANT'S ADMINISTRATION.

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF A MEMBER OF HIS CABINET.

By George S. Boutwell.

I MAY say with some degree of truth that my acquaintance with General Grant antedates our meeting by nearly three years. In the early summer of 1862 I received an appointment from President Lincoln as a member of a military commission constituted for the purpose of auditing the claims that had arisen in the Department of Missouri, then under the command of General Frémont. The sessions of the commission were held at Cairo, Illinois, which place had been the headquarters of General Grant during the preceding winter. In the intervening time General Grant had become the hero of the war by the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, and by his letter of February 16th to General Buckner, in which he demanded "an immediate and unconditional surrender" of the Confederate forces. In after years I received from General Grant the statement that the peculiar and emphatic character of that letter was due to his knowledge of General Buckner, gained from their fellowship at West Point. Our quarters were with General Strong, who was in command, and who had come from Cairo, Egypt, to serve as a volunteer in the army of the United States. Our thoughts and our conversations were directed quite constantly to General Grant, to his services, his career, and his prospects for the future. Upon my return to Washington, and in the first five minutes of my interview with President Lincoln, he said: "What did you hear about General Grant's habits?" I said at once: "I did not hear the subject mentioned."

ON A COMMISSION WITH CHARLES A. DANA.

Charles A. Dana, who afterward was Assistant Secretary of War, was the chairman of the commission. We were called to examine about sixteen hundred claims due to Frémont's operations in the States of Missouri, Kentucky, Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana. The investigations diminished my respect for Frémont as a business man. There were no indications of wrong-doing, but there was much evidence of lack of system in plan and of care in execution.

Upon the death of General Frémont, the preparation of a memoir was exacted of me by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of which he was an honorary member. The researches which I then made led my mind to two important conclusions. His expeditions over the Rocky Mountains are free from cause for criticism, on the one hand, and they give

evidence of the possession of talents of a high order. His care of his men, his negotiations with the Indians by which he secured peace for the most part, and his contests with them when his efforts for peace were ineffectual, and, finally, his position in the controversy over the command of our forces in California, including his trial by court-martial and his resignation from the army, are acts and proceedings worthy of high praise. In singular and disagreeable contrast is the fact that he failed to attain marked success in any other public undertaking.

My work at Cairo and my association with Mr. Dana gave me a high opinion of his integrity and of his capacity in business affairs, the consequences of which were felt in General Grant's administration. When the selection of a Collector of Customs at the port of New York was under consideration, I advised the appointment of Mr. Dana. The merchants and others in the city had commended Moses H. Grinnell. Beyond this fact, I found that the President did not look with favor upon Mr. Dana. He had been in the South during the war as the representative of the War Department, and in some way his doings or his reports had displeased General Grant. With the authority of the President, I offered Mr. Dana the place of Chief Appraiser. That office he declined, and when he obtained the control of "The Sun," which he did not then own, he attacked General Grant in a manner not justified by any accepted code of personal or political warfare. That conduct separated me from Mr. Dana, and there was no renewal of our acquaintance, except for one interview, which took place after the death of General Grant.

On a time there appeared an editorial in "The Sun" upon the degeneracy of leadership in the Republican party, and a comparison was instituted between the men of the then present time and the men of the Civil War. My name appeared among those who had led in the better days of the Republican party. The article led me to write a personal letter to Mr. Dana, in which I congratulated him on his ability to recognize either goodness or greatness in the men of "the Grant dynasty," as it had been called. In return, I received from Mr. Dana a letter marked by expressions of kindness such as I might not have anticipated from my best friend. He urged me to advise him of my coming to New York, when he would call upon me.

When I was in New York, I called at the office of "The Sun," where I was received by Mr. Dana as he might have received his best friend upon his return after an absence of twenty years in foreign parts. General Grant's name was not mentioned at our interview, and it has been a satisfaction to me to notice the absence of words of disparagement of General Grant in Mr. Dana's "Memoirs."

The greatness of General Grant in war, in civil affairs, and in personal qualities which at once excite our admiration and deserve our commendation, was not fully appreciated by the generation to which he belonged, nor can it be appreciated by the generations that can know of him only as his life and character may appear upon the written record. He had weaknesses, and of some of them I may speak; but they do not qualify in any essential manner his claim to greatness in the particulars named. He was not fortunate in the circumstances incident to the organization of his cabinet. The appointment of Mr. Washburne as Secretary of State for the brief period of one or two weeks was not a wise opening of the administration, if the arrangement was designed, and was a misfortune, if the brief term was due to events not anticipated. The selection of Mr. Fish compensated, and more than compensated, for the errors which preceded his appointment. The country can never expect an administration of the affairs of the Department of State more worthy of approval and eulogy than the administration of Mr. Fish. Apparently we were then on the verge of war with Great Britain, and demands were made in very responsible quarters which offered no alternative but war. The treaty of 1871, which was the outcome of Mr. Fish's diplomacy, reëstablished our relations of friendship with Great Britain, and the treaty was then accepted as a step in the direction of general peace.

In the month of February, 1869, I received an invitation from General Grant to call upon him on an evening named and at an hour specified. At the interview General Grant asked me to take the office of Secretary of the Interior. As reasons for declining the place, I said that my duties and position in the House were agreeable to me and that my services there might be as valuable to the Administration as my services in the cabinet. General Grant then said that he intended to give a place to Massachusetts, and it might be the Secretary of the Interior or the Attorney-Generalship. He then asked for my advice as to persons, and said that if he named an Attorney-General from Massachusetts, he had in mind Governor Clifford,

whom he had met. Governor Clifford was my personal friend, he had been the Attorney-General of the State during my term as Governor, he was a gentleman of great urbanity of manner, a well-equipped lawyer, and as an advocate he had secured and maintained a good standing in the profession and through many years. He had come into the Republican party from the Webster wing of the Whig party. To me he was a conservative, and I was apprehensive that his views upon questions arising, or that might arise, from our plan of reconstruction might not be in harmony with the policy of the party. Upon this ground, which I stated to General Grant, I advised against his appointment. I named Judge Hoar for Attorney-General and Governor Claflin for the Interior Department. I wrote the full address of Judge Hoar upon a card, which I gave to General Grant. Judge Hoar was nominated and confirmed.

A. T. STEWART'S RELATIONS WITH GRANT.

At the same time, Alexander T. Stewart, of New York, was nominated and confirmed as Secretary of the Treasury. It was soon discovered that Mr. Stewart, being an importer, was ineligible to the office. Mr. Conkling said there were nine statutes in his way. A more effectual bar was in the reason on which the statutes rested, namely, that no man should be put in a situation to be a judge in his own cause. The President made a vain effort to secure legislation for the removal of the bar. Next, Judge Hilton, then Mr. Stewart's attorney, submitted a deed of trust by which Mr. Stewart relinquished his interest in the business during his term of office. The President submitted that paper to Chief Justice Cartter of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. The Chief Justice gave a brief, adverse, oral opinion, and in language not quotable upon a printed page.

We have no means of forming an opinion of Mr. Stewart's capacity for administrative work, and I do not indulge in any conjectures. His nomination was acceptable to the leading business interests of the country, and in the city of New York it was supported generally. He was a successful man of business and an accumulator of wealth, and at that time General Grant placed a high estimate upon the presence of talents by which men acquire wealth.

Following these events, there were early indications that Mr. Stewart's interest in the President had been diminished, and gradually he took on a dislike to me. When I knew of his nomination, or when I knew that it was to be made, I met him in Washington and assured him of my disposition to give my support to his administration. On two occasions when I was in New York I made calls of civility upon him, but, as he made no recognition in return, my efforts in that direction came to an end.

At a dinner given by merchants and bankers in the early part of September, 1869, at which I was a guest, Mr. Stewart made a speech in which he criticised my administration of the Treasury. In the canvass of 1872 the rumor went abroad that Mr. Stewart had given $25,000 to the Greeley campaign fund. In the month of October of that year, the twenty-eighth day, perhaps, I spoke at the Cooper Union. Upon my arrival in New York, I received a call from a friend who came with a message from Mr. Stewart. Mr. Stewart would not be at the meeting, although except for the false rumor in regard to his subscription to the Greeley fund, he should have taken pleasure in being present. As General Grant was to be elected, his attendance at the meeting might be treated by the public as an attempt to curry favor with General Grant and the incoming Administration.

As I was passing to the hall, a paper was placed in my hands by a person who gave no other means of recognizing his presence. When I reached the hall and opened the paper, I found that it was a summons to appear as defendant in an action brought by a man named Galvin, who claimed damages in the sum of $3,000,000. At the close of the meeting and when the fact became known, one gentleman said to me: "I do not see how you could have spoken after such a summons."

I said in reply: "If the suit had been for $3,000 only, it might have given me some uneasiness, as a recovery would have involved payment. A judgment of $3,000,000 implies impossibility of payment."

I had no knowledge of Galvin, but his letters of advice were found on the files of the Treasury. Even after the suit, I did not examine them for the purpose of forming an opinion of their value or want of value. Galvin alleged in his declaration that he had furnished the financial policy that I had adopted, that it had benefited the country to the amount of $300,000,000 and more, and that a claim of $3,000,000 was a moderate claim. Under the statute, the Department of Justice assumed the defense. The case lingered, Galvin died, and the case followed.

At the election of 1872, I voted at Groton in the morning, and in the afternoon I went to New York, to find that General Grant had been reëlected by a sufficient majority. On the morning of the next day, I left the hotel with time for a call upon General Dix, who had been elected Governor, and for a call upon Thurlow Weed. General Dix was not at home. Notwithstanding the criticisms of Thurlow Weed as a manager of political affairs in the State of New York and in the country, I had reasons for regarding him with favor, although I had never favored the aspirations of Mr. Seward, his chief. When I was organizing the Internal Revenue Office in 1862–3, Mr. Weed gave me information in regard to candidates for office in the State of New York, including their relations to the factions that existed—usually Seward and anti-Seward—and with as much fairness as he could have commanded if he had had no relation to either faction.

As I had time remaining at the end of my call upon Mr. Weed, and as I had in mind Mr. Stewart's message at the Cooper Union meeting, I drove to his down-town store, where I found him. He received me with cordiality, but in respect to his health he seemed to be already a doomed man. He was anxious chiefly to give me an opportunity to comprehend the nature and magnitude of his business. As I was about to leave, he took hold of my coat button and said: "When you see the President, you give my love to him, and say to him that I am for him and that I always have been for him." Still holding me by the button, he said: "Who buys the carpets for the Treasury?"

I said: "Mr. Saville is the chief clerk, and he buys the carpets."

Mr. Stewart said: "Tell him to come to me; I will sell him carpets as cheap as anybody."

When I repeated Mr. Stewart's message to the President he made no reply, and he gave no indication that he was hearing what I was saying.

GRANT AND ATTORNEY-GENERAL HOAR.

The public has been invited to accept several errors in regard to Judge Hoar's relations to President Grant, the appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court of Justices Bradley and Strong, by whose votes the first decision of the court in the Legal Tender cases was overruled, and the circumstances which led to the retirement of Judge Hoar from the cabinet. First of all I may say that President Grant was attached to Judge Hoar, and, as far as I know, his attachment never underwent any abatement. Whatever bond there may be in the smoking habit, it was formed without delay at the beginning of their acquaintance. While General Grant was not a teller of stories, he enjoyed listening to good ones, and of these Judge Hoar had a large stock, and always at command. General Grant enjoyed the society of intellectual men, and Judge Hoar was far up in that class. General Grant had regrets for the retirement of Judge Hoar from his cabinet, and for the circumstances which led to his retirement. His appointment of Judge Hoar upon the Joint High Commission and the nomination of Judge Hoar to a seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court may be accepted as evidence of General Grant's continuing friendship, and of his disposition to recognize it, notwithstanding the break in official relations.

Judge Hoar's professional life had been passed in Massachusetts, and he had no personal acquaintance with the lawyers of the circuit from which Justices Strong and Bradley were appointed. Strong and Bradley were at the head of the profession in the States of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and in truth there was no debate as to the fitness of their appointment. Judge Hoar was not responsible for their appointment, and I am of the opinion that the nominations would have been made even against his advice, which assuredly was not so given. Judge Strong, as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, had sustained the constitutionality of the Legal Tender act, and it was understood that Bradley was of the same opinion. As the President and cabinet were of a like opinion, it may be said that there could have been no "packing" of the Supreme Court except by the exclusion of the two most prominent lawyers in the circuit and the appointment of men whose opinions upon a vital question were not in harmony with the opinion of the persons making the appointment.

As to myself, I had never accepted the original decision as sound law under the Constitution, nor as a wise public policy, if there had been no constitution. By the decision the government was shorn of a part of its financial means of defense in an exigency. When the Supreme Court had reached a conclusion, Chief Justice Chase called upon me and informed me of that fact, about two weeks in advance of the delivery of the opinion. He gave as a reason his

apprehension of serious financial difficulties due to a demand for gold by the creditor class. Not sharing in that apprehension, I said: "The business men are all debtors as well as creditors, and they cannot engage in a struggle over gold payments, and the small class of creditors who are not also debtors will not venture upon a policy in which they must suffer ultimately." The decision did not cause a ripple in the finances of the country.

Pursuing the conversation, I asked the Chief Justice where he found authority in the Constitution for the issue of non-legal-tender currency. He answered in the power to borrow money and in the power given to Congress to provide for the "general welfare of the United States." I then said, having in mind the opinion in the case of MacCulloch and Maryland, in which the court held that where a power was given to Congress, its exercise was a matter of discretion unless a limitation could be found in the Constitution: "Where do you find a limitation to the power to borrow money by any means that to Congress may appear wise?" The Chief Justice was unable to specify a limitation, and the question remains unanswered to this day.

When the case of Hepburn and Griswold was overruled in the Legal Tender cases, the Chief Justice was very much disturbed, and with the exhibition of considerable feeling, he said: "Why did you consent to the appointment of judges to overrule me?" I assured him that there was no personal feeling on the part of the President, and that as to my own unimportant part in the business, he had known from the time of our interview in regard to the former action of the court that I entertained the opinion that the decision operated as a limitation of the constitutional powers of Congress and that its full and final recognition might prove injurious to the country whenever all its resources should be required. At the time of the reversal, the Chief Justice did not conceal his dissatisfaction with his life and labors on the bench, and at the interview last mentioned he said that he should be glad to exchange positions with me, if it were possible to make the exchange.

Various reasons have been assigned for the step which was taken by President Grant in asking Judge Hoar to retire from the cabinet. Some have assumed that the President was no longer willing to tolerate the presence of two members from the same State. That consideration had been passed upon by the President at the outset, and he had overruled it or set it aside. In my interview with Mr. Washburne the Sunday before my nomination, I had said to him that Judge Hoar and I were not only from the same State, but that we were residents of the same county, and within twenty miles of each other. Moreover, any public dissatisfaction which had existed at the beginning had disappeared. In the meantime the President had become attached to Judge Hoar. Nor is there any justifying foundation for the conjecture that a vacancy was created for the purpose of giving a place in the cabinet to another person, or to another section of the country. General Grant's attachment to his friends was near to a weakness, and the suggestion that he sacrificed Judge Hoar to the low purpose of giving a place to some other person is far away from any true view of his character.

Judge Hoar had had no administrative experience on the political side of the government, and he underestimated the claims, and he undervalued the rights, of members of Congress. As individuals the members of Congress are of the government, and in a final test the two Houses may become the government. More than elsewhere the seat of power is in the Senate, and the Senate and Senators are careful to exact a recognition of their rights. They claim, what from the beginning they have enjoyed, the right to be heard by the President and the heads of department in regard to appointments in their respective States. They do not claim to speak authoritatively, but as members of the government having a right to advise, and under a certain responsibility to the people for what may be done.

It was claimed by Senators that the Attorney-General seemed not to admit their right to speak in regard to appointments, and that appointments were made of which they had no knowledge, and of which neither they nor their constituents could approve. These differences reached a crisis when Senators (I use the word in the plural) notified the President that they should not visit the Department of Justice while Judge Hoar was Attorney-General. Thus was a disagreeable alternative presented to the President, and a first impression would lead to the conclusion that he ought to have sustained the Attorney-General. Assuming that the complaints were well founded, it followed that the Attorney-General was denying to Senators the consideration which the President himself was recognizing daily.

REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES SUMNER.

Mr. Sumner's removal from the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Relations was due to the fact that a time came when he did not recognize the President, and when he declined to have any intercourse with the Secretary of State outside of official business. Such a condition of affairs is always a hindrance in the way of good government, and it may become an obstacle to success. Good government can be secured only through conferences with those who are responsible, by conciliation, and not infrequently by concessions to the holders of adverse opinions. The time came when such a condition was no longer possible between Mr. Sumner and the Secretary of State.

The President and his cabinet were in accord in regard to the controversy with Great Britain as to the Alabama Claims. Mr. Sumner advocated a more exacting policy. Mr. Motley appeared to be following Mr. Sumner's lead, and the opposition to Mr. Sumner extended to Mr. Motley. It had happened that the President had taken on a prejudice to Mr. Motley at their first interview. This I learned when I said something to the President in the line of conciliation. The President said: "Such was my impression of Motley when I saw him that I should have withheld his appointment if I had not made a promise to Sumner." My acquaintance with Mr. Motley began in the year 1849, when we were members of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and I had a high regard for him, although it had been charged that I had had some part in driving him from politics into literature.

When we consider the natures and the training of the two men, it is not easy to imagine agreeable coöperation in public affairs by Mr. Sumner and General Grant. Mr. Sumner never believed in General Grant's fitness for the office of President, and General Grant did not recognize in Mr. Sumner a wise and safe leader in the business of government. General Grant's notion of Mr. Sumner, on one side of his character, may be inferred from his answer when, being asked if he had heard Mr. Sumner converse, he said: "No, but I have heard him lecture."

As I am to speak of Mr. Sumner in our personal relations, which for thirteen years before his death were intimate, I shall use some words of preface. Never on more than two occasions did we have differences that caused any feeling on either side. Mr. Sumner was chairman in the Senate of the Committee on the Freedmen's Bureau, and Mr. Eliot was chairman of the Committee of the House. A report was made in each House, and each bill contained not less than twenty sections. Each House passed its own bill. A committee of conference was appointed. Its report was rejected. I was appointed a member of the second committee.

I examined the bills, and I marked out every section that was not essential to the working of the measure. Four sections remained. I then added a section which provided for the lease and ultimate sale of the confiscated lands to the freedmen and refugees. President Johnson's restoration of those lands made that section non-operative. The committee, upon the motion of General Schenck, transferred the jurisdiction of the Bureau from the Treasury to the War Department. The bill was accepted by the committee, and passed by the two Houses.

When within a few days I was in the Senate Chamber, Mr. Sumner came to me, and said in substance: "The Freedmen's Bureau Bill as it passed is of no value. I have spent six months upon the bill, and my work has gone for nothing. You and General Schenck cannot pretend to know as much as I know about the measure."

With some feeling, which was not justifiable, I said: "I have not spent six hours upon the measure, but after what you have said I will say that the fifth section is of more value than all the sections which you have written." I did not wait for a reply. The subject was not again mentioned; our friendly relations were not disturbed, and it is to Mr. Sumner's credit on the score of toleration that he passed over my rough remarks, even though he had given some reason for a retort.

My next difference with Mr. Sumner was a more serious difference, but it passed without any break in our relations. He had not acquired the church-going habit, or he had renounced it, and my church-going was spasmodic rather than systematic. Thus it became possible and agreeable for me to spend some small portion of each Sunday in his rooms. The controversy over Mr. Motley and his removal from the post of minister to Great Britain excited Mr. Sumner to a point far beyond any excitement to which he yielded, arising from his own troubles or from the misfortunes of the country. To him it was the topic of conversation at all times and in all places. That habit I accepted at his house with as much complacency as I could command. Indeed, I was not much disturbed

by what he said to me in private, and certainly not by what he said in his own house, where I went from choice, and without any obligation to remain resting upon me. In all his conversations he made General Grant responsible for the removal of Motley, accompanied, usually, with language of censure and condemnation. On two occasions that were in a measure public, one of which was a dinner given to me by Mr. Franklin Haven, a personal friend of twenty years' standing, he insisted upon holding the Motley incident as the topic of conversation. On one of these occasions, and in excitement, he turned to me and said: "Boutwell, you ought to have resigned when Motley was removed."

I said only in reply: "I am the custodian of my own duty."

This was the only personal remark that I ever made to Mr. Sumner in connection with the removal of Motley. The removal was the only reasonable solution of the difficulty in which Motley was involved; but I sympathized with him in the disaster which had overtaken him, and I was not disposed to discuss the subject. The incident at the dinner led me to make a resolution. I called upon Mr. Sumner, and without accepting a seat, I said: "Senator, if you ever mention General Grant's name in my presence, I will never again cross your threshold."

Without the delay of a half minute he said: "Agreed."

There the matter ended, and the promise was kept. In 1872, and not many days before he left for Europe, he said: "I want to ask you a question about General Grant."

I said: "You know that that is a forbidden topic."

"Yes, but I am not going to speak controversially."

I said: "Say on."

He said: "What do you think of Grant's election?"

I said: "I think he will be elected."

He held up his hands, and in a tone of grief said: "You and Wilson are the only ones who tell me that he has any chance."

Upon his return from Europe it was apparent that his feelings in regard to the Republican party, and especially in regard to General Grant, had undergone a great change. Our conversations concerning General Grant were resumed free from all restrictions and without any disturbance of feeling on my part. Not many months before his death Mr. Sumner made a speech in executive session that was conciliatory and just in a marked degree. I urged him to repeat it in public session. He seemed to regard the suggestion with favor, but the speech was not made.

For many years Mr. Sumner had been borne down under the resolutions of censure passed by the State of Massachusetts in disapproval of his position in regard to the return of Confederate flags. That resolution was rescinded at the winter session of 1874. The act brought to Mr. Sumner the highest degree of satisfaction that it was possible for him to realize. Above all things else of a public nature, he cherished the good name of the commonwealth, and for himself there was nothing more precious than her approval. The blow was unexpected, its weight was great, and its weight was never lessened until it was wholly removed. The rescinding resolutions came to me the Saturday next preceding the Wednesday when Mr. Sumner died. I was then in ill health, so ill that my attendance at the Senate did not exceed one half of each day's session through many weeks. Mr. Sumner called upon me to inquire, and anxious to know, whether I could attend the session of Monday and present the resolutions. I gave him the best assurance that my condition permitted. When the resolutions had been presented, and when I was leaving the chamber, Mr. Sumner came to me, and, putting his arm over my shoulder, he walked with me into the lobby, where, after many thanks by him, and with good wishes for my health, we parted, without a thought by me that he had not before him many years of rugged life. For several years previous to 1874, Mr. Sumner had been accustomed to speak of himself as an old man, and on more than one occasion he spoke of life as a burden. To these utterances I gave but little heed.

The chief assurance for any considerable well-doing in the world is to be found in good purposes and in fixedness of purpose when a purpose has been formed. These characteristics were Mr. Sumner's possessions, but in him they were subject to very important limitations as powers in practical affairs. He did not exhibit respect or deference for the opinions of others even when the parties were upon a plane of equality, as is the usual situation in legislative bodies. He could not concede small points for the sake of a great result. Hence it was that measures in which he had an interest took on a form at the end that was not agreeable to him. Hence it is that he has left only one piece of legislation that is distinctly the work of his hand. When the bill was under consideration which

denied to colored persons the privilege of naturalization in the United States, he secured an amendment by which the exclusion was limited to the Mongolian race. His declaration as to the status of the States that had been in rebellion was not far away from the policy that was adopted finally, but he did not accept as wise and necessary measures the amendments to the Constitution which were designed to make that policy permanent. Indeed, it was his opinion, at one period of the controversy over the question of negro suffrage, that a legislative declaration would be sufficient. The field of his success is to be found in the argumentative power that he possessed and in its use for the overthrow of slavery. Of the anti-slavery advocates who entered the Senate previous to the opening of the war, he was the best equipped in learning, and his influence in the country was not surpassed by the influence of any one of his associates. In his knowledge of diplomacy, he had the first rank in the Senate for the larger part of his career. His influence in the Senate was measured, however, by his influence in the country. His speeches, especially in the period of national controversy, were addressed *to* the country. He relied upon authorities and precedents. His powers as a debater were limited, and it followed inevitably that in purely parliamentary contests he was not a match for such masters as Fessenden and Conkling, who in learning were his inferiors.

My means for information are so limited that I do not express an opinion upon the question whether Mr. Sumner's ambitions in public life were or were not gratified. On one or two occasions he let fall remarks which indicated a willingness to be transferred to the Department of State. Major Ben: Perley Poore had received the impression that there was a time when Mr. Sumner looked to the Presidency as a possibility. At an accidental meeting with Major Poore, he said to me: "I have dined with Sumner, and he gave me an account of the conversation he had with you this morning, in which you consoled him for not gaining the Presidency."

I recalled the conversation. It was a Sunday-morning talk, and there was no special purpose on my part, however my remarks may have been received by Mr. Sumner. He spoke of the opportunity furnished to Mr. Jefferson for the exposition of his views in his first inaugural address. I then proceeded to say that, omitting the incumbent of the office, of whom nothing could then be said, not more than three or four men had gained in standing by their elevation to the Presidency, beyond the fact that their names were upon the roll. The exceptions were, first of all, Lincoln, who had gained most. Then Jackson, who had gained something—indeed, a good deal by his defense of the Union when compared with what he might have lost by neglect of duty in the days of nullification. Washington had gained much by demonstrating his capacity for civil affairs, by the legacy of his farewell address, and by the shaping of the new government under the Constitution in a manner calculated to strengthen the quality of perpetuity. At the end, I claimed that the other occupants of the Presidential office had not gained appreciably by their promotion.

In two important particulars, Samuel Adams and Charles Sumner are parallel characters in American history. Mr. Adams was a leader in the contest that the colonies carried on against Great Britain. Our legal standing in the controversy with the mother country has never elsewhere been presented as forcibly and logically as it was stated by Mr. Adams in his letters to the royal governors in the name of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, between the years 1764 and 1775. When the contest of words and of arms was over he was not only not an aid in the organization of the new government, but he was an obstacle to its success. He accepted the Constitution with hesitation and under constraint. After the overthrow of slavery and the ratification of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, Mr. Sumner gave no wise aid to the work of reconstructing the government upon the basis of the new conditions that had been created by the war and by the abolition of slavery. As every guarantee for freedom contains some element of enslavement over or against some who are not within the guarantee, men sometimes hesitate as to the wisdom of accepting guarantees of rights in one direction which work a limitation of rights or privileges in other directions. The Constitution of the United States, while it gave power to the body of States and guaranteed security to each, yet deprived the individual States of many of the privileges and powers that they had enjoyed as colonies. Every amendment to the Constitution, from the first to the last, has limited the application of the doctrine of home rule in the government.

THE INSIDE OF THE EARTH.

By Cleveland Moffett.

PROFESSOR MILNE'S OBSERVATIONS AND CONCLUSIONS AS TO THE INTERIOR OF OUR PLANET.

IT was at the Shide Observatory, Isle of Wight, in Professor Milne's study, book-lined, paper-strewn, fragrant with odors of Japan. On a shelf at one side an electric watch ticked patiently (perhaps the only electric watch in the world), its long forefinger sending off hourly signals to the instruments outside, as it does all day long and all night long, year after year. For hours now I had been listening for the automatic bell-call to announce some earthquake in Iceland or South America or off the tortured coast of Newfoundland, but the bell kept silent. No news through the earth this day of Borneo's crust caving in or of the West Pacific bottom shifting. The old ground of seismology was pretty well talked over by now; so we shifted to new ground—to that region which lies under all ground—the interior of the earth. Was there anything to say about it? Could anything be known about it?

The Professor smiled. "We know it's hot," he said.

"How hot?"

"Perhaps as hot as the sun, when you get well inside. You know it was flung off from the sun, since which time it has been condensing and cooling."

"And how long has the cooling taken?"

"Lord Kelvin says twenty million years, but geologists and paleontologists ask for at least a hundred million."

"And you think it may have kept its original heat all these years?"

"Why not? We find molten lava to-day inside rocks that have been cooling fifty years on a volcano's side. It's the same principle; the thicker the crust the slower the loss of heat. With several hundred miles of crust you might get almost no cooling."

"But the law of regular increase in temperature?"

"One degree Fahrenheit for every fifty-one feet you go down? I know. But that law applies only a certain distance. Figure it out for yourself. One mile down gives an increase of 100 degrees, ten miles down 1,000 degrees, thirty miles down 3,000 degrees—that's about the highest temperature we know anything about. It's the temperature of the oxy-hydrogen flame. Platinum melts there, wrought iron melts there, gold evaporates there; all our surface rocks would melt there. Go down forty miles, and you get a temperature of 4,000 degrees; go down fifty miles, and you get 5,000 degrees; and so on until at a depth of 1,000 miles you might expect to reach a temperature of 100,000 degrees—which is absurd. It is a generally accepted view that the earth's temperature decreases more and more slowly as you go deeper and deeper into it, and, after a certain point, say 200 miles, the rate of increase is hardly appreciable."

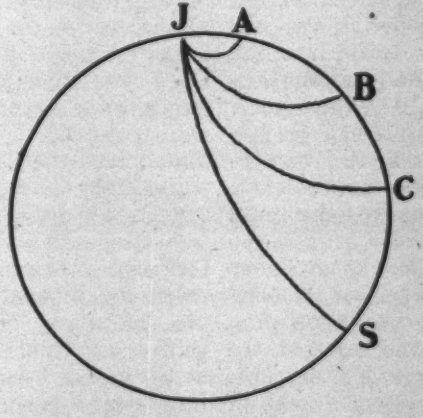


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE COURSES OF EARTHQUAKE TREMORS.

An earthquake occurs at J. The first tremors travel from J to S, C, B, A, through the earth. Later waves travel on the surface from A, B, C, to S.

"And beyond that point you come to a great molten sea?"

"On the contrary, you leave a small molten sea behind you, and come to a great rigid core."

I stared at this. "To a great rigid core?"

"Yes; my experiments and those of others in recording earthquake tremors indicate that our earth is at least twice as rigid as steel. For instance, seismic waves through the body

of the world starting, say, from Japan, reach the Isle of Wight in sixteen minutes, which is nearly twice as fast as they would come the same distance through solid steel. The greater the rigidity, you know, the faster the rate of wave transmission."

"Do these seismic waves travel through the earth in straight lines, or do they follow around its surface?"

"I am inclined to think that they radiate from their point of origin in all directions through our earth and over its surface. I will show you some seismograms that lead to this conclusion, and also throw light on the condition of the earth's interior."

The Professor produced a book pasted full of seismogram tapes, each bearing its straight blank line, broken into loops and jagged points where the earthquake tremors had set the needle swinging. It has been explained in a previous article* how the quiverings and swayings of these seismic pendulums are registered photographically on moving bands of paper.

"Now," continued the Professor, "here is a seismogram from the South Indian Ocean which shows what I may call seismic echoes; but before going into that let me tell you that waves through our earth reach Shide eighteen minutes after they leave Borneo, which is not very much in excess of the time required for similar waves to travel from the West Indies, though Borneo is more than 2,000 miles farther away. And the reason of this is that the Borneo waves come through the earth at a greater depth than the West Indian waves, and therefore travel more quickly, which leads to the conclusion that the earth becomes more elastic as you approach the center. From such observations as are at our disposal Dr. C. G. Knott infers that the elasticity which governs the propagation of a certain class of vibrations increases at the rate of 1.2 per cent. for each mile of descent. It is difficult to explain this greater speed of transmission on any other theory. We always find that seismic waves from points on the globe nearly opposite us travel much faster than any other waves, simply because they pass nearer to the earth's center or region of maximum rigidity. On the other hand, we find that waves from points on our own side of the globe travel to us more slowly, since they come along shallow chords in a less rigid region. These phenomena, invariably noted at all our seismic observatories, entirely upset the old theory that the earth's interior is a freely moving liquid, and demonstrate apparently that the earth-orange, under its peel of crust, is a mass very much more rigid than the crust itself."

"Yet extremely hot?"

"Of course."

"So hot that everything melts?"

"So hot that everything would melt if it could. And everything does melt in a certain limited region, a sort of viscous layer, pasty in its upper parts and solid down below."

"Why not molten all the way down?"

"Because of the pressure above. At a depth of 200 miles this would amount to about 600 tons to the square inch, probably enough to squeeze the molten rock and metal back into a solid state. At any rate, a depth must soon be reached where the pressure is great enough to effect that result. You know the general law: that heat expands and cold contracts. Well, there are strong reasons for believing that most metals and rocks can be prevented from melting under heat if you prevent them from expanding. Or, if you have a quantity of molten metal which has already expanded in melting, you can bring it back to the solid state by great pressure, just as you can solidify liquid air by putting it under great pressure. The interior of the earth—the ball of the orange underneath the peel—though potentially liquid, is actually solid and extremely dense. It would immediately become liquid if the pressure were removed. It is hot enough to become liquid, but by the laws of matter cannot do so without expanding, and it cannot expand so long as it is squeezed down under the great weight upon it. You must understand that the earth, originally liquid, became solid under two influences: it began to solidify at the surface by cooling, the crust growing thicker and thicker; and it began to solidify at the center by pressure, the core growing larger and larger. This double phenomenon of solidifying continued until a solid outer shell and a solid inner core came close together in what may be called the critical region of the earth, a region that feeds lava to volcanoes."

Professor Milne went on to consider what takes place in this critical region, this subterranean and intermittently collapsing battlefield, where pressure and heat are ever fighting with changing fortune to make solid liquid and liquid solid. As the crust cools it shrinks into countless wrinkles, just as an orange withers, these wrinkles being mountain ranges and deep-cut valleys; for a con-

* "John Milne, Observer of Earthquakes," by Cleveland Moffett, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for May, 1898.

tracting sphere must somehow squeeze together and readjust its superficial covering. And when an insufficiently supported area caves in, when one of the girders of a continental frontier crashes into the sub-viscous layer beneath, like a Switzerland sliding into the Pacific Ocean, the shock goes vibrating through the earth (we call it an earthquake), and it lifts the crust up in long waves, like portions of a raft upon an ocean swell. These

"Then the surface of our earth is really quite elastic?" I remarked.

"The surface rocks are as you say. But the assumption of a liquid interior and a solid shell leads to the absolute absurdity that there are no tides in the ocean, for it is a matter of mathematical demonstration that even a shell of solid steel 500 kilometers (312 miles) thick would yield under the enormous pull of sun and moon (this is Lord Kelvin's cal-

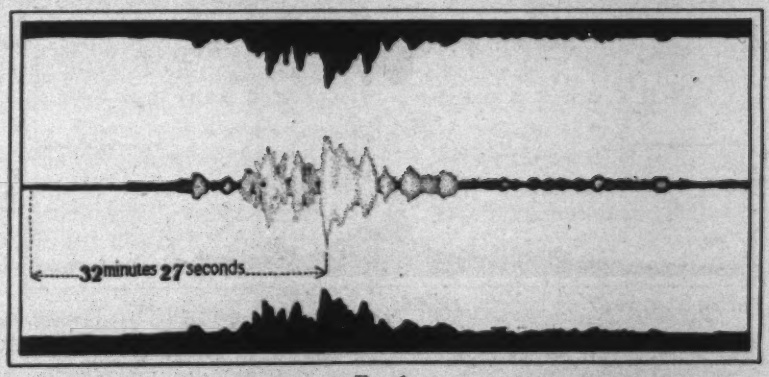


FIG. 1.

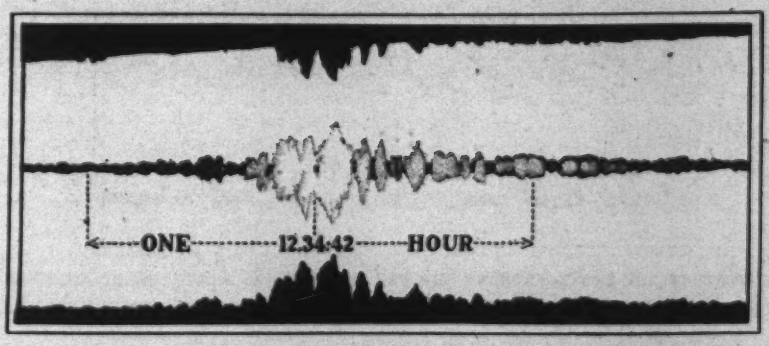


FIG. 2.

SEISMOGRAMS OF A MEXICAN EARTHQUAKE, JANUARY 24, 1899, AS RECORDED AT SWARTHMORE, PA. (FIG. 1), AND AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT (FIG. 2).

earth-waves, after traveling great distances, so Professor Milne has calculated, measure between crests from twenty to forty miles, and the crowns of their swells lift two or three feet above the level, so that a whole mountain range or a whole plain or a whole city heaves up two or three feet, then settles down as much; but all together and so evenly that only the seismic instruments can feel it. London, New York, and all the cities in the world are in this way raised and lowered many times a year. And after a severe shock, these long earth-swells persist for many hours before subsiding, about ten or twenty seconds being occupied by the lifting of one of them and ten or twenty seconds by the sinking.

culation) as if it were India rubber, while a crust of any thickness assumed by those who hold the shell theory would buckle up under the moon's attraction in a great land-wave that would accompany the moon around, carrying the water up and down so that it would be apparently undisturbed. We should have land-tides, but none of water."

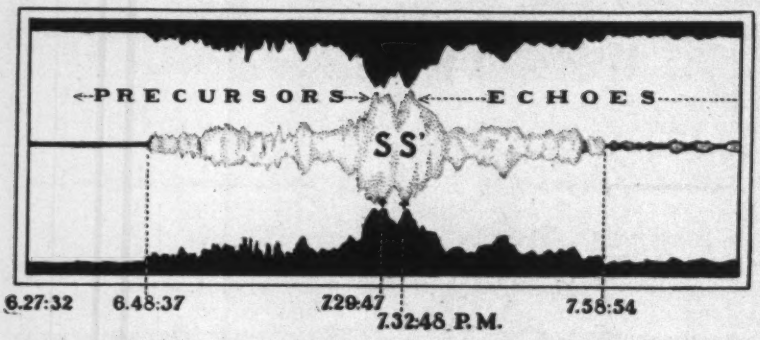
"As a matter of fact, is there no buckling up of the earth under the moon's pull?"

"None that our instruments have as yet revealed with any certainty. It is likely, however, that more delicate instruments will show that there is a regularly recurring moon-wave through the land with a lift of about one inch in 300 miles. But that, although

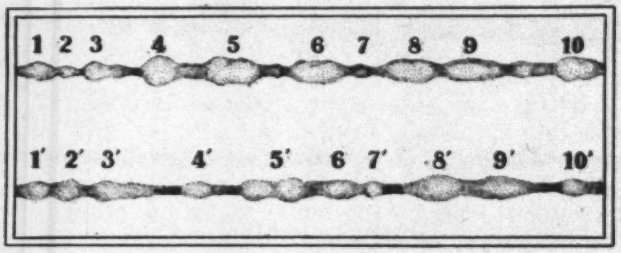
of interest in itself, is insignificant compared to the seismic pulsations we are considering."

Coming back now to our book of seismograms, Professor Milne pointed out a further indication that the earth's interior is more rigid than its surface.

"If you look clearly at these tapes," he said, "you will be struck by a repetition of the same figure or pattern in the needle tracings. The seismograms of nearly all important earthquakes contain such repetitions, or, as I styled them just now, seismic echoes. For several minutes the pendulum will oscillate through a certain number of loops and zigzags, recording, as it were, an earthquake signature—and many earthquakes carry with them what might be called the post-mark of their origin—and then presently it will repeat the very same loops and zigzags on a smaller scale, a miniature copy. And often there will follow one or two more repetitions, the record running off finally so far in diminuendo that a magnifying glass is needed to show the resemblance between the last tiny autograph and the original. Now I think we have here several seismic records of the same disturbance, these having traveled through the earth to different stations by different paths. I will show you what I mean by a diagram. Here is the earth [see diagram on page 363], and here is the Shide observatory at S. Now let us suppose an earthquake in Japan at J. Then the first seismic record will come to us on a path that is nearly straight, deep through the line of densest and most rigid medium, J S. But other seismic waves go forth from J by many paths, as J A, J B, J C; and these, reaching the surface successively, may be carried along after emergence on the surface at a slower rate of transmission and come to S one after another, each in its turn affecting the instruments. These are the precursors of the initial movement or shock of the earthquake, the main portion of which travels from the place of origin to the observing station as surface undulations. Following the shock are the echoes, reverberations, or earthquake followers, but whence these rhythmical repetitions are reflected we do not know. We cannot say that there is music within our world, but perhaps, in consequence of surgings at its point of origin, as an earthquake dies, music-like groupings of vibrations are recorded at stations distant from the point of origin."



SEISMOGRAM OF THE EARTHQUAKE OF JUNE 29, 1898, IN THE SOUTH INDIAN OCEAN, AS RECORDED AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.



ENLARGEMENT OF PARTS OF THE ABOVE, SHOWING HOW THE ECHOES 1′, 2′, 3′, ETC., TRAVELING OVER THE SURFACE, RESEMBLE IN SHAPE THE VIBRATIONS 1, 2, 3, ETC., WHICH TRAVELED THROUGH THE EARTH.

"Do all seismic disturbances originate," I asked, "in what you call the earth's critical region?"

"By no means. Earthquakes are distinctly of two kinds. There are those due

to collapse in the critical region, which cause the surface of our earth to heave and throb deeply; and there are those which originate by fracture due to excessive bending of the crust. These latter, which comprise at least ninety-five per cent. of the earthquakes felt, merely cause an elastic shiver, and are never propagated to great distances."

"Are there none that start at the center of the earth or near the center?"

"None that we have detected. Were there any such, it is evident that they would reach all our seismic stations at precisely the same or nearly the same moment, having equal distances to travel; but that has never happened. There are always marked differences in time for a given lot of seismograms, corresponding to the varying distances of our twenty-five stations from the point of disturbance. It is by comparing these different seismograms that we get the precise location of any particular earthquake."

"Then you conclude that the interior of the earth below the critical region is in a state of rest; is just a silent, solid ball intensely hot. Does it glow with the heat red or white?"

"It can't show a glow so long as it is covered up by a layer of gross material that does not transmit light; but had we the means of seeing into the earth's interior at the time when any readjustment took place in the critical region, its luminosity might flicker, and although we cannot see through a brick wall, it is not impossible that a something accompanying the phenomena of light on one side of the same may be rendered evident on the other."

"Would it show a glow if the crust were stripped off?"

"Undoubtedly; only if the crust were stripped off, it would cease to be a silent, solid ball. It would become a ball spread over with an ocean of molten fires. You see, if the crust were stripped off, the pressure would be relieved that keeps the inner ball solid, and what had been potentially liquid would at once become really liquid—to a depth where the weight of liquid ocean would give sufficient pressure to maintain the solid state. Then would begin again the process of surface-cooling and crust-wrinkling, and gradually there would form another earth like our present one, only smaller by the thickness of the old shell. You must know that we get our volcanoes through the buckling of the outer crust. In the shrinking of the earth's surface as it cools, there is a tendency to create cavernous spaces in the crust above some critical region. These spaces may remain quiet for centuries; but so soon as water filters into one of them from the earth above or gets into it by capillary action from the ocean alongside, conditions are reached which culminate in explosions of steam, and the ordinary phenomena of violent convulsions and eruptions as we know them in volcanoes."

"Then it does not follow that all the volcanoes in a certain region are fed from the same molten sea?"

"Not at all, although there might be several vents to one steam-driven lava lake. We have an example in the Hawaiian Islands of two volcanoes close together, Kilauea and Mauna Loa, the former on the flanks of the latter; yet the lava column in Kilauea stands 10,000 feet lower than it stands in Mauna Loa. Here, plainly, each volcano is fed from its individual reservoir of lava, with no communication between the two, and each one represents a distinct pocket of liquid formed in the earth's crust by release of pressure."

Passing down now below the region of earthquakes and volcano pools, we talked about the steadily increasing density of the inner ball and the significance of this. The conclusions drawn from seismogram records are supported by calculations and deductions of geologists and astronomers, the general opinion being that the earth's whole mass has a specific gravity of about 5.5 against a specific gravity in the crust of 2.5; in other words, that the earth as we know it is like a cannon-ball covered with wood or leather, the outer part being light and flimsy compared to what is within. Furthermore, it is calculated that the earth's central core must have a specific gravity of at least 10 to bring the average up to 5.5. I asked Professor Milne for the explanation of this.

"There are two ways," he said, "of accounting for the great density and weight of the earth's central core. If we assume that it is made up of elements as we have them on the surface and in the same proportions, we must conclude that these elements are so packed together at the center that a given bulk of surface earth weighs only one-fourth as much as the same bulk of center earth. But since solids as we know them are only very slightly compressible, the idea that the density at the center of the earth is due to mere packing of the components together has to be abandoned. Pressure has some effect in increasing the density of solids, but comparatively little. A more reasonable hypothesis is that the earth's core has great weight and density because the densest and heaviest elements arranged themselves there

in the planet's earliest period of formation. It is a rational assumption that when the earth was liquid, metals with great specific gravity, like platinum (21), gold (19), silver (10), lead (11), iron (7), sank below such lighter elements as silicon (2.4), aluminium (2.5), sodium (.97), carbon (3.3), and others which form the chief constituents of our surface rocks, clays, and sands. This arrangement corresponds with what the spectroscope shows to exist in other heavenly bodies—that is, heavier layers toward the center—and corresponds with what geologists have actually found to be true of our earth so far as their researches go. The black basalt rocks in Utah and Nevada, for instance, are among the heaviest we have, and are known to have been thrown up from a great depth."

"Then," said I, "there may be great deposits of the heavier metals at the earth's center?"

"That is the view of many scientists, and there is nothing improbable in it. We should account then for the comparative scarcity of gold, platinum, and the more precious metals on the surface by assuming that the light crust contains only such occasional deposits of them as have leaked up somehow out of their proper lower layer, to be precipitated in the rock-scum of the surface. By the same reasoning, it is likely that the lighter elements of the crust are very rare in the central core. And if we could imagine people living there, we should probably find them making wedding-rings out of aluminium, and building barns with gold alloy. By the way, you may not know what an enormous quantity of aluminium there is on the earth's crust. It is by far the most abundant of all our metals, since it is the basis of all our earth and clay. In an ordinary brick there is over a pound of pure aluminium, and in every workman's back yard there is enough of it to build a battleship. It is merely a question of getting it out cheaply."

"Is it likely," I asked, "that the various metals and elements in the earth's interior are arranged evenly in layers as you go down according to specific gravity?"

"No; there is probably only a general tendency toward such an arrangement, for we must assume that there were internal disturbances, just as there were disturbances in the crust. Besides, there is no more likelihood that all the metals and elements are distinctly themselves at the earth's center than at the surface. They must be blended together in a great number of alloys and chemical unions."

Here our talk turned to more general considerations regarding the constitution of the earth, considerations of the highest interest, but into which I cannot go now.

GENERAL LEONARD WOOD.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

By Ray Stannard Baker.

To one who has seen General Leonard Wood at his work in Santiago the popular estimate of the man seems curiously inadequate. His fame in the United States has rested almost wholly on what he has accomplished in the material rehabilitation of a war-worn and turbulent province, and yet this work reveals only one side of General Wood's character, and in no wise explains the extraordinary personal ascendancy which he has attained in eastern Cuba. There are not many men in this or in any other country who could have gone into the Santiago of August, 1898, with its thousands of dead and dying, its reeking filth, its starvation, its utter prostration, and made of it in four months' time a clean, healthy, orderly city. Another soldier might have been chosen who could have preserved order as well as did General Wood, a lawyer might have reorganized the judicial system, and a physician reëstablished the hospitals; but it would not have been easy to find another man with the varied mental equipment and the requisite physical endurance to serve in a tropical country as lawmaker, judge, and governor all in one; to build roads and sewers; to establish hospitals; to organize a school system and devise a scheme of finance; to deal amicably with a powerful church influence, and yet to remain, in spite of such autocracy, the most popular man in the province.

Yet one cannot stay long in Cuba without

being convinced that it was not so much what General Wood did in Santiago as what he was. He stood for Americanism. For years the Cubans had been looking to the great nation of the North for succor in their struggle. They had at last been rescued, and the Spaniards had been driven from the island. Their ideal of the bravery, the honesty, the power, the wisdom of the American was high. He must be everything that the Spanish oppressor was not. And here they had General Wood, *the* American. He was calm, firm, simple, accessible to poor as well as to rich. He was direct and absolutely truthful in what he said. He had none of the airs of the Spanish governors—a sturdy man in a khaki suit, who went everywhere, saw everything, and could be neither flattered, nor cajoled, nor deceived; a man who quelled riots with his riding-whip. That was the American they knew.

To this day the visitor at Santiago wonders at the apathy of the Cubans over the marvelous improvements in their city—its beautiful pavements, its clean alleys, its enlarged water system, and its reorganized hospitals. These things make an acute impression on the cleanly American; but the average Cuban, who has never known anything but dirt and disease, simply does not understand such conditions. He himself never suffers from yellow fever—then why all this fuss about quarantine, this fumigating and burning—thousands of dollars of Cuban money spent to protect the foreigner from disease? "Yes, the pavements are good," a Cuban said to me grudgingly; "but most of our people are just as well off without them. The asphalt hurts their heels."

Some day, indeed, the splendid rock roads which General Wood has been driving east and west and north and south, through jungles and over mountains, will earn their appreciation; but to-day, when the four-wheeled wagon is unknown, when the burro-train is the accepted means of carrying freight, the average Cuban cannot see the utility of such improvements, except as a means of providing work for the unemployed. He is merely vaguely jealous, feeling somehow that the American is repairing Cuba so that it will be habitable for himself. These really wonderful public works, prosecuted in spite of many difficulties, have made General Wood famous wherever English is spoken; but they have not added appreciably to his glory among the Cubans. It is Wood the man and the American whom they love and respect; and it is Wood who has won their confidence more fully, perhaps, than any other American.

It sometimes happens that a man of extraordinary activity stands in the shadow of his own achievements. In a measure that is what General Wood has been doing, so far as his own countrymen are concerned. He is known in America mainly for the roads he has built, but in Santiago he is respected for the man he is. Those who know him best—and it is fortunate for the country that some of them are in high places—know that it is the immense personal force of the man, the rare ability to win the absolute confidence of every one with whom he comes in contact, that has won him his successes and has so persistently suggested his name for still higher places.

General Wood comes early to his fame. He is now only thirty-nine years old. Eighteen months ago he was unknown outside of the limited circle of his personal acquaintance. At the beginning of May, 1898, he was an army surgeon with the rank of captain. Two months later he was commanding a brigade at San Juan, and his name was known in every hamlet in the United States. Before the year was out he had risen to the rank of major-general, and he held what was then one of the most important foreign commands in the gift of the government. Because of this quick promotion he has been called a man of opportunity; but he is rather the man always ready for the opportunity. Within eight months after he received his army commission, back in the middle '80's, he had earned a Congressional medal for gallant and hazardous service, and he was then only a contract surgeon, green from the schools. And it was not mere chance that made him colonel of the Rough Riders and led his regiment first of all the troops into the jungle at Las Guasimas.

There is a glitter of brilliancy about such sudden rises in fortune that frequently blinds a careless public to the generations of high breeding and the unremitting self-development and self-preparation which have made such a career a possibility. General Wood's success dates back to the "Mayflower"; for he is a direct descendant of Susanna White, whose son, Peregrine White, was the first white child born in New England. Nine years after the coming of the "Mayflower," the first of the Wood family, William Wood, landed in Massachusetts, and there, within a day's journey from Plymouth Rock, the family has grown and developed, although General Wood himself was born at Winchester, New Hamp-

shire (October 9, 1860), where his parents temporarily resided. His mother, who is still living, comes of the old Massachusetts families Hager, Cutler, and Nixon. His immediate ancestors were nearly all farmers, of the stiff, stern stock that wrung a hard living from the rocky farms of Wayland, Sudbury, and Weston. His father was Dr. Charles Jewett Wood, a man of brilliant attainments, sturdy individuality, great physical energy, and, although strangely taciturn, a man who attracted and won the confidence of every one he met. For years he drove by day and night over the hills between Buzzard's Bay and Cape Cod, following the rigorous, underpaid practice of a country doctor, and many are the little homes of the fisher folk where he called and forgot to leave his bill. The old Wood homestead at Barlow Landing, in Pocasset, where the boy Leonard lived between the years of six and eighteen, has now been swept away to make room for a summer cottage. It stood only a stone's throw from the waters of Buzzard's Bay—a plain little two-story house sided with shingles and looking out at the old wharf where generations of Barlows have tied their vessels.

It was young Wood's first ambition to follow the sea; the longing for adventure burned in his blood and drove him into almost recklessly venturesome voyages down the coast. A little later he was planning for a voyage in the Arctic; and he even went so far as to pack his clothing, ready for instant departure. During the winter he attended the district school, where he fared only moderately in his studies, but won a reputation for strength and daring. An old schoolmate describes him as a square-built, stocky boy, with blue eyes and hair like caulking-tow. He was shy, sensitive, and silent; and persevering rather than ready. For three years he attended an old-fashioned academy at Middleboro. He was fond of the languages and of history; mathematics did not appeal to him. His reading was mostly of books of travel, history, and adventure, with an occasional novel.

After the death of his father, in August, 1880, Wood entered the Harvard Medical School. He was almost without means; but by earning what he could in tutoring and with the money from a hard-won scholarship he managed to pay his way, and came out third in his class at the examination for admission to the city hospital. Dr. E. G. Brackett, of Boston, who was a classmate of his at the Medical School, describes him as "a boy of fine clean countenance." "At that time," Dr. Brackett told me further, "Wood gave one the impression of being shy and backward, just as any country boy might be on coming to the city to college. He seemed self-distrustful, for he had not learned his own strength; but it was self-distrust in assertion rather than in action. He talked then as he does to-day, in a low, steady voice, saying very little, but that little always direct and frank."

Dr. E. H. Bradford, who was superintendent of the Boston City Hospital while Wood was there as an intern, says of him: "He was one of the most satisfactory assistants I ever had—if not the most satisfactory. He was indefatigable in his work, and when he was told to do a thing, he could be counted upon absolutely to do it, and do it immediately. And he knew how to hold his tongue."

During his last year in the medical school his shyness wore off somewhat—although to this day he gives a marked impression of reserve, if not of diffidence—and he became immensely popular among those who knew him. It was not the homage paid to a brilliant student, although Wood was always near the top of his class; but it came to him because he was Wood—a broad-minded, cool-headed, generous, unpretentious fellow. One of his classmates told me that Wood was more sought after than any other intern, notwithstanding a bold directness of speech (when he spoke at all) that never minced an opinion of things or of men. This directness remains with him. He has the rare gift of looking a man in the eye, telling him a disagreeable truth, and being better friends with him afterwards than he was before. He made it a rule throughout his course to keep himself in perfect physical trim. He ran and walked hundreds of miles a month, and he boxed in the amphitheater of the hospital until his muscles were like steel.

At twenty-four, Wood began the practice of medicine in a little office in Staniford Street, Boston, where the people were poor and pay was slow. There he spent nearly a year in a bitter struggle to get a start. By the aid of dispensary work and tutoring, he managed to pay expenses; but that was all. The old longing for greater activity—the fever of the seaman and fighter in his blood—again took possession of him, and in April, 1885, he packed his satchel, and without informing any of his friends, he went to New York to take an examination for admission as a surgeon in the army. To his surprise, he passed second in a competitive

class of fifty-nine; and there being no vacancies, he accepted a contract position, which he held until he was commissioned, January 5, 1886. His first service was on an assignment for two days at Fort Warren, Massachusetts.

IN PURSUIT OF GERONIMO.

In June, 1885, he was ordered to Arizona. He determined even before he left Boston that, if an opportunity should ever present itself, he would enter the active branch of the service. He did not then know how soon his desire in this regard was to be gratified. On the night of July 4, 1885, he arrived at Fort Huachuca, in Arizona. There he met Captain H. W. Lawton of the Fourth Cavalry, now Major-General Lawton. Lawton had been at Harvard, and the two at once became friends. Lawton was leaving at four o'clock the next morning on what was to become one of the most famous of Indian campaigns—the pursuit of Geronimo, and Wood was ordered to report to him for duty. There was only one unassigned horse in the troop—a vicious, unreliable animal—and Wood knew next to nothing of riding. The instant he was mounted, the horse rushed into some heavy trees, to the damage of the young surgeon's clothing, but the rider never let go. That day he rode thirty miles, through some of the roughest country in Arizona, in the heat and dust of midsummer, and for five days afterward he was in the saddle eighteen hours a day. It was what a cavalryman calls "healing in the saddle," and a man who can do it and live to ride any further has the mettle of a soldier in him. From July, 1885, until March, 1887, the young surgeon was almost continuously in the field, chasing Apaches through Arizona, New Mexico, and 400 miles into old Mexico. Before he had been commissioned three months, and even then he was not a line officer, he was assigned to command all the infantry of the expedition, and sometimes the Indian scouts. But that was the way of the man—he went up by sheer personal force.

It was Wood's opinion that a well-trained white man could endure more than any Indian, and he set about deliberately to prove it. Governor Theodore Roosevelt, who knows him as well, perhaps, as any one, recently said of him: "No soldier could outwalk him, could live with greater indifference on hard and scanty fare, could endure hardship better, or do better without sleep."

Perhaps there never was an expedition so remarkable for its hardships and the extraordinary endurance and fortitude of the men who took part in it as this chase for Geronimo and his Apaches among the cactus and chaparral of their own burning hills. Of thirty picked frontiersmen who started out, only fourteen lasted to the end, and only two of these were officers—Lawton and Wood. But they brought in Geronimo. The spirit of the wildest of all the Indian tribes had been broken by the relentless determination of a handful of white men. At another time Wood was detailed with a force of twenty-seven Indian scouts to follow a straggling minor trail. All they carried with them was little sacks of coffee and salt. There were only six tin cups in the party. But they killed and ate deer, and these, with prickly pears and roots that the Indians dug, sufficed them for food. As for water, they found it when they could, on those parched hills. And Wood slept and ate and marched with the Indians; managed them, too, as he has since managed the Cubans; and so severe was the expedition that two of these hardy scouts died from the effects of it, after they returned. Once, sleeping half-clad on the ground, Wood was stung by a tarantula, and yet marched on foot, though suffering exquisitely, for two days, when finally he fell delirious. At another time, arriving at a stockaded ranch, he bought a large steer, and such was the hunger of the party that the twenty-eight men ate the animal to the bones in two meals.

"In this remarkable pursuit," writes General Miles, in his report, "he [Captain Lawton, with his command] pursued them from one range of mountains to another, over the highest peaks, often 9,000 and 10,000 feet above the level of the sea and frequently in the depths of the cañons, where the heat in July and August was of tropical intensity. A portion of the command leading on the trail were without rations for five days, three days being the longest continuous period. They subsisted on two or three deer killed by the scouts and mule meat without salt. These men made marches where it was impossible to move cavalry or pack-trains; but their laborious and painful efforts were crippled by the miserable shoes made at and furnished by the military prison at Fort Leavenworth. The worthless material fell to pieces in three or four days' marching. The troops suffered somewhat from fever, but fortunately they were very strong men and endured their hardships with commendable fortitude. When on the Yaqui River and in the district of Moctezuma, the hostile camp was surprised and

attacked by Captain Lawton's command. The Indians escaped among the rocks, but their entire property, with the exception of what they could carry, was captured, including all their horses. They scattered in every direction; but whenever this occurred the troops followed the trail of a single Indian until they came together again. . . . I enclose herewith the report of Assistant Surgeon Leonard Wood, who accompanied Lawton's command from the beginning to the end. He not only fulfilled the duties of his profession in his skillful attention to disabled officers and soldiers, but at times performed satisfactorily the duties of a line officer, and, during the whole extraordinary march, by his example of physical endurance, greatly encouraged others, having voluntarily made many of the longest and most difficult marches on foot."

After Geronimo, finding himself cornered, had consented to go back and surrender to General Miles, Lawton's party and the Apaches marched northward, it being the understanding that there should be a truce between them. Wood and two officers were detailed to march with Geronimo's warriors as hostages, and this they did for several days, sleeping and eating with the murderous Apaches, often miles away from their companions. In his report of the campaign, Captain Lawton said: "I desire to invite the attention of the department commander to Assistant Surgeon Leonard Wood, the only officer who has been with me through the whole campaign. His courage, energy, and loyal support during the whole time, his encouraging example to the command when work was the hardest and prospects darkest, his thorough confidence and belief in the final success of the expedition, and his untiring efforts to make it so, have placed me under obligations so great that I cannot express them."

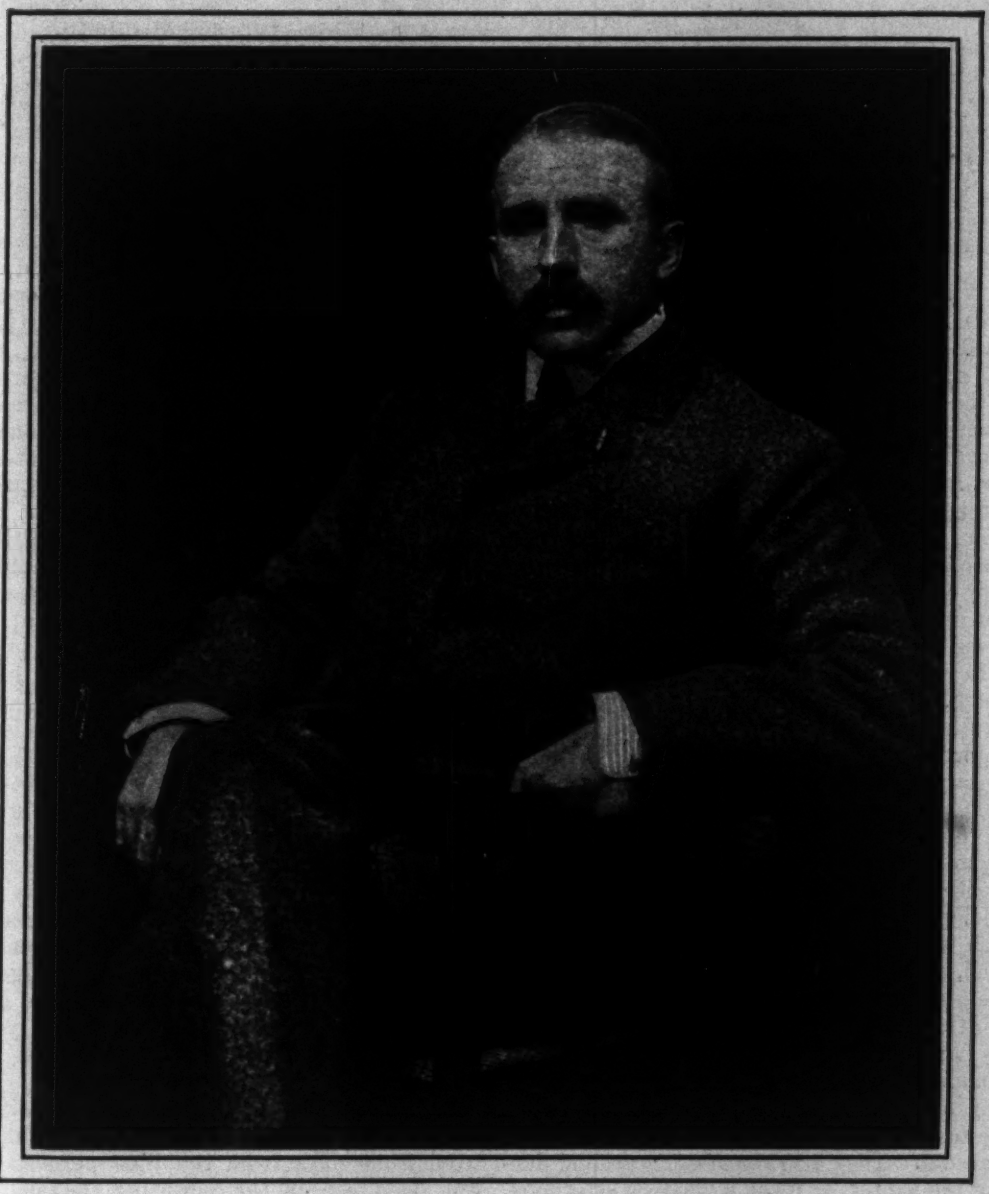
The young surgeon had improved his first opportunity. He was recommended to Congress for a medal of honor, and he received it—*ten years* later. But the people of the Southwest who had lived next to the Apaches and knew better of what they were rid gave a three weeks' celebration at Albuquerque in honor of the men who had brought Geronimo to terms. Before these festivities were well over, General Miles despatched Wood, with eight picked men, into Mexico, to run down a band of Indians that had escaped the first expedition. At one time in this remarkable expedition, which covered more than 2,000 miles of the wildest regions of Mexico, Wood and his men traveled for forty-seven days without seeing a human habitation or a trail. While the trip did not result in the capture of the missing Apaches, it served as stern training for the service of later years. In spite of the hardships of these expeditions, to a man of General Wood's magnificent physique, love of adventure, and intense activity they were full of the keenest enjoyment. To this day he cannot speak of his frontier campaigning without a note of regret in his voice. "There is no life like it," I once heard him say.

In the spring of 1887, Wood went to Los Angeles, the headquarters of the department of Arizona, as one of the staff surgeons—a reward for his service in Mexico—and here he found a new opportunity awaiting him which should prove his unusual capacity in another line, that of his profession. General Miles had been thrown from his horse, and his leg had been badly broken. The surgeons who examined him feared the probability of amputation or permanent disability—a catastrophe which would close his career in the army. Then the General sent for Wood. No man would feel the responsibility of deciding the fate of his commanding officer more keenly than Wood; but young as he was, and knowing the judgment of the senior surgeons, he gave the opinion that the leg could be saved. Miles unhesitatingly placed himself in the hands of the young surgeon, and the leg *was* saved, so that the commanding general of the armies of America walks to-day without a limp.

A year later, in 1888, Wood was serving with the Tenth Cavalry in the Kid outbreak in New Mexico, and later he was engaged in the exacting and difficult work of the heliographic survey of Arizona, in which General Miles was then deeply engrossed. There are probably few men in the army who know every valley and mountain of that rugged wilderness better than does General Wood.

After this service, there was a year at Fort McDowell, and then a return to California, where, in 1889, he met Louise A. Condet Smith, a niece of U. S. Justice Field, whom he married a year later, at Washington.

It was during his service at the California posts, and at Fort McPherson, near Atlanta, Georgia, that he became an expert foot-ball player. Foot-ball appealed to him strongly as furnishing the strenuously active element of his life which had dropped out of it when he quit the Indian service of the Southwest. The team of which he was captain at Fort McPherson lost only one game in two years. He continued to play foot-ball actively until



MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD, THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CUBA.

On December 13, 1899, General Wood was promoted from the office of governor of the provinces of Santiago and Puerto Principe to the command of the entire military division of Cuba, and to the office of military governor of the whole island. At the time of his promotion he was in this country on a brief official visit, and the above portrait is from a photograph by Miss Ben-Yusuf, taken especially for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, the morning General Wood sailed on his return to Cuba, December 16th.

he was past thirty-seven years old, a few months before the outbreak of the Spanish war. An incident of a game played at Fort McPherson throws a light on the sterner side of his character. He came home one afternoon with a deep cut over one eye. It was bleeding profusely; but he calmly changed his clothes, and went to his office, where he laid out his surgical instruments, and, standing before a mirror, quietly took four stitches in the wound, afterwards dressing it properly.

To an army surgeon, Washington is a place full of the possibilities of honor, but also a place of much hard work. He must attend as medical adviser all active and retired officers of the army and their families; he is official physician to the Secretary of War, and he shares with a navy surgeon the

responsibility of attending the President. General Wood was ordered to duty in Washington in September, 1895, and it was not long before he became a frequent visitor to President Cleveland and his family. And here in the White House, as on the plains, he won friends.

WOOD'S FIRST MEETING WITH ROOSEVELT.

When the administration changed and President McKinley came into power, Dr. Bates of the navy was, until his death, attending surgeon at the White House. One night in the fall of 1897, Wood received a summons from the President, and from that time forward he was the regular medical adviser to Mr. and Mrs. McKinley, as he was already attendant on General Alger, the Secretary of War. It was about this time that he met Theodore Roosevelt, then Assistant Secretary of the Navy. They were guests at dinner of the Lowndes family, and they walked home together in the evening. Their friendship was instant. Both were men of extraordinary vitality and activity. Both loved hunting and fishing, sailing, and all the vigorous out-door sports which do so much toward making good men. Both knew the wild West; both were born with the blood of fighters hot within them. In each of them was bred the best of American traditions—for Roosevelt had come from the ancient Dutch stock of Manhattan and Wood was from the oldest blood of New England. And, more than anything else, both were men of high ideals and splendid ambitions.

Straightway the two young Americans, not so famous then as they were soon to be, were tramping together in the country, each walking at a gait to outdo the other and each pretending that he was doing nothing at all unusual. They also ran foot races, and during the winter, on many a blustery afternoon, they went to the hills in their sweaters and coasted on Norwegian ski. Occasionally they persuaded Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, or some army officer to go with them; but there were not many men who could stand the pace they set. On pleasant Sunday afternoons they would walk out Georgetown way with their children. In these excursions, they led in scaling steep hills, crossing log bridges, exploring ravines, and climbing trees. Sometimes the children pretended to be soldiers tracking Indians, and sometimes to be the Indians who were tracked—all of which was not only a jolly pastime, but a vigorous training in fearlessness and endurance.

ORGANIZING THE ROUGH RIDERS.

In the spring of 1898 came the talk of war with Spain. Both Wood and Roosevelt were fired at once with the prospect. Wood's keenest ambition had always been to get into the line of the army and see active service. He was a tried and experienced soldier, a man of acknowledged judgment and personal force. The President believed in him and in Roosevelt; they were, indeed, his personal friends. He called them the "war party," and when Wood came in of a morning he would ask, "Have you and Theodore declared war yet?" It was inevitable that they should go into the fight. They first planned to raise regiments in their respective States, Roosevelt in New York and Wood in Massachusetts. This, however, was likely to be attended by much red tape and not a little delay—things that neither of the men could brook. It was perfectly natural, therefore, that they should seize upon the idea of a regiment such as the Rough Riders—an idea suggested by Senator Warren. Wood had himself been a rough rider; he knew intimately every phase of the service, and he felt that it was the dash and boldness of attack of an Indian campaign that would avail most in the jungles of Cuba. Roosevelt was offered the colonelcy, with authority to recruit such a regiment, but declined it, and said that he would accept the lieutenant-colonelcy if Wood was appointed colonel. The Secretary of War approved, and Wood was commissioned to raise the regiment. General Alger, indeed, gave Wood a desk in the corner of his office. "Now don't let me hear from you again," he said, "until your regiment is raised."

It is not necessary here to repeat the familiar story of the Rough Riders. Within twenty-one days from the time permission was given to begin the recruiting, the famous regiment was ready to march. And not the least of the task which confronted Wood and Roosevelt was the selection of 1,200 rough riders from 23,000 applicants, from every part of the Union. Never before had there been such a record in military organization.

In the battle of Las Guasimas Wood was the same steady, low-voiced man that he was in the drawing-rooms of Washington, absolutely fearless in a hail of bullets, now calling up a nervous captain and asking him to repeat his orders, now walking along the line, up and down, where every soldier was hugging the ground, and now calmly cautioning his men: "Don't swear, men; shoot." A lieu-

tenant of the Rough Riders said to me: "If there was any prevailing spirit of courage in that march from Daiquiri and in the battle that followed, that spirit and inspiration was Colonel Leonard Wood."

"No officer," writes Governor Roosevelt, "ever showed more ceaseless energy in providing for his soldiers, in reconnoitering, in overseeing, personally, all the countless details of life in camp, in patrolling the trenches at night, in seeing by personal inspection that the outposts were doing their duty, in attending personally to all the thousand and one things to which a commander should attend, and to which only those commanders of marked and exceptional mental and bodily vigor are able to attend."

General Wood told me that he felt from the first the pressing necessity of haste in conquering the Spaniards. "It was a race between malaria and the constitution of our men," he said, and that was the principle on which the rush of the army was made. It is the accepted opinion that the extraordinary attack at Las Guasimas, of which the Spaniards said, "They tried to catch us with their hands," had more to do with demoralizing the enemy and making possible the subsequent victories than any other one thing. The Rough Riders paid dearly for their victories; of 500 men who landed at Daiquiri one hundred and forty-two were killed or wounded.

GOVERNOR OF SANTIAGO.

Two months from the day on which Wood received his commission as colonel of the Rough Riders he was appointed a brigadier-general of volunteers (July 8, 1898), and eleven days later he was governor of the city of Santiago. His appointment as governor came naturally to him; he was the man of all others who had made an extraordinary record in the field, and he was one of the few men who were as vigorous, physically, at the end of that terrible tropical campaign as at the beginning. He went at the task of rehabilitating the stricken city with cool judgment, unconquerable energy, and a real joy of the task.

Santiago was thronged with starving and destitute people; it was agitated by the disbanding Spanish army, and surrounded without by undisciplined hordes of Cubans. There were 15,000 sick in a population of 50,000, and people were dying at the rate of 200 a day. The streets were knee-deep in mud and filth, and thousands of dead animals festered in the areaways, so that the air above was black with buzzards. Of government and police there were none, or of courts or schools. The jails were choked with prisoners, the hospitals were full, and, to cap the sum of woe, yellow fever was raging. There were a thousand difficult problems, and every problem was acute. In the absence of any laws or precedents, the governor must answer every one of countless clamorers and decide unnumbered questions. It was the first time that an American had been delegated to reconstruct a captured foreign city, and yet General Wood was not flurried for a moment, nor did he hesitate or waver. Here, as never before, he had need for steadiness, judgment, force; but even in those trying early days he never seemed to use more than half of his strength, nor to exert half of his rightful authority. When he moved, men and things moved irresistibly before him—because they must. And the governor himself worked night and day, because he could. He gathered up the first hundred men he met in the streets and set them to work in spite of themselves; he opened stations to feed the starving; he impressed every suitable vehicle in the city to carry away the filth; he started a police force, established a yellow fever hospital; he put down the looters and robbers with an iron hand, and he started the doctors on a house-to-house visitation to relieve the sick. And while he worked, a black cloud of smoke rose for days above the city to the eastward, where thousands of dead were being piled and burned because there were not helpers to bury them fast enough. Sitting personally as the judge of a summary court, he cleared the jails; he made the laws, and then he executed them. When the butchers charged too much for their meat, he called them together and talked with them, and directly the price went down seventy-five per cent. It was the same with the bakers. He heard innumerable private complaints; his palace was crowded from daylight to dark with men and women in all stages of misery waiting for the governor to relieve them.

A little later, when his territory of command had been extended from the mere city of Santiago to the entire province, he organized a supreme court, established a school system, devised new methods of taxation, forbade bull-fighting and cocking mains, and worked a hundred other wonders. Up to the first of January, 1899, he had paid all the expenses of his government out of the ordinary revenues that he had collected and had actually saved $227,000. This sum he appro-

priated for public improvements, and under his direct supervision, there were constructed five miles of asphalt pavement, fifteen miles of country pike, and six miles of macadam; and 200 miles of country road were opened up. A quarter of a mile of macadam pavement which the Spaniards had laid along the water front a year before had cost $180,000; Wood's engineers paved a large proportion of the city's streets with asphalt, five miles in all, for less than $175,000.

General Wood's methods of dealing with affairs were as characteristic as they were suggestive. Early one morning he wanted to see the chief engineer of the water-works, and he sent a polite note requesting an immediate visit. The chief engineer was a Spaniard and deliberate. He didn't come. Wood sent a more urgent request; still no engineer. Then he sent a corporal's guard, and brought the engineer in his pajamas. After that, officials came when they were sent for.

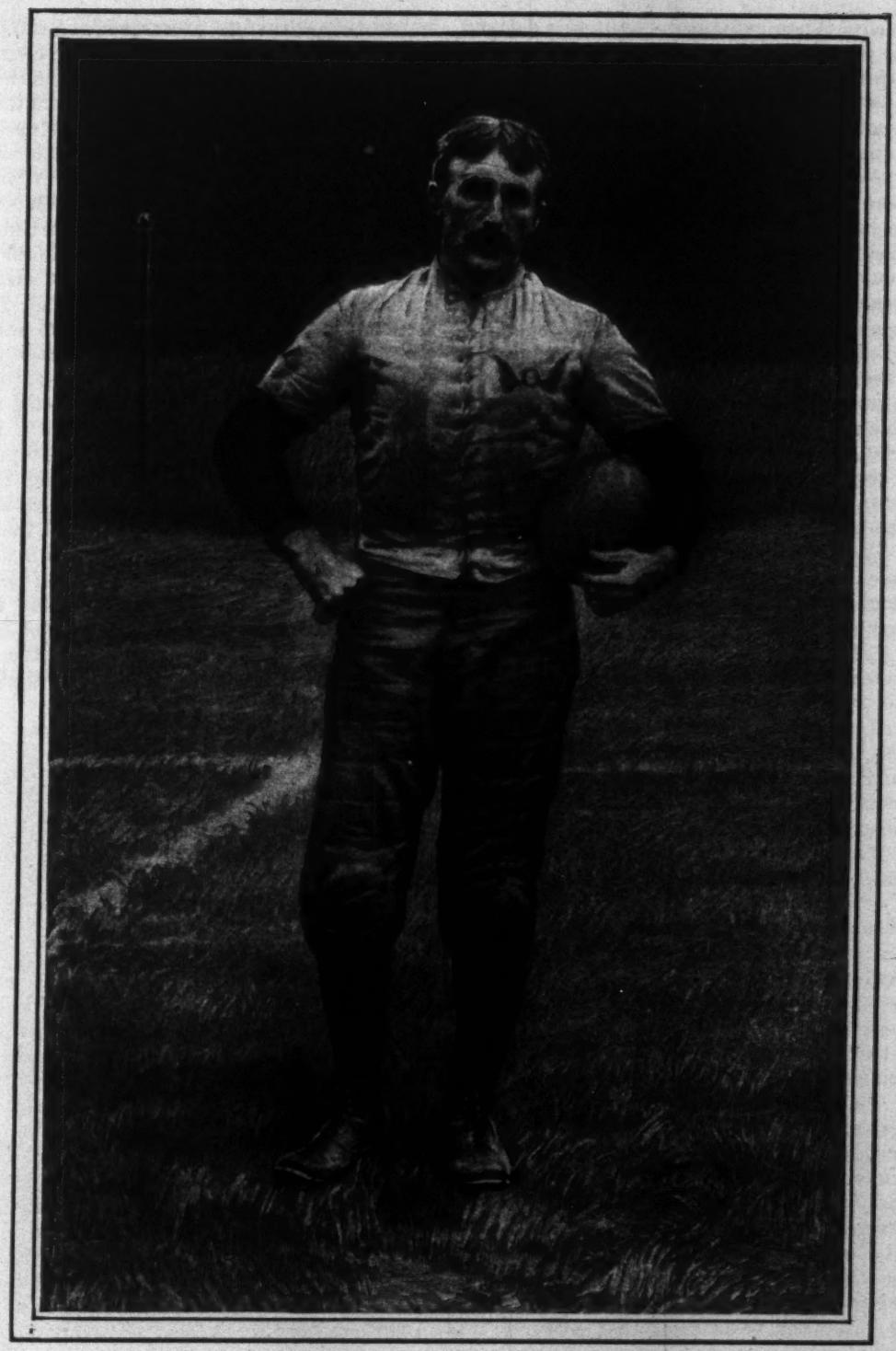
General Wood's government of the Cubans was a curious admixture of old town-meeting republicanism with absolute autocracy; it was the wise autocrat standing behind and guiding the deliberations of the town meeting. In every town that he visited he called the chief men together, told them what he wanted to do, and frankly asked their advice. He gave them to understand that they would be held accountable for the men whom they should recommend to office, and then he trusted them absolutely. He never used his authority for the sake of using it, as the Spaniards loved to do; and when a town was reorganized, the citizens felt responsible for the new officials as beings of their own election, and they warmed to the American governor because he had given them their first real taste of representative government.

I never shall forget a visit I made with General Wood and his staff to Guantanamo. The Governor of Santiago has a passion for appearing unexpectedly in out-of-the-way places in order to see the machinery of his government in its every-day work. If there happens to be a particularly heavy rain storm, with impassable roads, the governor may confidently be expected. It was raining torrents when we visited Guantanamo, and it was Sunday morning. A little group of Cubans stood on the wharf at Caimanera and watched the Americans come up from the launch. When a Spanish governor arrived there were always flags and music and crowds; but the American governor—what a wonder he was! He was clad exactly like the other men of the party, in a brown khaki suit. He wore a peaked cavalry hat and buff leather riding-leggings and spurs. His only distinguishing mark was the star on his shoulder, the insignia of a brigadier-general, and that was too high up for any of the little Cubans to see.

Guantanamo is a typical east Cuban town of some 10,000 inhabitants. On this Sunday morning it was swimming in clay mud, and wore an indescribable air of apathy and disheartenment. The faces at the doors were tired and lusterless, and even the clinking of the spurred heels of the Americans on the narrow flag walks failed to arouse any marked interest. Perhaps they didn't know that it was the governor who passed. In a big, bare, dilapidated room with barred windows a conference was held with the mayor and the city council. The mayor was a small, dry, brown old man, very smugly clad in a black suit. In his curl-brim straw hat he wore the colored cockade of a Cuban general—the only bit of color about him—and he carried a curious tortoise-shell cane, on which he leaned with both hands. He sat next the American governor, and, oddly enough, exactly beneath a picture of Admiral Dewey, and solemnly watched each speaker. The city council was made up very like an American village board—of the apothecary, the wheelwright, the doctor, and so on; but the members varied in color from the pure olive of the Spaniard to the shiny black of the full-blooded negro.

The governor rose and greeted each man as he came in with serious politeness, for politeness is the bread of existence to the Cuban. After they were all seated and the conference had begun, in walked that typical Cuban institution, the agitating editor. He came with an indescribable bustle of importance and opposition, a dramatic effect unattainable by any Anglo-Saxon. His note-book and pencil were clearly in evidence, and he spurned the chair which was offered him. The dry old mayor looked at him with a solemn lack of interest; the American governor saw him not at all. The chief of the rural guard was also there, a big, handsome fellow, as straight and lithe as a bamboo pole. A pistol tipped up the skirts of his coat. He wore black patent-leather leggings, silver spurs, and a white linen uniform with black stripings, which set him off with jaunty consequence.

At first the talk (through an interpreter) was of money. They had not yet received their allowance from the customs fund, and



GENERAL WOOD AS A FOOT-BALL PLAYER.

The picture shows General Wood in the uniform of the Olympic Foot-ball Team of San Francisco, of which he was a member during his service in California. Later, in 1893 and 1894, he was a famous guard and half-back and the captain of a team at Fort McPherson, near Atlanta, Georgia. During the two years of his captaincy his team lost but one game.

General Wood explained why it was delayed. The apothecary then reported that they had decided to build a fine yellow-fever hospital of stone ; but General Wood advised a wooden structure, with a wide veranda, and he explained with the ready knowledge of a skilled physician how difficult it was to disinfect a stone building. The grave old mayor nodded his head ; the American governor was wise. "Tell them," said General Wood, "that they should get together and build a good schoolhouse. They would have the honor of constructing the first one in Cuba."

But the mayor and council were silent—school-houses did not interest them. They discussed the new water-works system, on which the Americans were spending $100,000 ; and they wanted a stable for the horses of the rural guard, a subject which the governor referred to the local American commandant for investigation.

"Tell them," said General Wood, "that I haven't heard any complaints from here," at which compliment the council nodded in deep appreciation, and the mayor even smiled.

"They wish to thank you," said the interpreter, "for the interest which you take in the town," and then it was the governor's turn to bow graciously. The immediate business being now completed, the governor shook hands all around, addressing those about him readily in Spanish. And with this the conference ended.

When General Wood left Santiago for his first visit to the United States, in the spring of 1899, all Santiago came down to see him off and cheered him lustily. They presented him with a diploma of regard, a beautiful hand-work scroll written in Spanish—"The People of the city of Santiago de Cuba to General Leonard Wood. . . . The greatest of all your successes is to have won the confidence and esteem of a people in trouble."

He went North in the heat of the year for rest and relief, and to his astonishment and acute discomfort the country tried to receive him as a returned hero. He was feasted and interviewed and called upon for addresses, and his alma mater, Harvard University, made him the lion of her commencement and conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. But he had hardly begun to rest when news came that Santiago was down again with yellow fever and that the American soldiers were dying like sheep. Without a moment's delay or a thought of the danger involved, Wood set sail for Cuba, but not before he had purchased a ton of corrosive sublimate and other disinfecting material to take with him. He arrived at Santiago on July 9th, with his plan of campaign clearly marked out. The next day every American in Santiago was on his way to the mountains whether he wanted to go or not. Indeed, the entire American garrison left in the city consisted of just six soldiers, and they were all sick in the hospital. Yet so much confidence did General Wood place in his Cuban guards, that he felt not the slightest fear of trouble. Santiago was given such a cleaning as no other city, perhaps, ever had. The streets were sprinkled with corrosive sublimate, chlorate of lime was sprayed even under the tiles of the roofs, infected furniture and buildings were ruthlessly burned, and the whole city was washed as if it were a toy town. Three months later, when I stepped on the wharf at Santiago, the first smell that greeted my nostrils was that of chlorate of lime, and the yellow flags were still flying. The measures were the measures of a strong man, and there was grumbling among those who were removed from their business; but six days after Wood landed, the epidemic was conquered—a victory as remarkable in its way for the governor-surgeon as that of Las Guasimas.

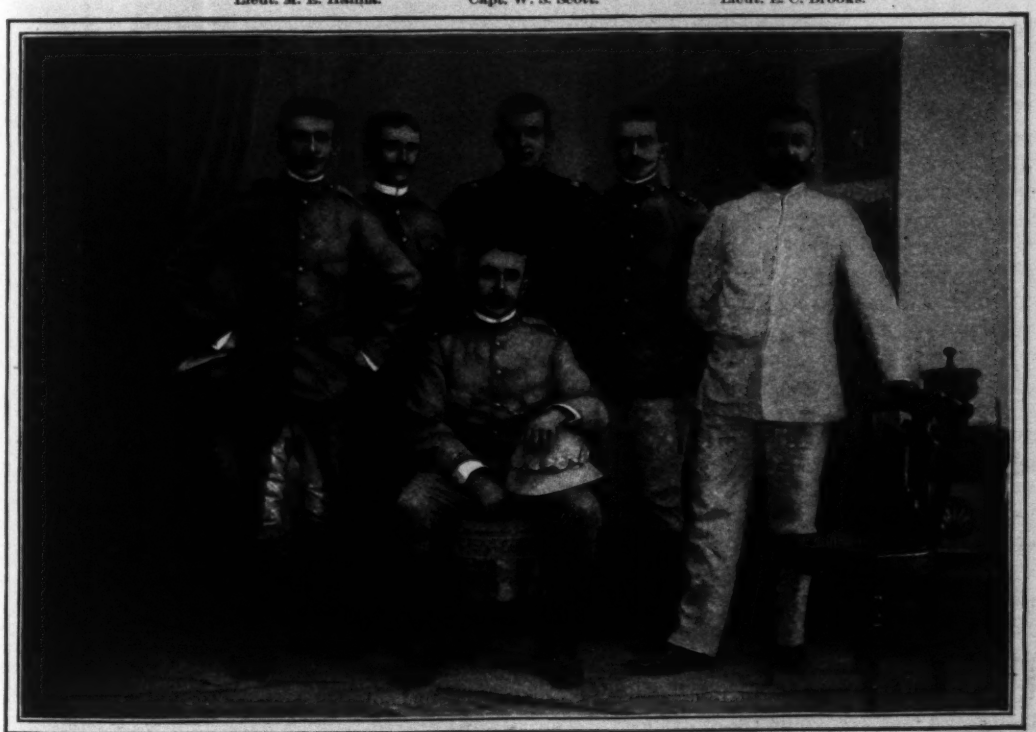
General Wood's home is at The Guao, the country seat formerly occupied by the British Consul, Ramsden. It is a large and airy, though unpretentious, building with a tall thatched roof. The view from amidst the tropical verdure of the grounds in front, across the bay of Santiago and to the magnificent blue mountains beyond, is one to be long remembered. It was here that Mrs. Wood and her two boys, one seven and one a baby two years old, spent last winter. Since then General Wood has had with him Major J. E. Runcie, his legal adviser and friend, and part of the time Lieutenant Hanna of his personal staff. He lives very simply, usually riding into town, a distance of a mile, with a single orderly. He is out early in the morning, and often reaches the palace at eight o'clock, and that after having visited the jail or the market or some one of half a dozen hospitals and homes in which he takes especial interest. His office is in a little bare room at the back of the palace, facing San Tomas Street. Over him two American flags are draped. Two huge paintings of Spanish subjects linger to represent a régime that is past, and a portrait of Governor Roosevelt represents the new. It is typical of the rule of the Spaniards, that these old paintings, together with all the others in the palace, were once beauti-

fully framed in gilt and gold; but some covetous official, needing money, disposed of the frames and left the bare canvases to ornament the walls. Swinging shutters lead into General Wood's office, and more than once I saw wan-looking Cuban women pushing through them with their children. Wood surrounds himself with Cubans, and trusts them absolutely—perhaps that is why they all trust him. His private secretary, through whom go all his official despatches and reports, is a Cuban who was once secretary to General Gomez, and many of the clerks in the palace are Cubans. He gives, also, great credit for his successes to his staff, and especially to Lieut. E. C. Brooks and Lieut. M. E. Hanna, who have been with him from the first.

Personally, General Wood gives the impression of being a large man, although he lacks at least an inch of being six feet tall. He is what an athlete would call "well put up"—powerful of shoulders and arms, with a large head and short neck. He stoops slightly, and steps with a long, swift stride, rolling somewhat, seamanlike, in his walk. His face is one of great strength—large featured, calm, studious, and now lean and bronzed from serving in the tropics. He rarely smiles, and ordinarily has very little to say, and that in a low, even voice; and yet, when in the mood, he tells a story with great spirit and with a certain fine directness. He enjoys keenly a quiet social gathering; but a function in which he must appear as the guest of honor is an undisguised terror to him. He dresses always, whether in khaki or in army blue, with trim neatness, and he makes a strikingly powerful figure in the saddle.

At thirty-nine General Wood is in the prime of a vigorous manhood and at the beginning of a notable career. If he remains in the army—and his ambitions are all military—he has twenty-five years of active service still before him. His countrymen may rest assured that whatever may be the task to which he is assigned, whether the governorship of a foreign people or the command of a great army, that task will be performed with the fidelity and distinction becoming a tried American soldier. [Since the foregoing article was made ready for the press, General Wood has been appointed by the President to be governor of the whole island of Cuba.—EDITOR.]

Lieut. R. L. Hamilton. J. Curtis Gilmore.
Lieut. M. E. Hanna. Capt. W. S. Scott. Lieut. E. C. Brooks.



General Wood.

GENERAL WOOD, AS GOVERNOR OF SANTIAGO, AND HIS OFFICIAL STAFF.

"*Bartholomew stuck to his levers like a man.*"

THE MILLION-DOLLAR FREIGHT TRAIN.

By Frank H. Spearman,

Author of "Bucks" and other stories.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG ENGINEER ON HIS FIRST RUN.

IT was the second month of the strike, and not a pound of freight had been moved. Things did look smoky on the West End. The General Superintendent happened to be with us when the news came. "You can't handle it, boys," said he nervously. "What you'd better do is to turn it over to the Columbian Pacific."

Our contracting freight agent on the Coast at that time was a fellow so erratic that he

was nicknamed "Crazy-horse." Right in the midst of the strike Crazy-horse wired that he had secured a big silk shipment for New York. We were paralyzed. We had no engineers, no firemen, and no motive power to speak of. The strikers were pounding our men, wrecking our trains, and giving us the worst of it generally; that is, when we couldn't give it to them. Why the fellow displayed his activity at that particular juncture still remains a mystery. Perhaps he had a grudge against the road; if so, he took an artful revenge. Everybody on the system with ordinary railroad sense knew that our struggle was to keep clean of freight business until we got rid of our strike. Anything valuable or perishable was especially unwelcome. But the stuff was docked, and loaded, and consigned in our care before we knew it. After that, a refusal to carry it would be like hoisting the white flag; and that is something which never yet flew over the West End.

"Turn it over to the Columbian," said the General Superintendent; but the General Superintendent was not looked up to on our division. He hadn't enough sand. Our head was a fighter, and he gave tone to every man under him. "No," he thundered, bringing down his fist. "Not in a thousand years. We'll move it ourselves. Wire Montgomery [the General Manager] that we will take care of it. And wire him to fire Crazy-horse—and to do it right off." And before the silk was turned over to us Crazy-horse was looking for another job. It is the only case on record where a freight hustler was discharged for getting business.

There were twelve carloads; it was insured for $85,000 a car; you can figure how far the title is wrong, but you never can estimate the worry the stuff gave us. It looked as big as twelve million dollars' worth. In fact, one scrub car-tink, with the glory of the West End at heart, had a fight over the amount with a skeptical hostler. He maintained that the actual money value was a hundred and twenty millions; but I give you the figures just as they went over the wire, and they are right.

What bothered us most was that the strikers had the tip almost as soon as we had it. Having friends on every road in the country, they knew as much about our business as we ourselves. The minute it was announced that we should move the silk, they were after us. It was a defiance; a last one. If we could move freight—for we were already moving passengers after a fashion—the strike might be well accounted beaten.

Stewart, the leader of the local contingent, together with his followers, got after me at once. "You don't show much sense, Reed," said he. "You fellows here are breaking your necks to get things moving, and when this strike's over, if our boys ask for your discharge, they'll get it. This road can't run without our engineers. We're going to beat you. If you dare try to move this silk, we'll have your scalp when it's over. You'll never get your silk to Zanesville, I'll promise you that. And if you ditch it and make a million-dollar loss, you'll get let out anyway, my buck."

"I'm here to obey orders, Stewart," said I. What was the use of more? I felt uncomfortable; but we had determined to move the silk; there was no more to be said.

When I went over to the round-house and told Neighbor the decision, he said never a word; but he looked a great deal. Neighbor's task was to supply the motive power. All that we had, uncrippled, was in the passenger service, because passengers should be taken care of first of all. In order to win a strike, you must have public opinion on your side.

"Nevertheless, Neighbor," said I, after we had talked a while, "we must move the silk also."

Neighbor studied; then he roared at his foreman. "Send Bartholomew Mullen here." He spoke with a decision that made me think the business was done. I had never happened, it is true, to hear of Bartholomew Mullen in the department of motive power; but the impression the name gave me was of a monstrous fellow, big as Neighbor, or old man Sankey, or Dad Hamilton. "I'll put Bartholomew ahead of it," said Neighbor tightly.

I saw a boy walk into the office. "Mr. Garten said you wanted me, sir," said he, addressing the Master Mechanic.

"I do, Bartholomew," responded Neighbor.

The figure in my mind's eye shrunk in a twinkling. Then it occurred to me that it must be this boy's father who was wanted.

"You have been begging for a chance to take out an engine, Bartholomew," began Neighbor coldly; and I knew it was on.

"Yes, sir."

"You want to get killed, Bartholomew."

Bartholomew smiled as if the idea was not altogether displeasing.

"How would you like to go pilot to-mor-

row for McCurdy? You to take the 44 and run as first Seventy-eight. McCurdy will run as second Seventy-eight."

"I know I could run an engine all right," ventured Bartholomew, as if Neighbor were the only one taking the chances in giving him an engine. "I know the track from here to Zanesville. I helped McNeff fire one week."

"Then go home, and go to bed; and be over here at six o'clock to-morrow morning. And sleep sound, for it may be your last chance."

It was plain that the Master Mechanic hated to do it: it was simply sheer necessity. "He's a wiper," mused Neighbor as Bartholomew walked springily away. "I took him in here sweeping two years ago. He ought to be firing now, but the union held him back; that's why he don't like them. He knows more about an engine now than half the lodge. They'd better have let him in," said the Master Mechanic grimly. "He may be the means of breaking their backs yet. If I give him an engine and he runs it, I'll never take him off, union or no union, strike or no strike."

"How old is that boy?" I asked.

"Eighteen; and never a kith or a kin that I know of. Bartholomew Mullen," mused Neighbor, as the slight figure moved across the flat, "big name—small boy. Well, Bartholomew, you'll know something more by to-morrow night about running an engine, or a whole lot less: that's as it happens. If he gets killed, it's your fault, Reed."

He meant that I was calling on him for men when he couldn't supply them.

"I heard once," he went on, "about a fellow named Bartholomew being mixed up in a massacree. But I take it he must have been an older man than our Bartholomew—nor his other name wasn't Mullen, neither. I disremember just what it was; but it wasn't Mullen."

"Well, don't say I want to get the boy killed, Neighbor," I protested. "I've got plenty to answer for. I'm here to run trains—when there are any to run; that's murder enough for me. You needn't send Bartholomew out on my account."

"Give him a slow schedule, and I'll give him orders to jump early; that's all we can do. If the strikers don't ditch him, he'll get through somehow."

It stuck in my crop—the idea of putting that boy on a pilot engine to take all the dangers ahead of that particular train; but I had a good deal else to think of besides. From the minute the silk got into the McCloud yards, we posted double guards around. About twelve o'clock that night we held a council of war, which ended in our running the train into the out freight-house. The result was that by morning we had a new train made up. It consisted of fourteen refrigerator cars loaded with oranges which had come in mysteriously the night before. It was announced that the silk would be held for the present and the oranges rushed through at once. Bright and early the refrigerator train was run down to the ice-houses, and twenty men were put to work icing the oranges. At seven o'clock, McCurdy pulled in the local passenger with engine 105. Our plan was to cancel the local and run him right out with the oranges. When he got in, he reported that the 105 had sprung a tire; this threw us out entirely. There was a hurried conference in the round-house.

"What can you do?" asked the Superintendent in desperation.

"There's only one thing I can do. Put Bartholomew Mullen on it with the 44, and put McCurdy to bed for Number Two to-night," responded Neighbor.

We were running first in first out; but we took care always to have somebody for One and Two who at least knew an injector from an air-pump.

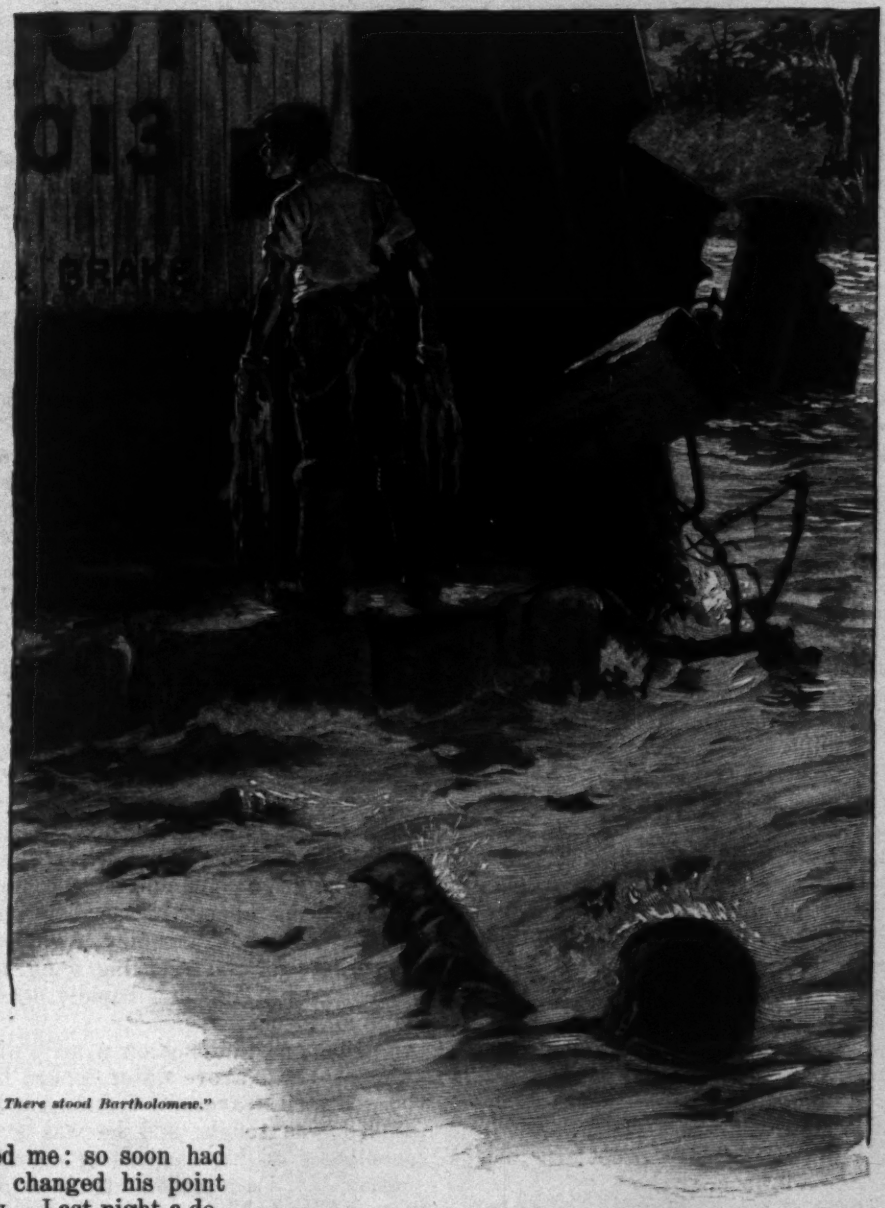
It was eight o'clock. I looked into the locomotive stalls. The first—the only—man in sight was Bartholomew Mullen. He was very busy polishing the 44. He had good steam on her, and the old tub was wheezing away as if she had the asthma. The 44 was old; she was homely; she was rickety; but Bartholomew Mullen wiped her battered nose as deferentially as if she had been a spick-span, spider-driver, tail-truck mail-racer. She wasn't much—the 44. But in those days Bartholomew wasn't much: and the 44 was Bartholomew's.

"How is she steaming, Bartholomew?" I sang out; he was right in the middle of her. Looking up, he fingered his waste modestly and blushed through a dab of crude petroleum over his eye. "Hundred and thirty pounds, sir. She's a terrible free steamer, the old 44. I'm all ready to run her out."

"Who's marked up to fire for you, Bartholomew?"

Bartholomew Mullen looked at me fraternally. "Neighbor couldn't give me anybody but a wiper, sir," said Bartholomew, in a sort of a wouldn't-that-kill-you tone.

The unconscious arrogance of the boy quite



"There stood Bartholomew."

knocked me: so soon had honors changed his point of view. Last night a despised wiper; at daybreak, an engineer; and his nose in the air at the idea of taking on a wiper for fireman. And all so innocent.

"Would you object, Bartholomew," I suggested gently, "to a train-master for fireman?"

"I don't—think so, sir."

"Thank you; because I am going down to Zanesville this morning myself, and I thought I'd ride with you. Is it all right?"

"Oh, yes, sir—if Neighbor doesn't care."

I smiled: he didn't know whom Neighbor took orders from; but he thought, evidently, not from me.

"Then run her down to the oranges, Bartholomew, and couple on, and we'll order ourselves out. See?"

The 44 looked like a baby-carriage when we got her in front of the refrigerators. However, after the necessary preliminaries, we gave a very sporty toot, and pulled out. In a few minutes we were sailing down the valley.

For fifty miles we bobbed along with our cargo of iced silk as easy as old shoes; for I need hardly explain that we had packed the silk into the refrigerators to confuse the strikers. The great risk was that they would try to ditch us.

I was watching the track as a mouse would a cat, looking every minute for trouble. We cleared the gumbo cut west of the Beaver at a pretty good clip, in order to make the grade on the other side. The bridge there is hidden in summer by a grove of hackberries. I had just pulled open to cool her a bit when I noticed how high the back-water was on each side of the track. Suddenly I felt the fill going soft under the drivers; felt the 44 wobble and slew. Bartholomew shut off hard, and threw the air as I sprang to the window. The peaceful little creek ahead looked as angry as the Platte in April water, and the bottoms were a lake.

Somewhere up the valley there had been a cloudburst, for overhead the sun was bright. The Beaver was roaring over its banks, and the bridge was out. Bartholomew screamed for brakes; it looked as if we were against it—and hard. A soft track to stop on; a torrent of storm-water ahead, and ten hundred thousand dollars' worth of silk behind, not to mention equipment.

I yelled at Bartholomew, and motioned for him to jump; my conscience is clear on that point. The 44 was stumbling along, trying like a drunken man to hang to the rotten track.

"Bartholomew!" I yelled; but he was head out and looking back at his train while he jerked frantically at the air-lever. I understood: the air wouldn't work; it never will on those old tubs when you need it. The sweat pushed out on me. I was thinking of how much the silk would bring us after the bath in the Beaver. Bartholomew stuck to his levers like a man in a signal-tower, but every second brought us closer to open water. Watching him intent only on saving his first train—heedless of his life—I was actually ashamed to jump. While I hesitated he somehow got the brakes to set; the old 44 bucked like a bronco.

It wasn't too soon. She checked her train nobly at the last, but I saw nothing could keep her from the drink. I gave Bartholomew a terrific slap, and again I yelled; then turning to the gangway, I dropped into the soft mud on my side· the 44 hung low, and it was easy lighting.

Bartholomew sprang from his seat a second later; but his blouse caught in the teeth of the quadrant. He stooped quick as thought, and peeled the thing over his head. Then he was caught fast by the wristbands, and the ponies of the 44 tipped over the broken abutment. Pull as he would he couldn't get free. The pilot dipped into the torrent slowly. But losing her balance, the 44 kicked her heels into the air like lightning, and shot with a frightened wheeze plump into the creek, dragging her engineer with her.

The head car stopped on the brink. Running across the track, I looked for Bartholomew. He wasn't there; I knew he must have gone down with his engine. Throwing off my gloves, I dived, just as I stood, close to the tender, which hung half submerged. I am a good bit of a fish under water, but no self-respecting fish would be caught in that yellow mud. I realized, too, the instant I struck the water, that I should have dived on the upstream side. The current took me away whirling; when I came up for air, I was fifty feet below the pier. I scrambled out, feeling it was all up with Bartholomew; but to my amazement, as I shook my eyes open the train crew were running forward, and there stood Bartholomew on the track above me, looking at the refrigerators. When I got to him, he explained how he was dragged under and had to tear the sleeves out of his blouse under water to get free.

The surprise is how little fuss men make about such things when they are busy. It took only five minutes for the conductor to hunt up a coil of wire and a sounder for me, and by the time he got forward with it, Bartholomew was half-way up a telegraph pole to help me cut in on a live wire. Fast as I could, I rigged a pony, and began calling the McCloud despatcher. It was rocky sending, but after no end of pounding, I got him and gave orders for the wrecking gang, and for one more of Neighbor's rapidly decreasing supply of locomotives.

Bartholomew, sitting on a strip of fence which still rose above water, looked forlorn. To lose in the Beaver the first engine he ever handled was tough, and he was evidently speculating on his chances of ever getting another. If there weren't tears in his eyes, there was storm-water certainly. But after the relief engine had pulled what was left of us back six miles to a siding, I made it my first business to explain to Neighbor, who was nearly beside himself, that Bartholomew not only was not at fault, but that by his nerve he had actually saved the train.

"I'll tell you, Neighbor," I suggested, when we got straightened around. "Give us the 109 to go ahead as pilot, and run her around the river division with Foley and the 216."

"What'll you do with Number Six?" growled Neighbor. Six was the local passenger west.

"Annul it west of McCloud," said I instantly. "We've got this silk on our hands now, and I'd move it if it tied up every passenger train on the division. If we can get the stuff through, it will practically beat the strike. If we fail, it will beat the company."

By the time we had backed to Newhall Junction, Neighbor had made up his mind my way. Mullen and I climbed into the 109, and Foley, with the 216, and none too good a grace, coupled on to the silk, and flying red signals, we started again for Zanesville over the river division.

Foley was always full of mischief. He had a better engine than ours, and he took great satisfaction the rest of the afternoon in crowding us. Every mile of the way he was on our heels. I was throwing the coal, and have reason to remember. It was after dark when we reached the Beverly Hill, and we took it at a lively pace. The strikers were not on our minds then; it was Foley who bothered.

When the long parallel steel lines of the upper yards spread before us, flashing under the arc lights, we were away above yard speed. Running a locomotive into one of those big yards is like shooting a rapid in a canoe. There is a bewildering maze of tracks, lighted by red and green lamps, which must be watched the closest to keep out of trouble. The hazards are multiplied the minute you pass the throat, and a yard wreck is a dreadful tangle; it makes everybody from roadmaster to flagman furious, and not even Bartholomew wanted to face an inquiry on a yard wreck. On the other hand, he couldn't afford to be caught by Foley, who was chasing him out of pure caprice.

I saw the boy holding the throttle at a half and fingering the air anxiously as we jumped over the frogs; but the roughest riding on track so far beats the ties as a cushion, that when the 109 suddenly stuck her paws through an open switch we bounced against the roof of the cab like foot-balls. I grabbed a brace with one hand, and with the other reached instinctively across to Bartholomew's side to seize the throttle. But as I tried to shut him off, he jerked it wide open in spite of me, and turned with lightning in his eye. "No!" he cried, and his

"Away we went across the yard."

voice rang hard. The 109 took the tremendous shove at her back, and leaped like a frightened horse. Away we went across the yard, through the cinders, and over the ties; my teeth have never been the same since. I don't belong on an engine, anyway, and since then I have kept off. At the moment, I was convinced that the strain had been too much, that Bartholomew was stark crazy. He sat clinging like a lobster to his levers and bouncing clear to the roof.

But his strategy was dawning on me; in fact, he was pounding it into me. Even the shock and scare of leaving the track and tearing up the yard had not driven from Bartholomew's noddle the most important feature of our situation, which was, above everything, to *keep out of the way of the silk train.*

I felt every moment more mortified at my attempt to shut him off. I had done the trick of the woman who grabs the reins. It was even better to tear up the yard than to stop for Foley to smash into and scatter the silk over the coal chutes. Bartholomew's decision was one of the traits which make the runner: instant perception coupled to instant resolve. The ordinary dub thinks what he should have done to avoid disaster after it is all over; Bartholomew thought before.

On we bumped, across frogs, through switches, over splits, and into target rods, when—and this is the miracle of it all—the 109 got her forefeet on a split switch, made a contact, and after a slew or two, like a bogged horse, she swung up sweet on the rails again, tender and all. Bartholomew shut off with an under cut that brought us up stuttering, and nailed her feet with the air right where she stood. We had left the track and plowed a hundred feet across the yards and jumped on to another track. It is the only time I ever heard of its happening anywhere, but I was on the engine with Bartholomew Mullen when it was done.

Foley choked his train the instant he saw our hind lights bobbing. We climbed down, and ran back. He had stopped just where we should have stood if I had shut off.

Bartholomew ran to the switch to examine it. The contact light (green) still burned like a false beacon; and lucky it did, for it showed that the switch had been tampered with and exonerated Bartholomew Mullen completely. The attempt of the strikers to spill the silk in the yards had only made the reputation of a new engineer. Thirty minutes later, the million-dollar train was turned over to the East End to wrestle with, and we breathed, all of us, a good bit easier.

Bartholomew Mullen, now a passenger runner who ranks with Kennedy and Jack Moore and Foley and George Sinclair himself, got a personal letter from the General Manager complimenting him on his pretty wit; and he was good enough to say nothing whatever about mine.

We registered that night and went to supper together: Foley, Jackson, Bartholomew, and I. Afterwards we dropped into the despatcher's office. Something was coming from McCloud, but the operator to save his life couldn't catch it. I listened a minute; it was Neighbor. Now, Neighbor isn't great on despatching trains. He can make himself understood over the poles, but his sending is like a boy's sawing wood—sort of uneven. However, though I am not much on running yards, I claim to be able to take the wildest ball that was ever thrown along the wire, and the chair was tendered me at once to catch Neighbor's extraordinary passes at the McCloud key. They came something like this:

"To Opr. Tell Massacree"—that was the word that stuck them all, and I could perceive that Neighbor was talking emphatically. He had apparently forgotten Bartholomew's last name, and was trying to connect with the one he had "disremembered" the night before. "Tell Massacree," repeated Neighbor, "that he is al-l-l right. Tell hi-m I give him double mileage for to-day all the way through. And to-morrow he gets the 109 to keep.—NEIGHB-B-OR."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE S. S. McCLURE COMPANY BOOK DEPARTMENT.

ONE of the first results of the success and continued growth of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE was the publication in book form of works which had appeared as serials in the Magazine, or which had come to us naturally through our relations with authors. Such was the demand for our "Life of Napoleon," which appeared in the fourth and fifth volumes of the Magazine (1894 and 1895), that we found it necessary to issue it in book form, and up to date fully 100,000 copies have been sold. The "Life of Napoleon" was followed in 1897 by our "Early Life of Abraham Lincoln."

Two years ago a separate corporation, known as the Doubleday and McClure Company, was organized, in order to handle books which were coming to us through the Magazine. Believing that this will prove more advantageous to authors and to ourselves, these books will in the future be handled directly by the S. S. McClure Company. By this arrangement a closer connection between the editing and publishing of the Magazine and the books can be maintained, and thus we shall be able to render our patrons a service far more extensive and varied than we could otherwise hope to render.

We shall endeavor in our book publications, as we always have, to cover the entire field of wholesome and intelligent human interest. In extending our list we shall adhere to two principles: No book will be published that we do not believe to be a real contribution to human knowledge and human life; the form of the books thus scrupulously chosen, will be the very best of which the printer's art and skill are now capable. Thus, we shall aim to have a list that in both matter and beauty of presentation will have the highest distinction and the widest and most enduring interest.

The character of literature that we have published during the past thirteen years through McClure's Syndicate and McCLURE'S MAGAZINE is the best index of what our readers may expect from us in the future. In that time we have published much of the best work of Robert Louis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling, and Anthony Hope. Having been for so many years in pleasant and trusted relations with the great authors of both continents, we may rightfully hope to number as many of them among the contributors to the book department as we have had among the contributors to the Magazine. Perhaps even constant readers of the Magazine hardly realize what a large and distinguished circle these contributors form. In it are included such present or recent leaders of thought and molders of events as Gladstone, Henry Drummond, Herbert Spencer, Tyndall, Huxley, Charles A. Dana, Secretary Hay, Theodore Roosevelt, Henry Cabot Lodge, General Miles, Lieutenant Peary, Captain Mahan, Archibald Forbes, Archdeacon Farrar, Sir Robert Ball, Professor Simon Newcomb, and Henry M. Stanley. And in it are included also such masters of literature as Robert Louis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy, Mark Twain, J. M. Barrie, Ian Maclaren, Bret Harte, Anthony Hope, W. D. Howells, James Whitcomb Riley, Frank R. Stockton, Joel Chandler Harris, Octave Thanet, Conan Doyle, A. T. Quiller-Couch ("Q"), Sarah Orne Jewett, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Stanley J. Weyman, William E. Henley, Robert Barr, Hamlin Garland, and Clark Russell.

While counting on the enlargement of these noted connections, it will also be a constant policy for the book department, as it has been for the Magazine, to extend every encouragement to new and unknown writers. Indeed, not a few of the best known authors of to-day were comparatively unknown when we first published their work; and their work was taken, not because of the name of the writer, but because of the quality of the work itself. That will continue to be the primary standard of acceptability. Work that shows the requisite interest and significance will be cordially welcomed, and the endeavor will be to make the way easy for any new writer who gives promise of supplying such work.

THE McCLURE ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

The largest new enterprise of the S. S. McClure Company will be the McClure Encyclopædia—a household library of learning based upon the same ideas that have given special character to the Magazine. That is to say, the information which it offers will

be of the highest authority and the utmost timeliness, presented in the most interesting and readable fashion. The scholars of two continents are already being enlisted in the preparation of this work. And through the connections thus forming we expect to secure also a large number of important books in science, biography, history, and other fields.

In short, in developing our book-publishing business we shall follow confidently the same conviction that prompted and guided us in founding and developing McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. That conviction is that really good matter makes the most interesting reading, if it is presented in good English and published in attractive form. The success of the Magazine seems to prove that the conviction is a just one. At all events we shall follow it in our future publishing enterprises, with the fullest confidence that the public will show the same appreciation of our endeavors to do things that are really in themselves worth doing.

GENEROUS APPROVAL FOR "THE LIFE OF THE MASTER."

WE are deeply appreciative of the constantly growing friendship accorded to the Magazine, a striking proof of which we have just had. Only a brief introductory chapter of Dr. Watson's "Life of the Master" appeared in the December number of the Magazine, the beginning of the Life proper being reserved for the January number. Yet no sooner was this preliminary installment published than we began to receive a tide of letters commending the work. It was immediately recognized as an achievement in magazine editing of the widest significance. From the day of its first issue, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has never lacked for hearty approval of its larger features. But to nothing else that we have offered has there been so immediate and enthusiastic response as to Dr. Watson's reverent, humane "Life of the Master," with its unequalled illustrations by Mr. Linson. One subscriber writes, "I feel that your readers owe you a debt of gratitude for giving to them such reading matter as this, and I wish personally to express many thanks for this magnificent publication." And this feeling is repeated, in one form and another, in letters from hundreds of others.

We will let the eight full-page color pictures by Mr. Linson in the January number, and the five color pictures in the present number, speak for themselves, asking our readers to consider that McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, selling at the popular price of ten cents, presents to its readers, with this issue of color illustrations of the "Life of the Master," the most important achievement in the magazine world which the past twenty-five years have witnessed. It is the first time absolute reproductions of pictorial originals are given in any magazine. The French, who have led the world in the matter of art—the English and the Germans, as well as ourselves in America—have had in the past some reproductions in many colors, the best of which were beyond the reach of anybody but the rich. But even these reproductions do not compare with those now appearing in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. For here no engraver has touched the plates, but the purely mechanical process of three colors has been guided by thoroughly trained and artistic hands. This is, indeed, the first wholly satisfactory example of that process which has been perfecting slowly during the last decade.

As a sample of the appreciation shown for the first installment of these pictures, we quote from the Chicago "Times-Herald":

> There is no doubt that illustrations made after a study of the Holy Land as it exists to-day will give a very perfect conception of what it was in the time of Christ. Rightly has the East been named "the unchangeable." While the West is forging ahead and seething with restless activity and the spirit of change, the Orient is building and thinking as it did 2,000 years ago, and is still cooling its water in porous bottles. And Mr. Linson has found hints for his costumes and types of faces that have lingered on in Palestine from the time of Christ. He has made use of his observation in this first installment in the beautiful color plate, "The Visit of Mary to Elizabeth," and in the study of the head of the boy John. . . .
>
> But the picture of which we wish particularly to speak, the one which will open the eyes of many who were hitherto ignorant of the real quality of Mr. Linson's genius, is the colored plate entitled "The Vision of the Shepherds." It is a sublime poem in form and color, the best possible illustration of Keats's famous dictum, "Beauty is Truth." For the first and last effect produced on the mind is its extraordinarily convincing quality. You feel that the artist must have had an apocalyptic vision or an inspiration. "If it ever was at all," you say, "so it must have been." The shepherds are sitting upon the ground, gazing upward at a giant splendor-diffusing wing that stretches across the stars. All the idea of power, glory, mystery, awe-inspiring wisdom, shine from that passing wing. So a great cloud wing, shot through with light, might wave and flame across the bars of sunset. A feebler artist would have depicted an angel entire or would have filled the heavens with angels. But Mr. Linson leaves to the imagination the splendor of a being who overawes us when we do not even look upon his face. Never has the conception of the difference between mortal beings and the powers of light been more luminously depicted. Tissot has hardly come up to this mark.